Sept. 14, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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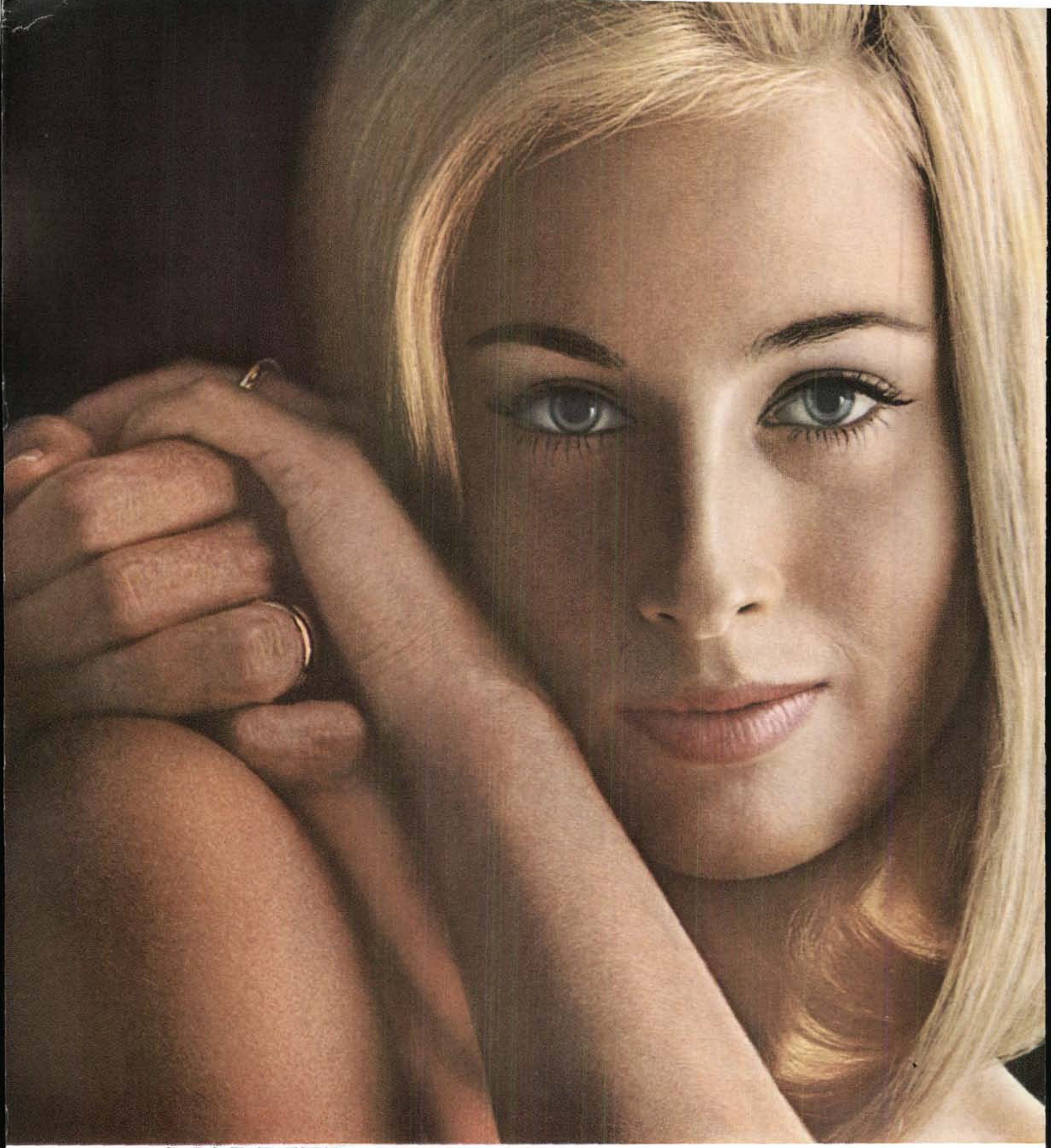

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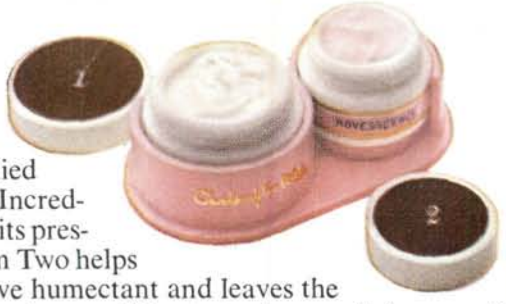

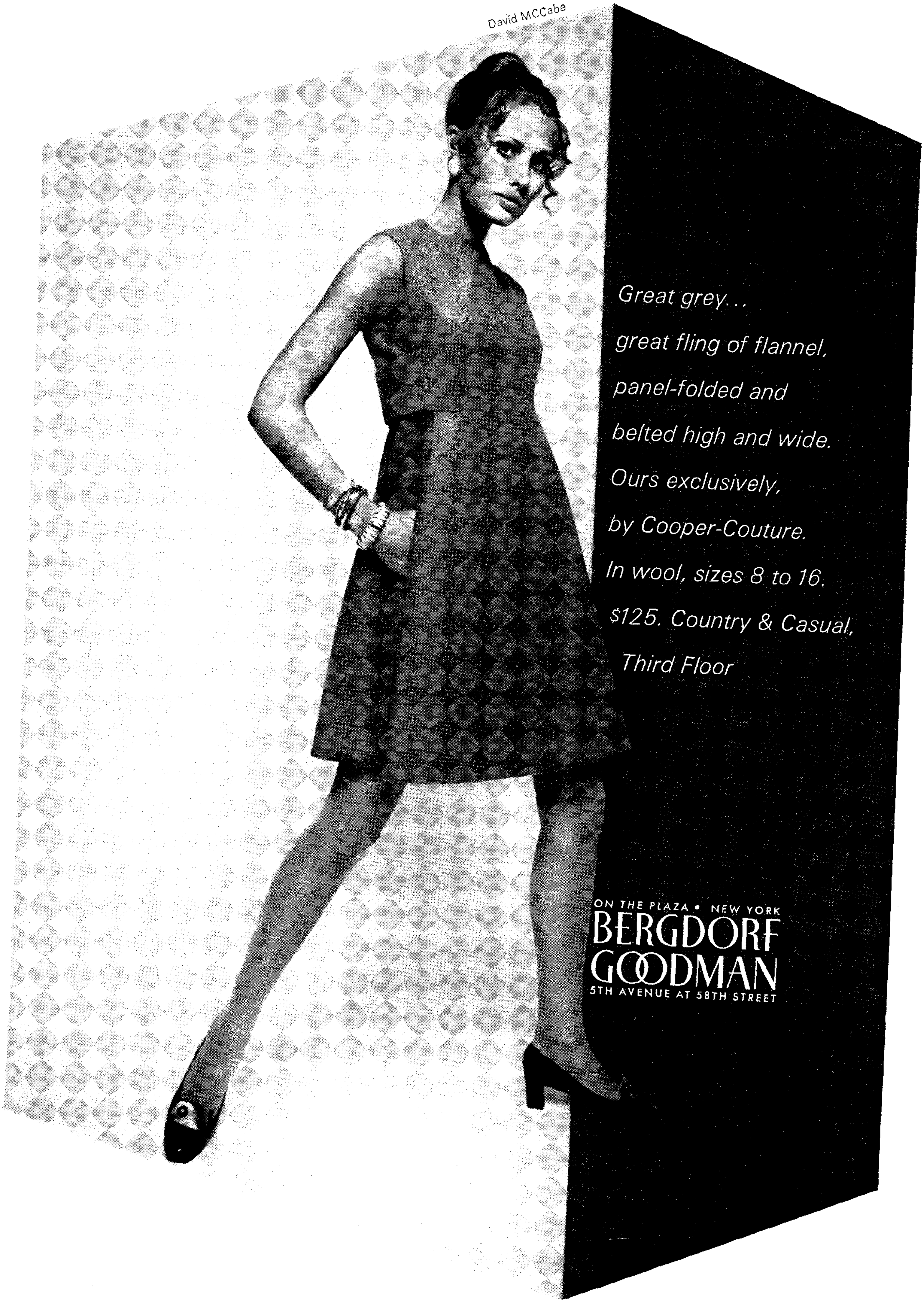

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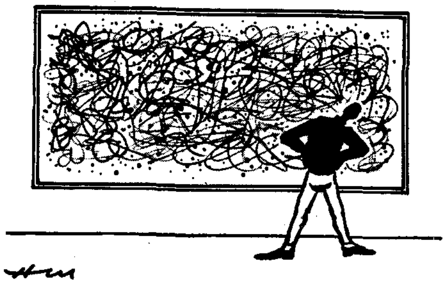
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—De Ghelderode's PANTAGLEIZE Thursday, Sept. 12. . . . ¶ George Kelly's THE SHOW-OFF from Friday, Sept. 13, through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cuban Thing—A play written and directed by Jack Gelber, with Rip Torn, Jane White, Maria Tucci, Rose Gregorio, Michael Wager, and Harold Scott. Previews through Monday, Sept. 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 17. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 2.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Moves on Tuesday, Sept. 17, to the Music Box, 45th St., W., 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Sept. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna are the authors of this comedy in five episodes. Richard Castellano, Zohra Lampert, Gerald S. O'Loughlin, Miss Taylor, Dick Van Patten, and Mary Louise Wilson head a cast under the direction of Charles Grodin. Previews through Tuesday, Sept. 17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 18. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Ordinary Man—A play by Mel Arrighi. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A very successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD: A drama by Tom Stoppard having to do with Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING: A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—A revue devised by Roderick Cook from songs, sketches, and excerpts from plays and other works written by Mr. Coward over the past fifty years. The cast includes George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Hypocrite—A clumsy adaptation, clumsily performed, of Max Beerbohm's fairy tale. James Bredt's score sounds pleasant, though. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through

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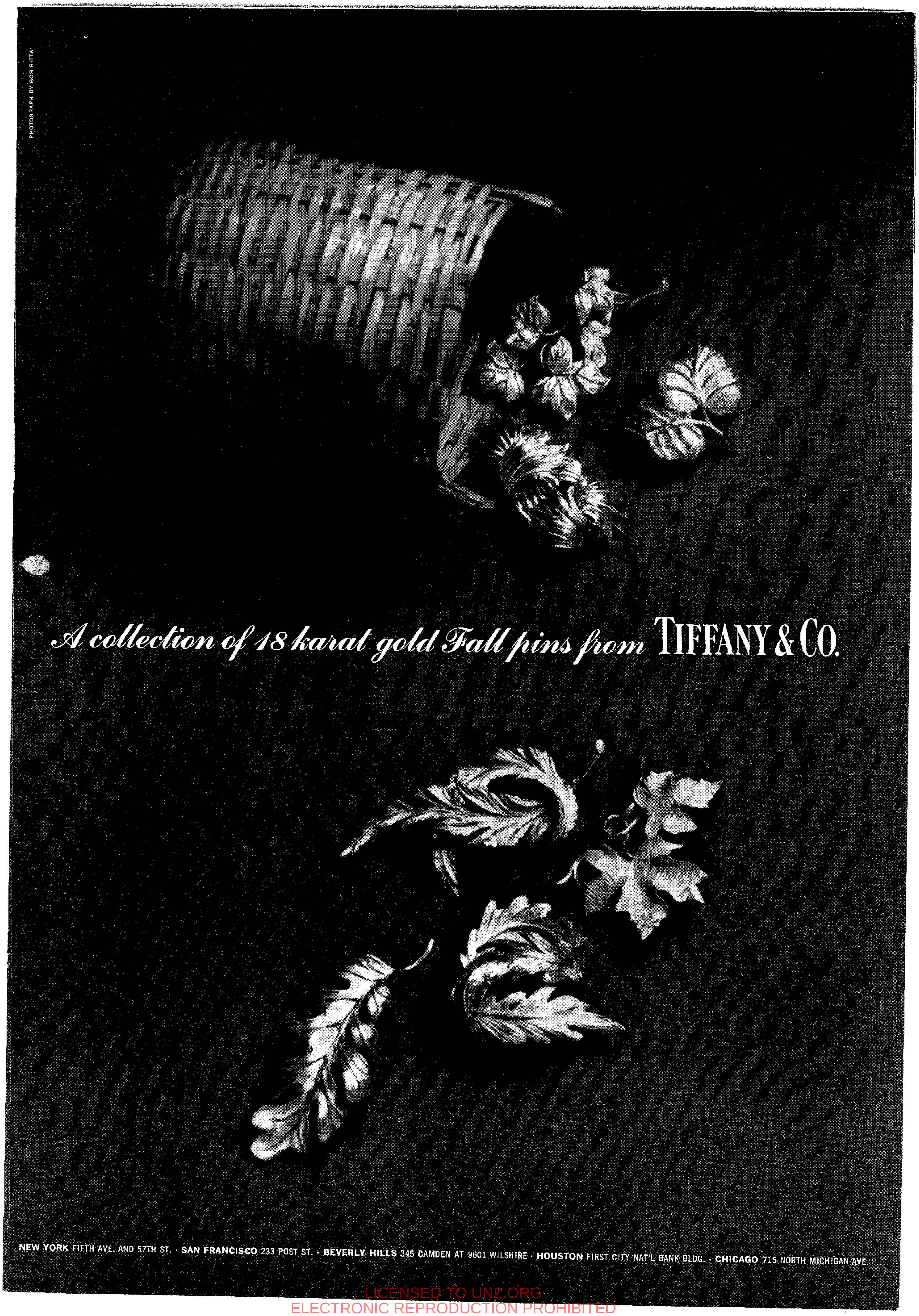
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a suc*cessful play into a successful musical. Robert* Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave., at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen*thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert* Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Troiae qui primus ab oris. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, Oct. 20—Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Moves," "Nightwings," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice." with Ronnie Robertson and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday at 7:30 and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

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National Mexican Festival and Rodeo—Bareback riding, trick roping, a mariachi band, and clowns, to say nothing of a horse ballet. Tony Aguilar and Flor Silvestre head the troupe. *(Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth* Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 17-19, at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2 and 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around *town where you might pass a pleasant hour or* two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Folk singers Hedge and Donna and rockers Ars Nova are performing. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. The Nazz leads the current show. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 17, some other entertaining folks will be around. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. A quintet headed by Ruby Braff and including Brew Moore on tenor provides the music. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, leading a quintet, will be back at the stand they have favored for a number of years. Closed Mondays.

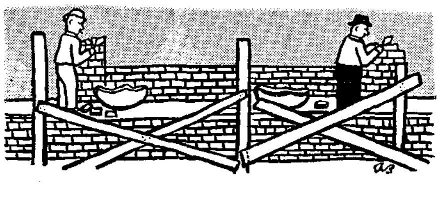
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—The quality of the entertainment sometimes makes it a scene worth making. Sunshine Company, a California group, is playing nightly. On Friday, Sept. 20, another group will move in. Dancing is encouraged, but most people just sit and dig.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Pharoah Sanders quintet. Monday, Sept. 16, will be turned over to singer Mel Dancy. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Satur*day, Sept. 14, from five to nine, the Voices,* an instrumental combo. Sunday, Sept. 15, from five to nine, Weldon Irvine's big band.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Mose Allison trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the trio is off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, the show includes Mort Sahl and Arthur Prysock. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, they will be succeeded by other performers, including Herbie Mann's twenty-piece band and David Steinberg, a young man whose talents can be compared, not unfavorably, with Sahl's. Mondays are reserved for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. Bill Evans leads his trio in his complex, generally pleasant stuff, and on Sunday, Sept. 15, the trio will play from five until closing. Monday, Sept. 16, will be allocated to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, Thelonious Monk will arrive with his quartet.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live *sounds of the Chicago Loop. On Tuesday,* Sept. 17, the Epitomé will replace the Loop. Dancing from nine till three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

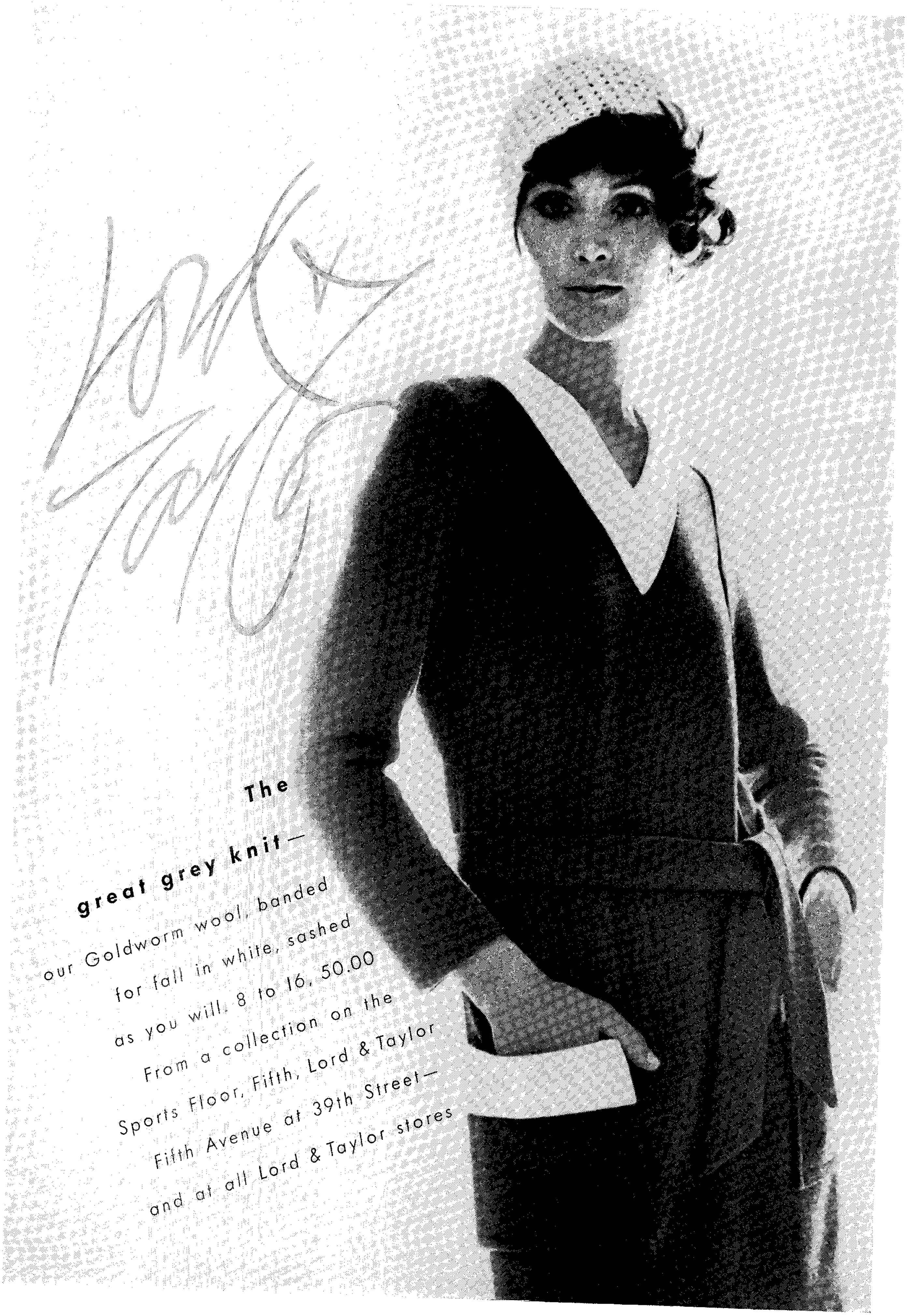
Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Children of God alternates with records over a strong system. On Monday, Sept. 16, Sweet Stavin's Chain will start playing. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-grounded dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is



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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration system. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not*, you may be sent home to change. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Bring money.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Blue Notes, who play for listening. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of a group called the Spaceship. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery, and where Phil Wayne's quartet makes amiable music most of the evening. The pièce de résistance on the menu (at dinner and supper) is, however, Sarah Vaughan, who concocts some health-enhancing prescriptions for the songs she sings. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The open spaces between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The important social note is that Peter Duchin and band have moved into this venerable lions' (social, naturally) den. No secondary band this season; just tape interludes between the Duchin sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The Glenn Miller band, of which Buddy De Franco is now shepherd, will cease and desist on Wednesday, Sept. 18, and the band headed by Clyde McCoy (the *real* one) arrives next evening. The music begins as early as six and stops after one-thirty, but there isn't any on Sunday evenings. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Dancers who are alumni of the institute of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may perform on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Argueso's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Not really a lawn party, but it *is* out-of-doors, on a terrace *cum* dance floor. The prance tunes run from around seven until half past twelve or later, every night, but not *cum* what may, for on weathery evenings everyone pops indoors. Tuesday and Wednesday nights, when the Park is devoted solely to greensward and cyclists, life is an Impressionist canvas.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The world may not long remember the words and songs of Kaye Stevens, uttered as she roams the stage during dinner and supper, but it is apt to be amused by them just the same. Timmie Rogers, colleague and comic, is a pause not absolutely guaranteed to be refreshing. These activities take place in the Royal Box, where the music of the orchestra run by Lee Evans flows richly and gaily. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A Jolly Good Fellowship has been established by the Spanish government, and anyone who can sit up reasonably late at night is eligible. The administrators are Los Chavales de España, the marching-and-choral club that has been at this sort of thing forever, and for seven days a week at that. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Body English and soul are applied to the less exacting songs of the moment by Jerry Vale, who is often carried away by the sheer beauty of it all. Twice a night, world without end. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Lainie Kazan presents songs in rather an epic (though not always epicurean) manner and amid considerable orchestral to-do. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the night with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, likewise except Sundays. The Palmiest nights belong to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of the regal retreat, whose fields of violin music are all Elysian; he performs Tuesday through Saturday every week.

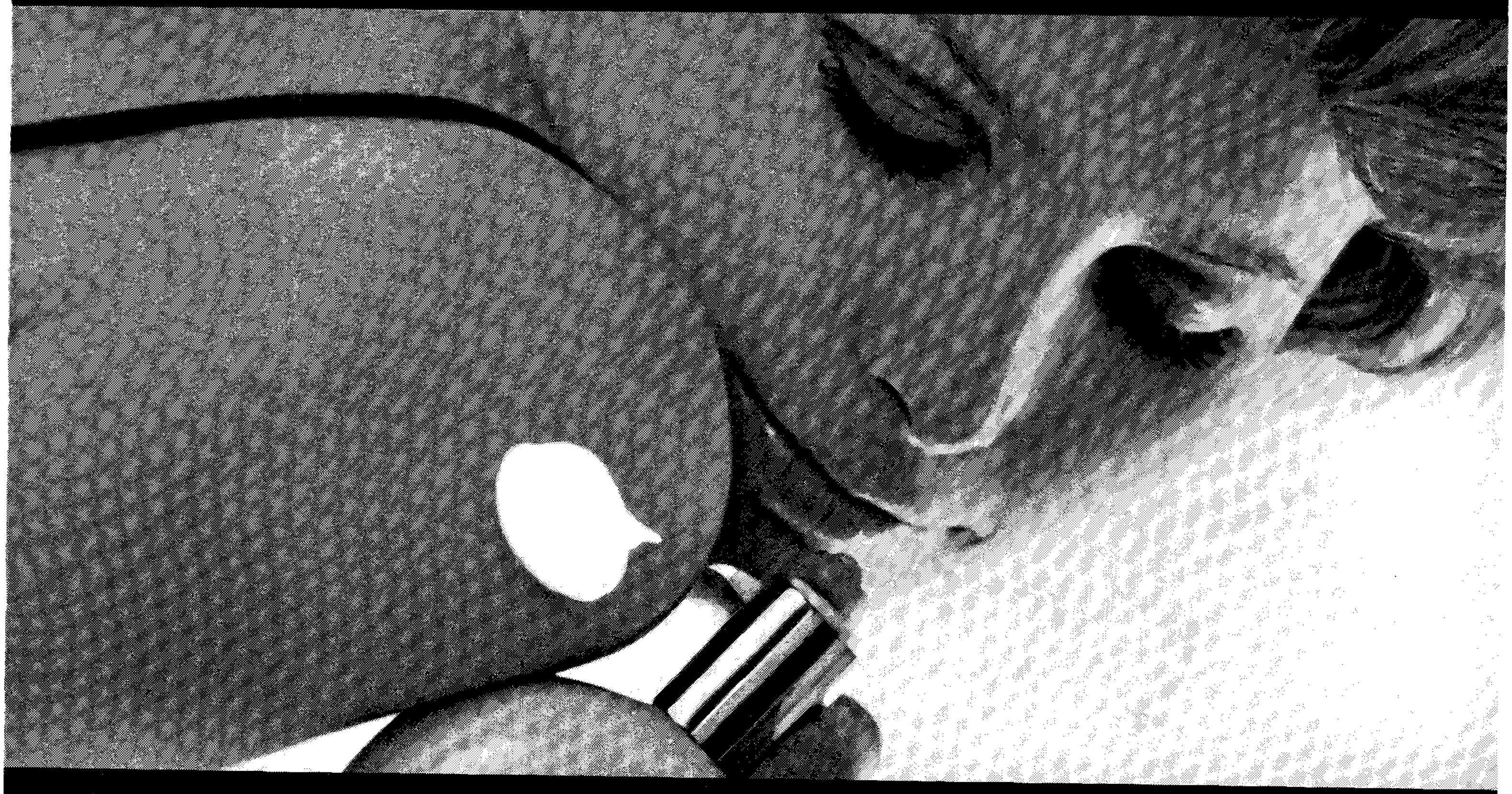
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There can be no doubt about the fact that Patachou, who appears in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, is a native Parisienne, but her lyrics are also aware of the existence of the New World. The bands of George Cort and Quintero never let up, once they've settled in, early in the evening, until long past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Friday, Sept. 13, is when the Empire Room comes out of estivation and Shirley Bassey, a *force majeure*, comes out of England to start singing at the dinner and supper hours. Charles Turecamo's orchestra returns the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, whose piano (four-thirty to eight-thirty) imparts a certain gaiety to Peacock Alley, withdraws on Friday, Sept. 13, but the incumbent bumbling dance trio (eight until one) stays on, though never on Sunday or Monday. Another pianist will replace Miss R. on Monday, Sept. 16, on the same schedule, which does not ever include Saturday or Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Though Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and



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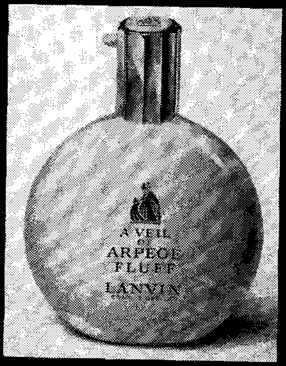

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

retinue are on sabbatical, his rear guard keeps his town hall going, from eight until one, the music (piano) being provided by an old and reliable friend, Lynn Mullinax. Mr. M. retires on Saturday, Sept. 14, and on Monday, Sept. 16, the establishment reopens to admit Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who will once again distribute two-hand and four-hand piano throughout the winter season. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A real Mediterranean *bouillabaisse,* or a pretty nice kettle of fish—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eying the permutations and combinations of the lady known as Jasmine, who makes the *danse de ventre* almost a ceremonial occasion. The jokers, never too wild, are Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard; the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Tasso Mavris. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Instant Replay" is the only night-life revue in town, which may be its raison d'être, for its moments of brightness and cheer are offset by certain moments of bleakness. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a simulacrum of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse.* Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-America girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore,* because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): If the nineteenth century really looked like this, we should perhaps return to our forefathers at once and, of course, stay for dinner. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosphorus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): *Rus in urbe*, with actual outdoor air, tables sequestered under actual beach umbrellas, and the ministrations of actual (and easygoing) musicians who discourse up until midnight. (They begin at noon, for the benefit of the twelve-hours-for-lunch club.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Seventeen oils, watercolors, drawings, and pastels; through Oct. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract sculptures in wood and stone; through Sept. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

STYLIANOS GIANAKOS AND ROBERT SWAIN—Abstract fibre-glass sculptures by the former and mathematical "color" paintings by the latter; through Oct. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Paintings inspired by photographs of the craters of the moon; through Sept. 28. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Large sculptures in paper, and small bronzes; through Sept. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

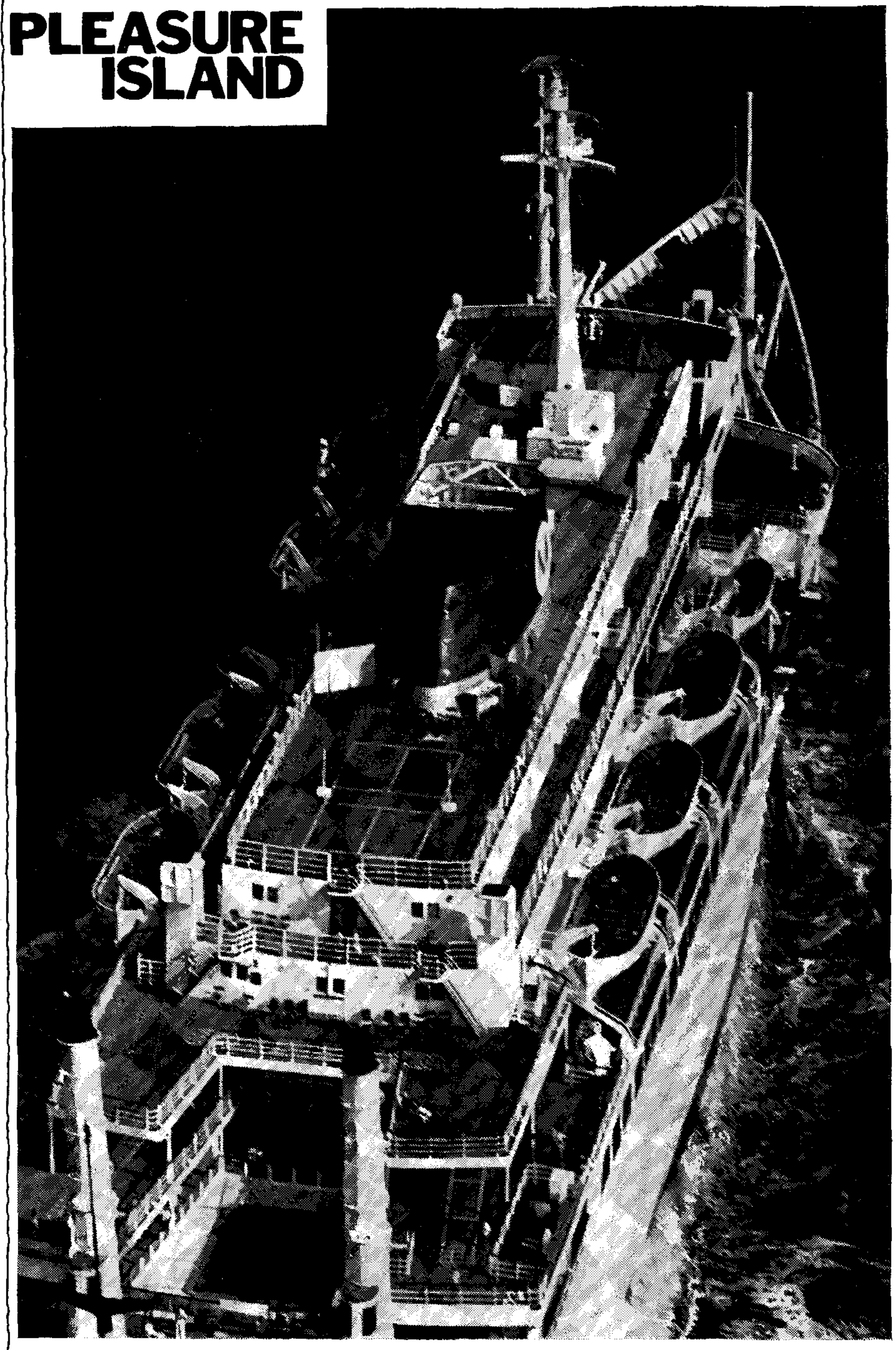
EMIL SCHUMACHER—Paintings done in the United States by a German Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by George Baker, John Rosenbaum, and Jack Squier; through Sept. 26. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, including Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Michael Goldberg, Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, David Novros, and Robert Ryman; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Davis, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, Shahn, and others whose work the gallery regularly shows; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—About forty important artists, from Cézanne to Miró, are represented in a show that has been travelling in Latin America; through Sept. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square



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49 days from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—Oct. 26.

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE
33 days from New York—Dec. 20.
29 days from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Dec. 22.

'ROUND SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE
54 days from New York—Jan. 24.
50 days from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Jan. 26.

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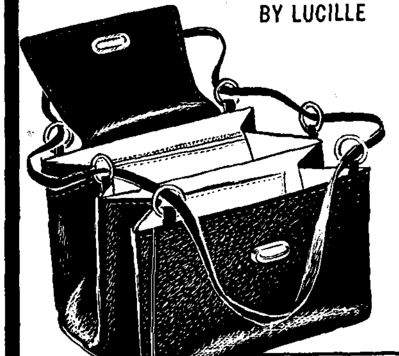

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Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety mezzotints from the Museum's collection, constituting a survey of this method of printmaking, which originated in the seventeenth century; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—No special exhibit at the moment while a show entitled "Mastercraftsmen of Peru" is being installed. It is scheduled to open on Friday, Sept. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of John F. Kensett, 1816-72, a prominent American painter of landscapes; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by sixty-three artists under forty years of age (ranging from Anuszkiewicz to Zox) acquired in recent years by the Museum; through Sunday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A show of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Musical instruments—the Crychord, the Harmonic Cannon, the Boo, and others—designed by West Coast composer Harry Partch; through Sunday, Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Bookbindings by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, 1884-93; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Treasures from the Pierpont Morgan Library collections; through Oct. 19. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of African and Afro-American art, including sculptures, graphic arts, and fabrics assembled from collections throughout the world, designed to establish links between the traditions of five major West African civilizations and Negro art in the New World; through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

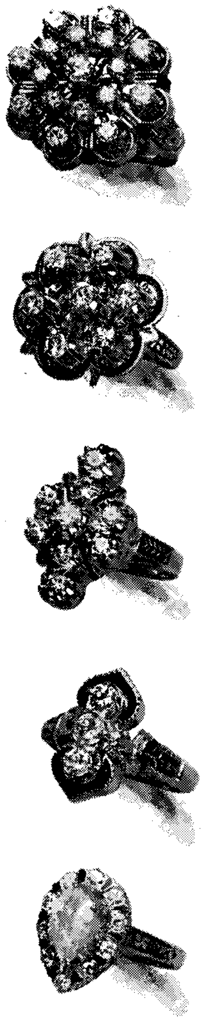
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"First Fruits," a display (from the Berg collection) of the earliest editions of first books by American authors, from Washington Irving to Countee Cullen; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 19—Monday evening, Sept. 16: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. A non-subscrip-



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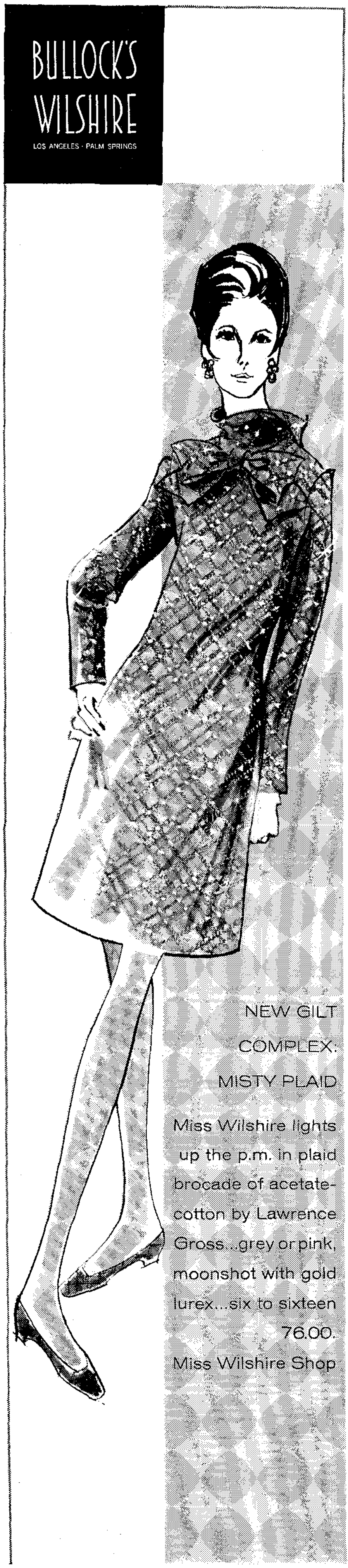

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion performance. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 17: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 18: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 19: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 20: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 21: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 21: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, and Justino Diaz. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 17—Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 7:45: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Jeannine Crader and Placido Domingo; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska and Claramae Turner; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Anne Elgar and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Carol Bayard, Veronica Tyler, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:15: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Jeannine Crader and Lino Savoldi; "Suor Angelica," with Anne Elgar and Claramae Turner; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, and his company of musicians in the last four in a series of programs of music from India. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 12-13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chambers Brothers; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; and Amboy Dukes—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Traffic and Staple Singers—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

Lou Rawls—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.

Roland Kirk Ensemble, Elvin Jones Trio, and Dave Liebman Quintet—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.

Buddy Rich and Vanilla Fudge—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Shea Stadium**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 8:05, and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 17-18, at 8:05. . . . **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 20, at 5 (doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2.

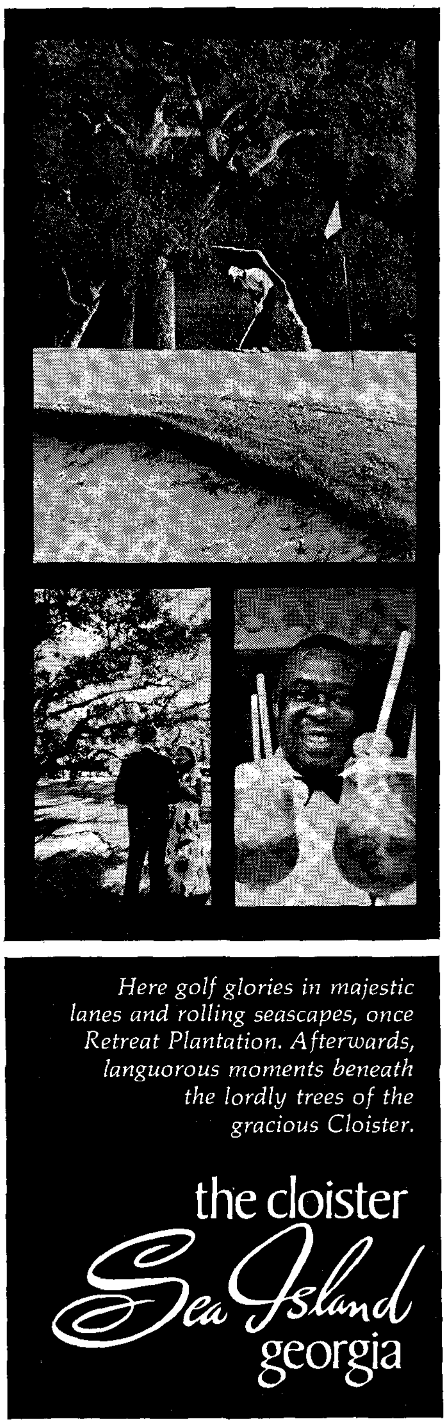
College Football—Saturday, Sept. 21: Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 14.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Daily at 1:30; through



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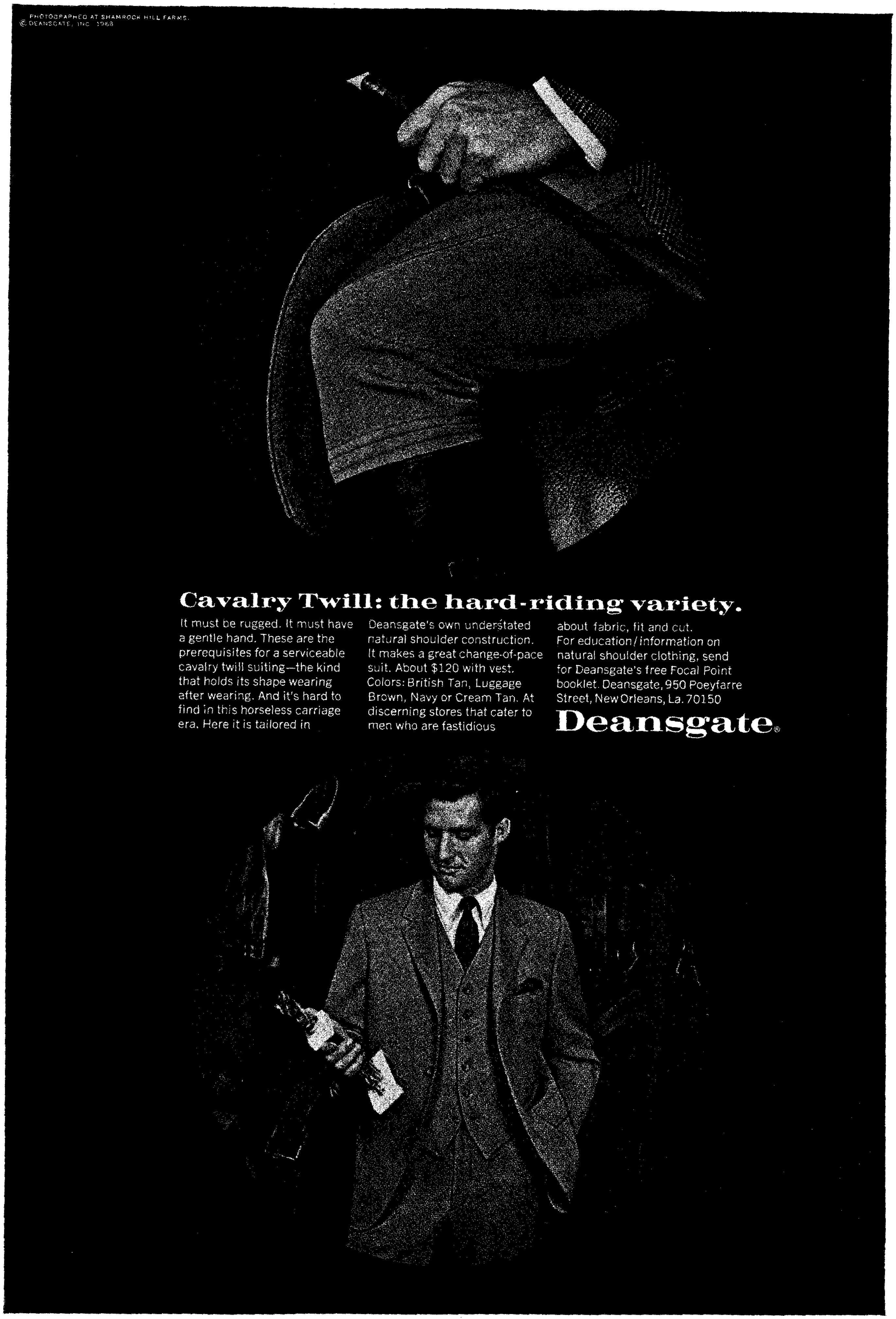

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Sept. 14. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Sept. 16, through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 18, and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 21. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, Sept. 16, at 1:30; last day Saturday, Oct. 12.

Soccer—The United States World Cup team vs. the Israeli National team. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 15, at 4.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sunday, Sept. 15, at 3:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; on Friday, Sept. 20, the General Assembly Building will close at 2. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily; on Friday, Sept. 20, the last tour will leave at 2.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a twelve-day series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 9: "Capricious Summer" (Czechoslovakia, 1968). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Toni" (France, 1934). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: "The Immortal Story" (France, 1968). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (West Germany, 1968). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 9:30: "Report on the Party and the Guests" (Czechoslovakia, 1966). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "The Red and the White" (Hungary, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 9:30: "Mouchette" (France, 1966). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "L'Argent" (France, 1927). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 9:30: "La Religieuse" (France, 1965).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Sept. 13, at 1:45: English silver, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations; the property of Frederick M. Winship and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 10:30: Books, including French literature and color-plate books; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 1:45: Oriental art, from a number of collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 14.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Sept. 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Made for Each Other" (1939), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 11:30: "Metropolis" (1926), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 3 and 5:30: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Texas Rangers" (1935), with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "On the Avenue" (1937), with Madeleine Carroll and Alice Faye. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Mata Hari" (1931), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 18.)

BELLE DE JOUR—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

BRINK OF LIFE (1959)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers again, this time at—well, at the races. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 18.)

FATHER (1966)—A story of the relationship between a lonely little boy and his dead father. Written and directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 18.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

THE FOX—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Sept. 17.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

GO WEST (1941)—Still more Marx Brothers, here out on the wild, wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 17.)

THE GRADUATE—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 18.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

NOTHING BUT A MAN (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; starting Sept. 18.)

PATHER PANCHALI (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

PETULIA—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, with Lester's best direction yet. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050. . . . ¶ Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through Sept. 15.)

LE PLAISIR (1954)—Directed by Max Ophüls, with Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

POINT OF ORDER! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

POOR COW—Donovan sings as Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's disappointing version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 17.)

THE PRODUCERS—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 17.)

RACHEL, RACHEL—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

RED DESERT (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Sept. 15.)

SEBASTIAN—A thriller about decoding that tries too hard to be romantic and clever and Mod. John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York, and Lilli Palmer. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 18.)

THE TWO OF US—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 18.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through Sept. 15. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturday at midnight. Matinées Thursday and Friday at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; starting Sept. 16. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

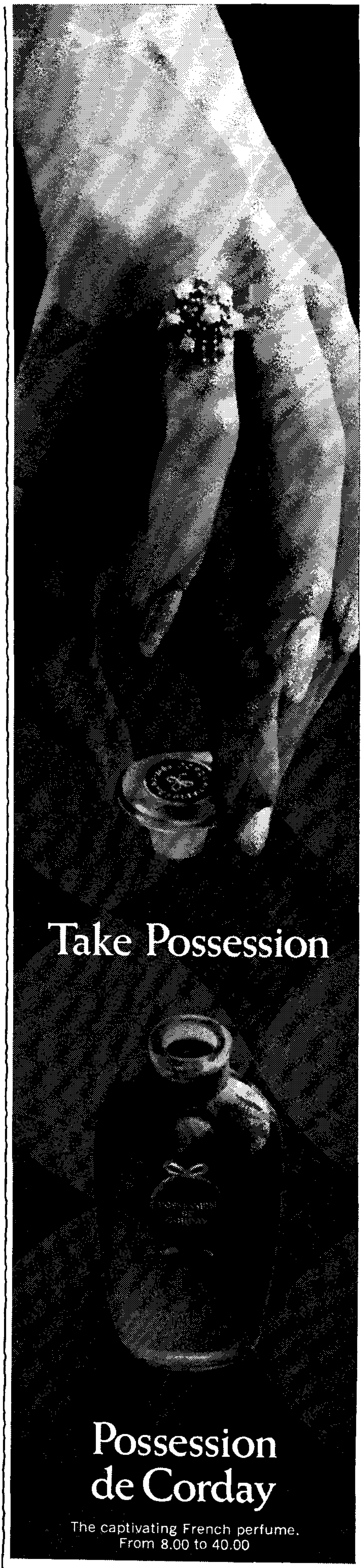
VOYAGE OF SILENCE—A young Portuguese seeks work in France illicitly, which is his only way to get it. A dour, true film, made by Christian de Chalonge, in the tradition of Visconti's "La Terra Trema." In Portuguese. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

THE WHISPERERS (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 17.)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (1939)—W. C. Fields, involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

ZITA—A young girl, beautifully played by Joanna Shimkus, tries to cheat the time scale and spin out the night of her loved aunt's death. A very interesting movie made by Robert Enrico. The same director made "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," a fine short from Ambrose Bierce's harrowing story. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

ZORBA THE GREEK (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 17.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 17: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Sept. 18: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 17: **POOR COW**; and **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Sept. 18: **SEBASTIAN**; and **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).

Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Sept. 15: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.
From Sept. 16: Theatre closed.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
PETULIA.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 17: "Frankenstein" (1931), Boris Karloff; and "Dracula" (1931), Bela Lugosi.
From Sept. 18: "Oedipus the King," Christopher Plummer, Orson Welles.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
VOYAGE OF SILENCE (in Portuguese).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZITA (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 15: "Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Sept. 15, at 8: "Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason. (Opening night by invitation only.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Deadfall," Michael Caine.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 17: "The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.
From Sept. 18: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE PRODUCERS.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
PETULIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Stranger Returns," Tony Anthony.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Sept. 17: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.
From Sept. 18: "Salt & Pepper," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 17: **AT THE CIRCUS**; and **GO WEST.**
From Sept. 18: **AT THE CIRCUS**; and **A DAY AT THE RACES.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 17: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway; and "What's New Pussycat?" (1965), Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 17: "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

From Sept. 18: "The Caretaker" (1964), Donald Pleasence.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 17: "The Young Runaways," Lloyd Bochner; and "Battle Beneath the Earth," Kerwin Mathews.
From Sept. 18: "The Big Gundown," Lee Van Cleef.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 17: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra; and "The Flim-Flam Man" (1967), George C. Scott.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
PETULIA.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 15: **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
Sept. 16-17: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 18, at 8: "Funny Girl," Barbra Streisand, Omar Sharif. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Sept. 15: **PETULIA.**
From Sept. 16: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 18: "Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Sept. 15: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From Sept. 16: Theatre closed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"He Who Rides a Tiger," Tom Bell.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Susan Hampshire.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Sept. 17: **THE FOX.**
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

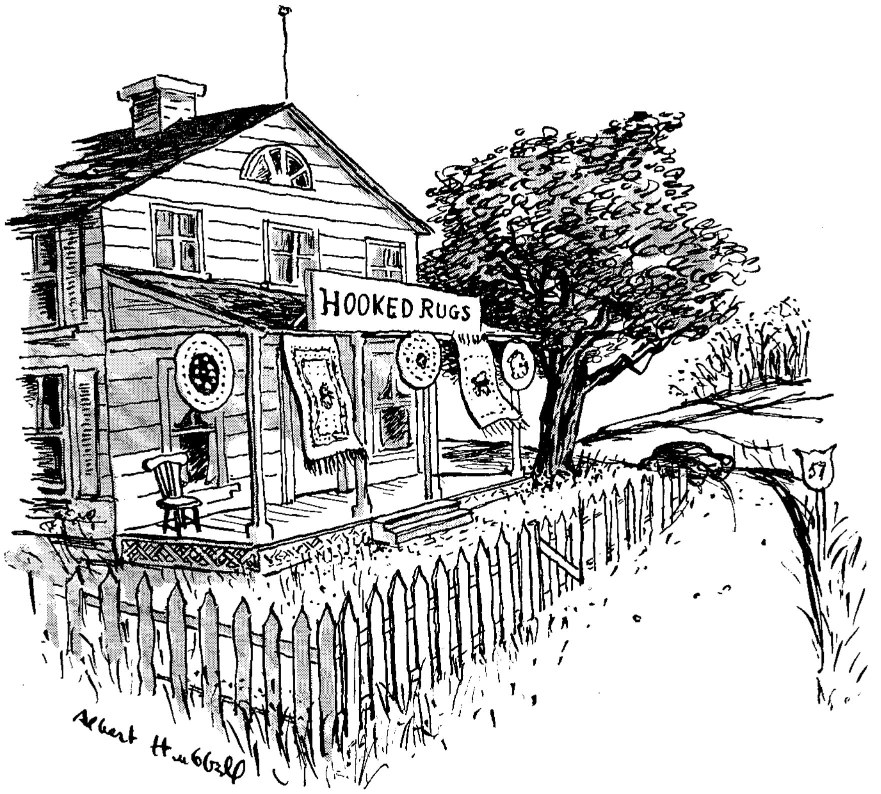
Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through Sept. 17: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Sept. 18: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 18: **FATHER** (in Hungarian); and "The Railroad Man" (1965; in Italian), Pietro Germi.

Symphony. B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 17: **THE WHISPERERS**; and "Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 12: "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (1936), Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson; and "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.
Sept. 13: **LE PLAISIR** (in French); and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (1961; in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
Sept. 14: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**
Sept. 15: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali); and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE.**
Sept. 16: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (1960; in French); and "The Marriage of Figaro" (1963; in French), both performed by the Comédie-Française.
Sept. 17: **RED DESERT** (in Italian); and **BRINK OF LIFE** (in Swedish).
Sept. 18: "Africa Addio" (1967), an Italian documentary, with an English narration; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below" (1962), a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.



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LIQUEUR
BOLS
AMSTERDAM
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE USA UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE AMSTERDAM DIRECTORS BY
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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The way the Dutch do. With world-famous Bols® Liqueurs. 29 flavors, one to suit every need. Sizes? Regular, and the neat new 8-oz. Host Size. Get several. The price won't pinch your purse. How about a Dutch treat?

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BOLSBERRY
CREME DE MENTHE
ANISETTE
CREME DE CACAO
BOLS
PARFAIT AMOUR

Product of U.S.A. Bols Liqueurs, 40-78 Proof, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1965

Now that you've seen the FLORSHEIM Deauville

please look at *your* shoes

Yesterday's shoes aren't all bad. Today's are just better/different. You can see it here: broad toe, deep color, rich calfskin; newest of the masculine tall slip-ons. They'll add something to your life. Like a new friend. You can see it here. That's the way it is today. With new Florsheim Shoes.

Most regular styles $\$19^{95}$ *to* $\$27^{95}$/*Most Imperial styles* $\$37^{95}$

Shown: The DEAUVILLE, *31134 in Bookbinder coventry calf; 21108 in Black.*

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A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

Relax, you're on Air-India.

To London every evening at 8:30.

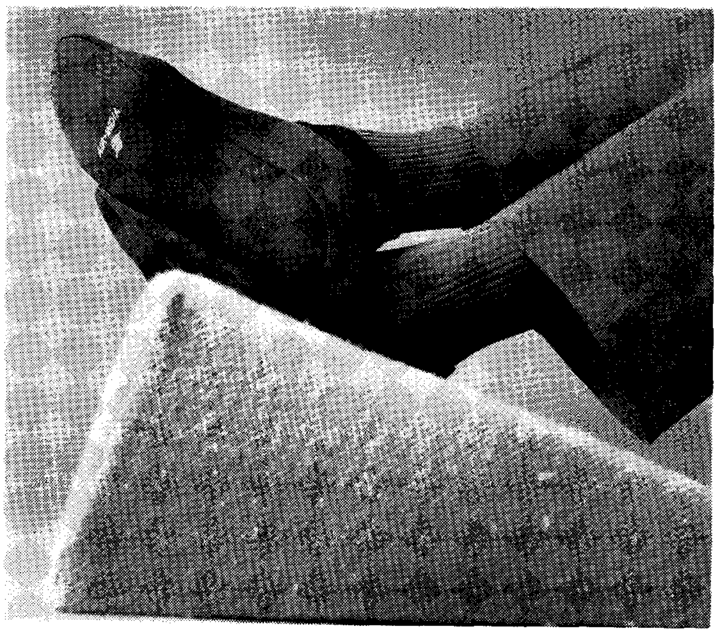
Go ahead.

Unwind on your next flight to London, as never before. You're going to enjoy yourself, from the moment you come aboard at Kennedy till your polished Air-India Boeing 707 gently touches down at Heathrow Airport.

Lean back and savor life slowly, serenely—in a world filled with gentle comforts, good food and charming surprises.

Relax, and settle into the sweet, secure feeling that comes with knowing every one of our flight crews not only has passed rigorous U.S. standards for flying, but the even more stringent Air-India requirements as well.

In the less than 6½ hours it takes to get to London, find out how it feels to turn even a quick business trip into pure pleasure.



AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 35 years of flying experience.
For reservations, call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. PL 1-6200.

The KLH Advertisement.

EDITORIAL NUMBER ONE:

Each of the music systems here was conceived and built to fill some vacuum.

The radio was the first to show that superb sound quality was possible in small inexpensive packages.

The three-piece stereo systems were built because until then the alternatives were a) one-piece sets (where if you sat by the controls you couldn't hear the stereo; or, if you sat across the room, you couldn't work the controls), or, b) components, which were prohibitively costly and complicated for the majority of serious music listeners.

Instead we put the speakers over there and all the controls, in one box, over here. Three pieces!

Also, we discarded the prevailing design pretentions as silly; we made our sets easier to assemble than others (one, or at most three pluggings-in); and we designed them to last longer, to cost less, and above all to sound better than what was formerly available.

This is our FM radio:

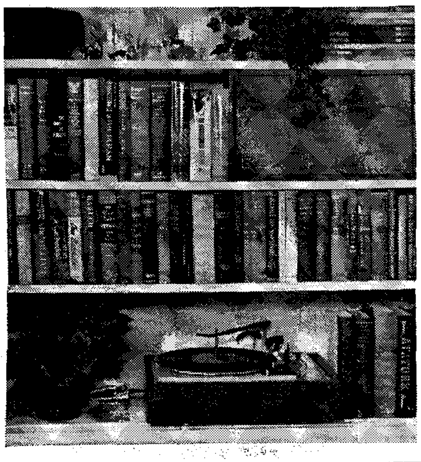
THE MODEL TWENTY-ONE

Before we invented this one a few years ago, the in-the-know hi-fi shibboleth was that the sound quality of a music system was proportional to its size, for the same reason as, well, Wagnerian sopranos are shaped the way they are.

This radio is only a foot wide and a hand high. Yet the power, clarity and detail with which it produces even the most complex orchestral sound will amaze you, if we may put it that way. *Amaze* you.

In fact, if you will find one in some store somewhere, or at some friend's and turn it on, it will tell you more in a minute—about itself, about KLH, and about our attitude toward our work—than we could express in a month. *Suggested price: $89.95.*

THE MODEL TWENTY-FOUR



If you listen to music in a modest-sized room (and aren't they all, these days?) we recommend this one.

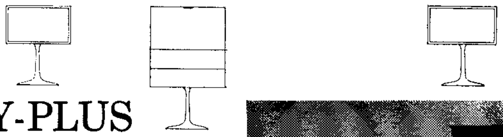
The entire frequency and dynamic range of a symphony orchestra comes out of it, just as close to the original orchestra sound as your record is. Its acoustic output (the amount of sound you can actually hear, as distinguished from the power being generated somewhere inside) is higher than that of many sets costing $100 more.

Suggested price: $319.95. (Includes two 8″ acoustic suspension woofers, two 2″ wide-dispersion tweeters and a sensitive, drift-free FM stereo tuner. For AM too, $349.95.)

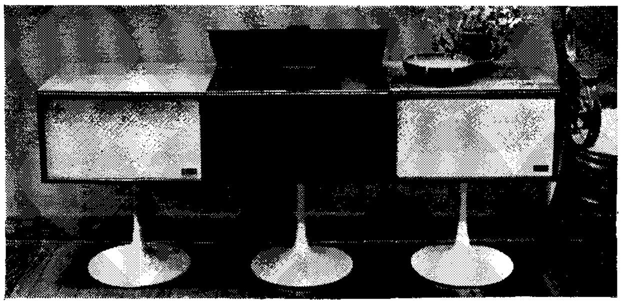
THE MODEL TWENTY

The acoustic output of The Model Twenty is twice that of our $300 system's. Moreover, it is twice that of anybody else's $400 system.

So if you have a really big room, and insist on listening to music at something approaching concert hall volumes from time to time, then we recommend it. But put the china away first and send the neighbors to the movies. Okay, *now* turn it up. *Suggested price: $399.95.* (For AM too, $429.95.)

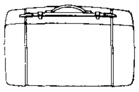


THE MODEL TWENTY-PLUS



This is a Model Twenty, plus three legs, a deeper control section enclosure, and a lid.

It is a far more intelligent solution to the furniture vs. music dilemma than those massive neo-18th century music boxes which theoretically appeal to the women. Which women? Not you, certainly. We thought not. *Suggested price: $525.00.*



THE MODEL ELEVEN (Portable)

It looks like a suitcase and weighs only 28 pounds, but the weight's not so important. It plays music better than any suitcase you've had before, and better than any other stereo music system, portable or otherwise, that you've ever seen for *Suggested price: $199.95.* (If we *hadn't* been able to make it perform well, while making it portable, we wouldn't have built it. Period.)

This model also comes in a non-portable version; three oiled walnut cabinets. (Principal difference between The Model Elevens and the others above: smaller speakers.)

EDITORIAL NUMBER TWO:

Back in the days when nobody expected much of phonographs, the thing everyone listened for was "good tone"—a certain non-scratchiness or lack of any other upsetting qualities.

But now that we've come to expect more, we've gotten more fussy about describing it—to the point of an impenetrable hi-fi jargon that suggests there is something mysterious about sound reproduction. To this we wish to add: Balderdash.

We suggest these easy criteria in evaluating the sound of our equipment or anyone else's:

1) Clarity (as in a photo or TV picture).

2) Accuracy (instruments should sound like themselves, not pale or exaggerated imitations).

3) Lack of distortion (raspiness, buzziness, or muddiness) at the loudest and softest levels at which you're likely to listen.—Thank you.

For additional information, and the name of a KLH dealer near you, please write us at:
KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

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This is the Fouke Sealmark of Fashion.
It makes personal appearances
at your favorite furrier's. On seal. The rare fur
for women of rare fashion discernment.
SEAL...so much rarer than mink.

THE FOUKE COMPANY

ANNA MOFFO WEARS A MIDI IN FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL.

Holland maakt kaas waar men reeds 800 jaar van geniet.

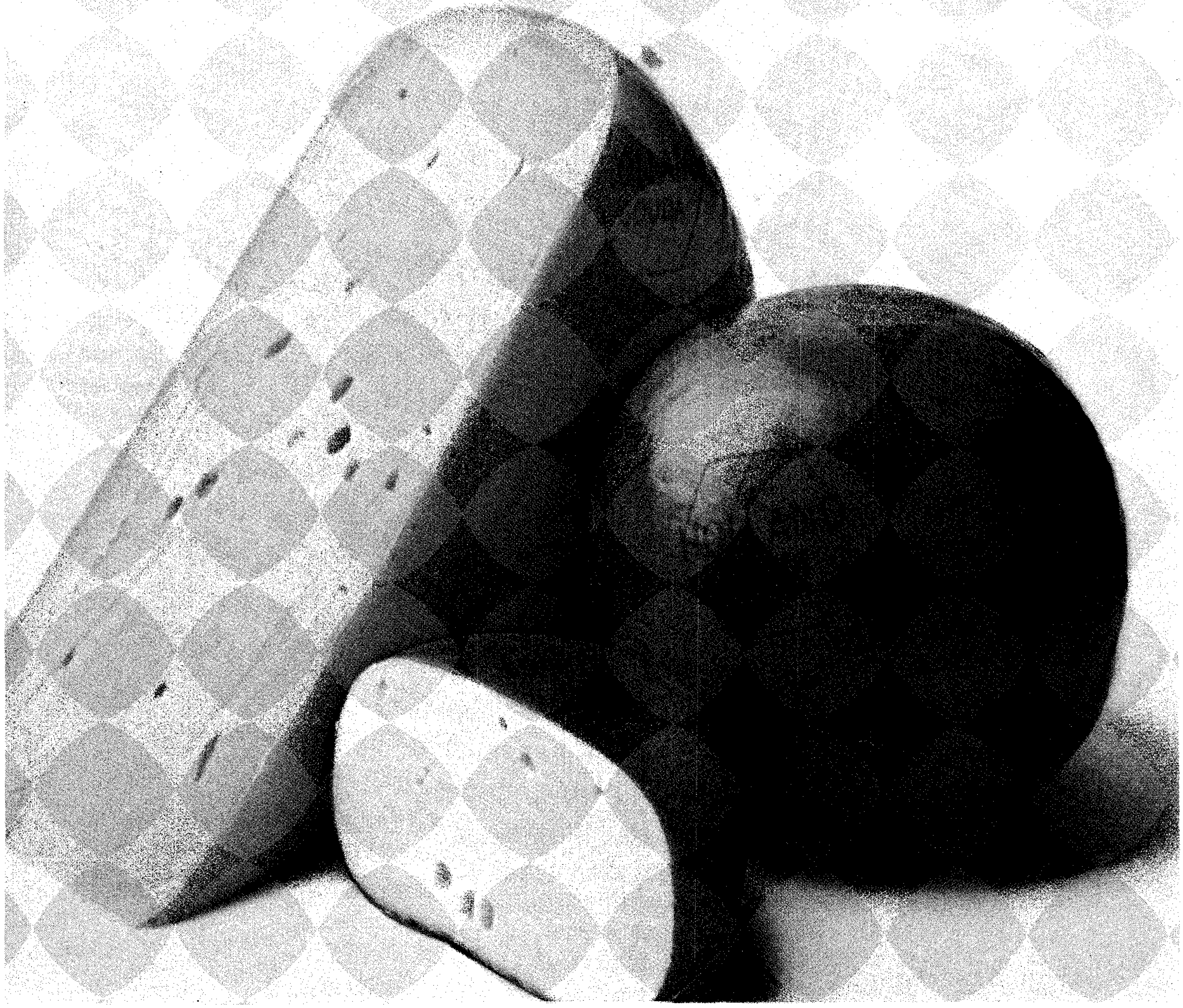
Er is veel voor nodig om deze kaas te kunnen maken. Het Hollandse gras, de melk van Hollandse koeien, de zorg en kundigheid van de Hollandse Kaasmaker.

Edam en Gouda.

Echte Edam en echte Gouda.

It's Dutch for Edam and Gouda.

Can you imagine describing hot dogs in any language but American?



HOLLAND
IMPORTED CHEESE

Who needs the world's toughest car to drive 10 miles a day?

Ask your wife.

She'll tell you what it means to be mother, chauffeur, messenger and delivery girl. Reason enough to save her time, irritation and energy with a Peugeot Station Wagon.

Peugeot durability

Peugeots are built so precisely, tested so thoroughly that they have the happy knack of staying out of repair shops. They've been known to run for 100,000 miles and more before requiring anything but normal servicing. Peugeots are nimble, maneuverable and parkable, pack extraordinary capacity in only 15 feet of length. They turn on a dime, have solid rack-and-pinion steering that responds instantly. Peugeots are simple to load, whether it's groceries, shrubbery or kids. And their deluxe interiors defy abuse. No wonder wives love Peugeot.

Peugeot safety

Peugeot Wagons have child-proof rear door locks for extra safety and thicker body steel for more of the same. The seats are ridiculously comfortable, adjust to dozens of different positions and even recline fully. No wonder wives love Peugeot.

Automatic transmission

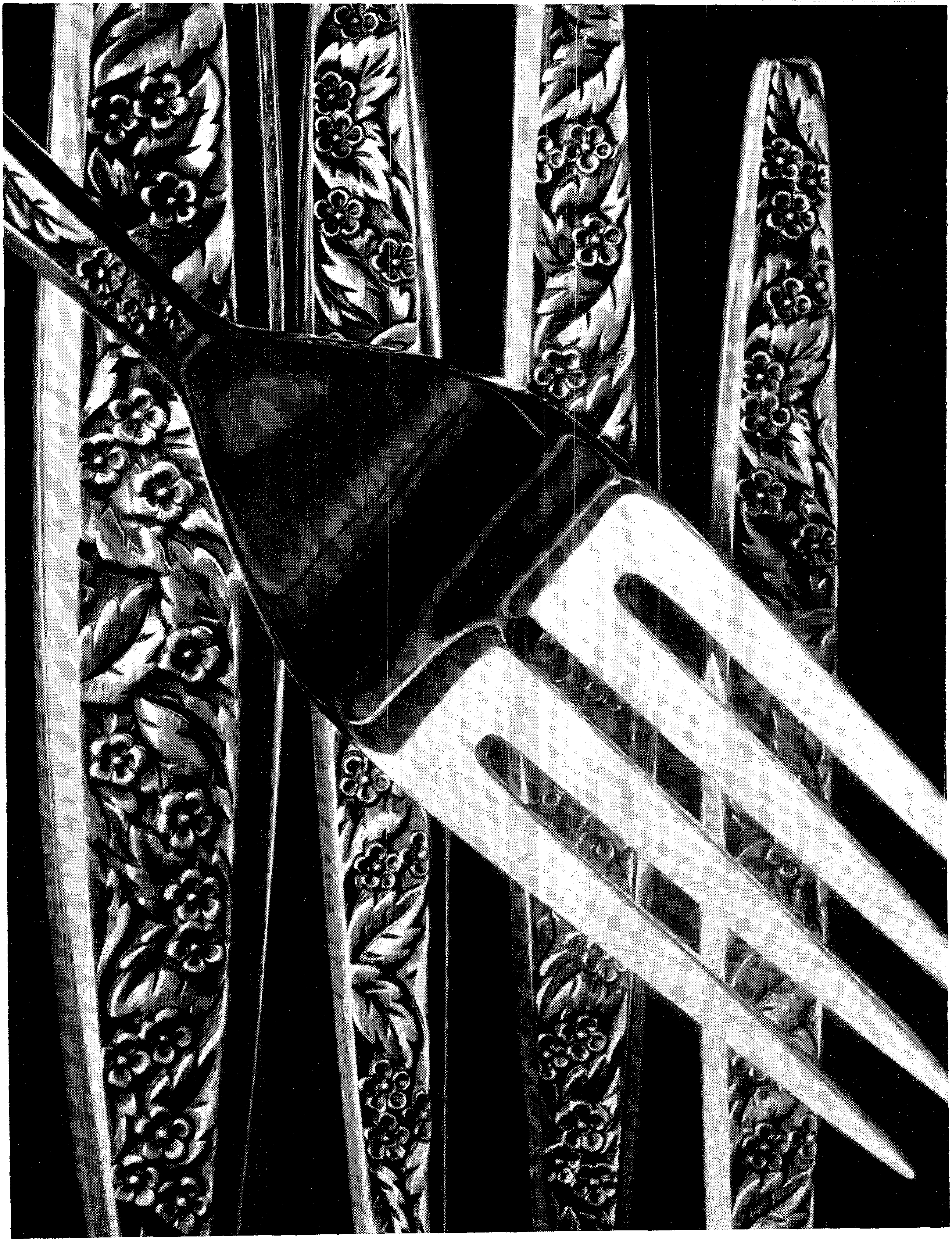
The Peugeot Wagon is now available with optional three-speed torque converter automatic transmission. No wonder wives love Peugeot.

Send for illustrated brochure

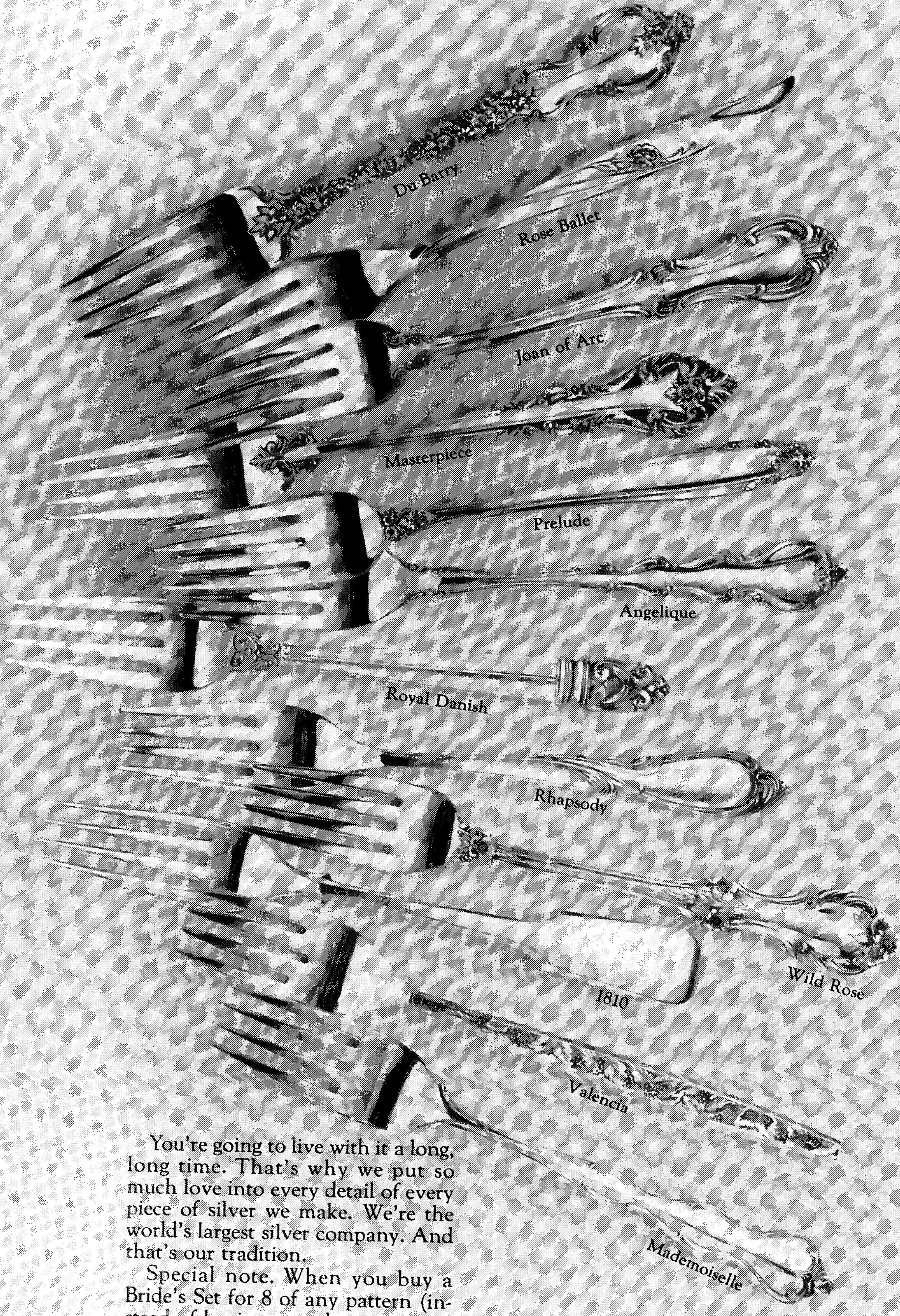
For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc. Department NY-48 107-40 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, N.Y., or see your local dealer.

Suit by Count Romi

Peugeot. The toughest bargain you can drive.


Valencia

® International Sterling. Because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You're going to live with it a long, long time. That's why we put so much love into every detail of every piece of silver we make. We're the world's largest silver company. And that's our tradition.

Special note. When you buy a Bride's Set for 8 of any pattern (instead of buying one place setting at a time), you save $75.00. And when you buy a Bride's Set for 12, you save $100.00. The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

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you don't just buy it, you marry it.

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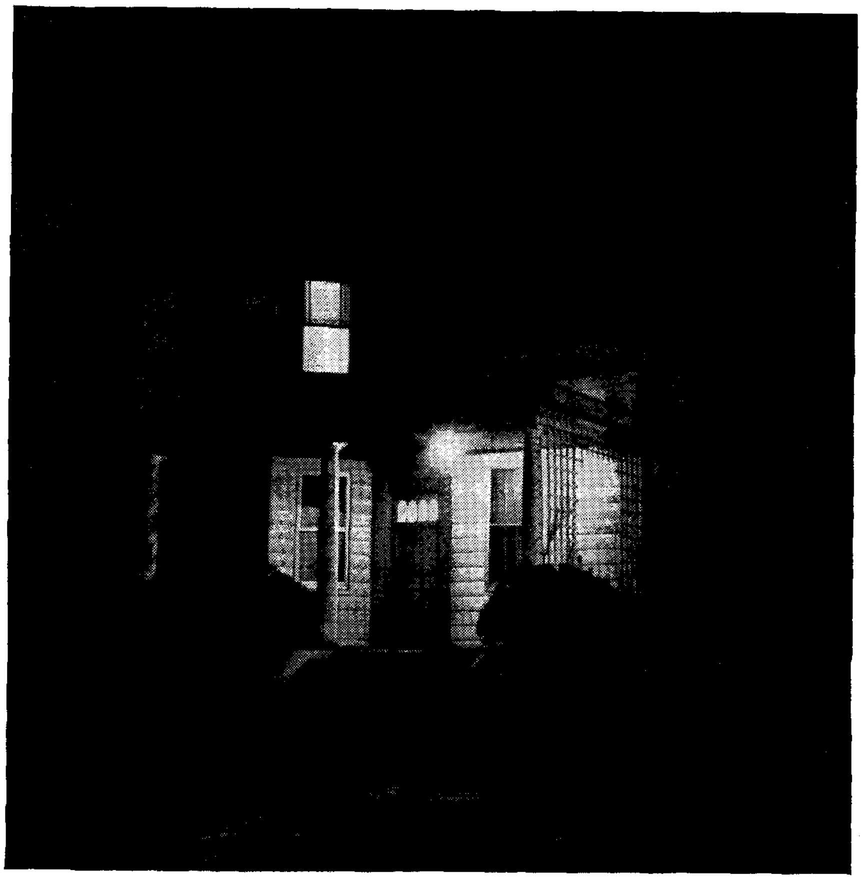

Remember when home was having someone wait up for you?
Go home this weekend.
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

Now the low rate of $1 or less* is in effect all day Saturday as well as all day Sunday.
(*Three-minute, station-to-station interstate call, anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska, plus tax.)

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Old Georgetown Collection
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"OLD GEORGETOWN"
OUR MAGNIFICENT NEW COLLECTION

Who but Schumacher's could capture, in decorative fabrics, the charm of America's Federal architectural style with its luxuriously styled interiors? The quality, authentic styling and coloration of this group of fabrics will add elegant distinction to every room in which they are used. There are glazed chintzes, English linens, matelasses, damasks in silk and cotton, an exquisite silk texture, a toile wallpaper and two scenic wallpapers. For away-from-the-ordinary decorating see this collection through your decorator or decorating department of fine stores. F. Schumacher & Co. 58 W. 40 St., N.Y. 10018. Showrooms: 939 Third Avenue, N.Y. (at 56th St.)

Schumacher's
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Break the ice with Teacher's Scotch

About $7.25 a fifth*
Bottled in Scotland
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Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

You'll find Teacher's warms things up without being obvious. It's a mellower Scotch. No rough edges. That's because it's made with more of the Highland-mellowed whiskies—the very cream of whiskies.

So try Teacher's and discover . . .

Mellow flavour that warms things up

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

Sony announces the dawn of a new Sun Set.

It may seem a small thing—7 inches measured diagonally—but it isn't every day we improve a Sun Set and watch the price go down.

It has the dark screen that gives you sharp contrast in sunlight (or any light).

But now it's tilted up.

So you and your Sony need not sit eyeball-to-eyeball.

It's got more transistors and diodes than ever. The latest in all-solid state circuitry for nifty reception.

It's got a sleek new look, racy but elegant in jet black and gleaming chrome.

Yet you can walk out of a store tomorrow with a new 720U for just $109.95.*

With an optional rechargeable battery pack, you can even watch TV all the way home.

(A less luxe version, the 710U, is $99.95.*)

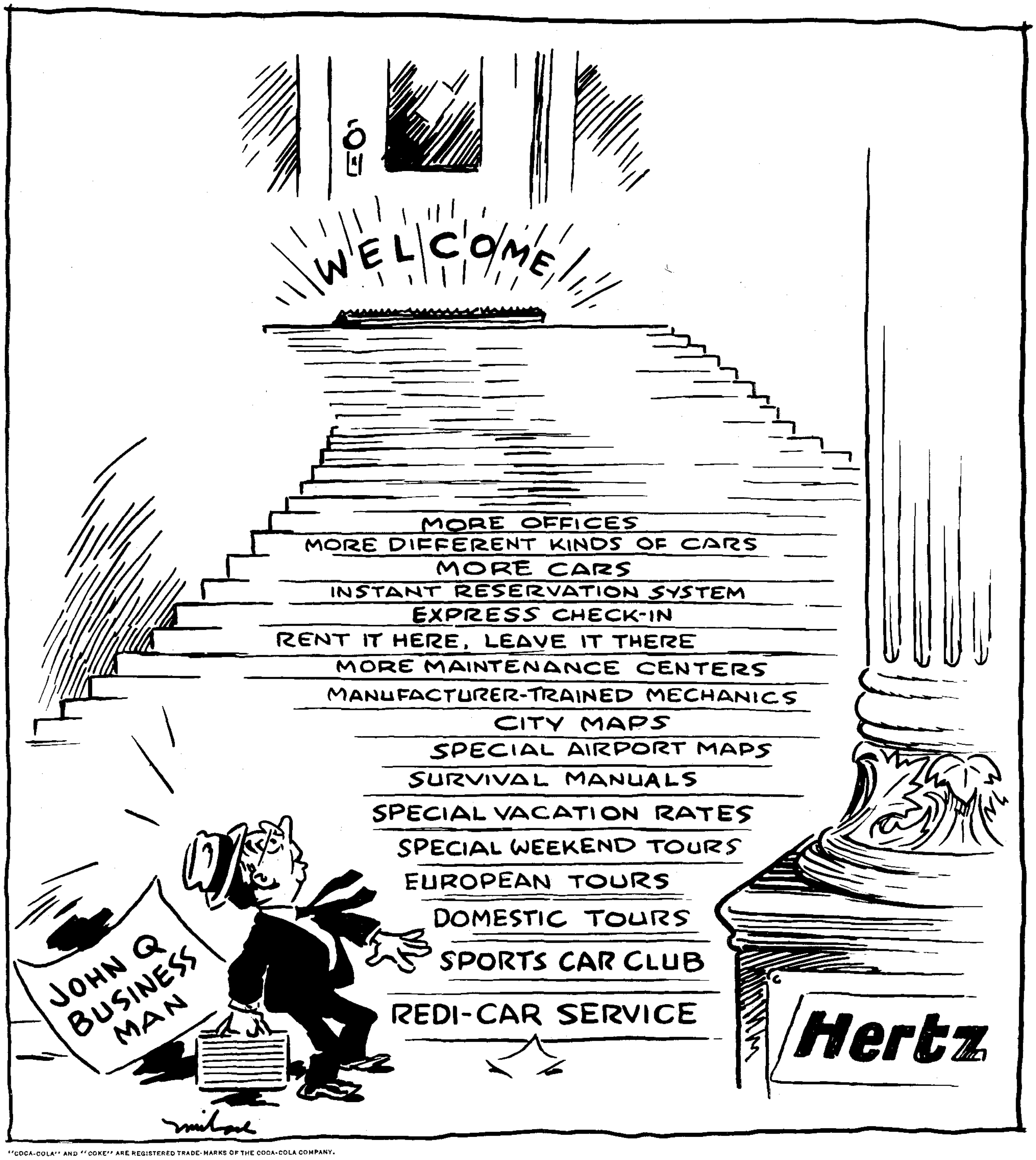
It's the best all-around portable we've ever made. It just costs a little less.

Creeping deflation.

SONY
SOLID STATE
OFF
VOL

*Mfrs. suggested retail price. ©1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

The biggest
It's only right.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Hertz

''COCA-COLA'' AND ''COKE'' ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

should do more.

In this age of skepticism, when you say to people, "We do more," they tend to put their tongues in their cheeks and roll their eyes skyward.

Perhaps this is because people have come to suspect that saying you do more in ads and actually doing more can be horses of different colors.

At the risk of provoking further skepticism, we'd like to say here and now we *do* do more.

We don't ask your undying gratitude for this. After all, since we got to be the biggest on your money it's only right that we should give some of it back in good service.

In that light, we've listed here some of the things we do more of.

Our car's better than your car.

It would be foolhardy to try your patience with the nuts and bolts of our car maintenance.

(How we keep our cars in good running order is our problem and we intend to keep it that way.)

There are, however, two short nuts and bolts we think you might find interesting.

One, on the average, a Hertz car is rented just 71 times before we get rid of it. And between those 71 rentals our mechanics have orders to give it more babying than even the factory warranty calls for.

And two, if there is a question about how a car is running we tell our people not to give you the car. We think if you have to be disappointed you should be disappointed at the counter, not on the road.

There's a Hertz office in the vicinity of this ad.

It's hard to go anywhere in this world without being near a Coke® machine or a Hertz counter.

A fact which cannot be fully appreciated until such time as you want to pick up or drop off a car in some town where the major industry is the Hertz office.

A fact, which you can start appreciating right now, is that you can rent a Hertz car in one city and drop it off in virtually any other city in the United States. And between over 50 major cities, you can rent a Ford sedan in one and drop it off in another and you won't get hit with a drop-off charge. (If you want to know what we call a major city, call any Hertz office.)

If you're ever not in the neighborhood, give us a call.

If you're in Des Moines and you want to reserve a car in, say, San Francisco or New York, you don't have to call San Francisco or New York. All you have to do is call your local Hertz office and we'll reserve a car for you at any one of our offices anywhere in the world.

If you're in a hotel lobby, you can get a car by picking up one of those little yellow phones we've placed in the lobbies of hundreds of hotels and motels.

If you're in an airport about to fly someplace and you forgot to reserve a car, it's not too late. On your way to the plane stop at the Hertz counter and by the time you land we'll have a car for you.

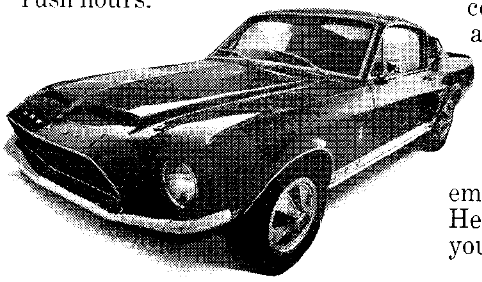
Or if you're talking to an airline or a travel agent, you don't have to talk to us at all. Have them call us.

Behind every smile, a brain.

Good Hertz girls are made not born. They're also good for more than handing out keys.

We put them through a most exhaustive (they claim the most exhausting) training program in the business.

And when they're through, our girls can help you with everything from figuring out the lowest possible rate for the time you're going to be using the car—to the fastest way back to the airport during rush hours.



Man cannot live by four-door Fords alone.

There's nothing wrong with four-door sedans per se. Unless, of course, the car you left at home happens to be a four-door sedan.

In which case we think you deserve a change. So we've put together the widest variety of Fords and other new cars in the business for you to change to.

Hard-tops, convertibles and station wagons. Mustangs, Mercurys, Thunderbirds, Continentals and even some $8,000 Mark III's.

And if you're in the mood to rent something your wife may never let you own, you may want to try a Shelby Cobra or a Mercury Cougar XR7-G.

The A. S. P. C. C. R. (American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Car Renters).

We've said it before: traveling for a living is no way to live.

Since more than half of our business comes from men who travel on business, we don't think it's going to kill us to help out where and when we can.

If, for example, you know where you're going but aren't too sure how to get there, tell the Hertz girl. She'll give you specially made maps on how to get around the city. And if you're no Daniel Boone at reading maps she'll even diagram them for you.

If you're a stranger in one of America's 28 largest cities we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. The Hertz Survival Manual.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line behind people who aren't. If you're a charge customer (we accept most major credit cards) all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

And if you're temporarily embarrassed for cash—and have a Hertz credit card—we'll even lend you $10 on your IOU.

After all, we couldn't in all conscience claim to do more if we only paid attention to the car the man rents and ignored the man who rents the car.

Hertz®

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1968

JAMAICA

Jamaica's rent-a-villas come with rent-a-cooks, rent-a-maids, rent-a-nannies, rent-a-gardeners, and even rent-a-cars.

You can rent a lovely life in Jamaica by the week.

It starts with a country house or beach cottage or hilltop hideaway that comes equipped with gentle people named Ivy or Maud or Malcolm who will cook, tend, mend, diaper, and launder for you.

Who will "Mister Peter, please" you all day long, pamper you with homemade coconut pie, admire you when you look "soft" (handsome), giggle at your jokes and weep when you leave.

A kind of Nannyhood for Grownups, actually.

They'll spoil you.

But you'll also spoil yourself.

Breakfasting for hours under a guango tree while birds buzz your sugar bowl and butterflies flap through the bougainvillea.

Or having tea on a terrace in an orange-crimson-purple twilight.

Or Chevvying around the countryside with a bottle of Pouilly Fuissé, mango chutney, cheese, biscuits and bathing suits in the backseat. Stopping at waterfalls, coves, places named Content, Dinnertime, Heart Ease.

Or dressing for an evening out. Where the noise is. Hotel floor shows, psychedelic nightclubs, dusky discotheques. Boom, boom. Rock, rock.

Then home to a silent flowery house in a night filled with cheeps, chirps, whistles.

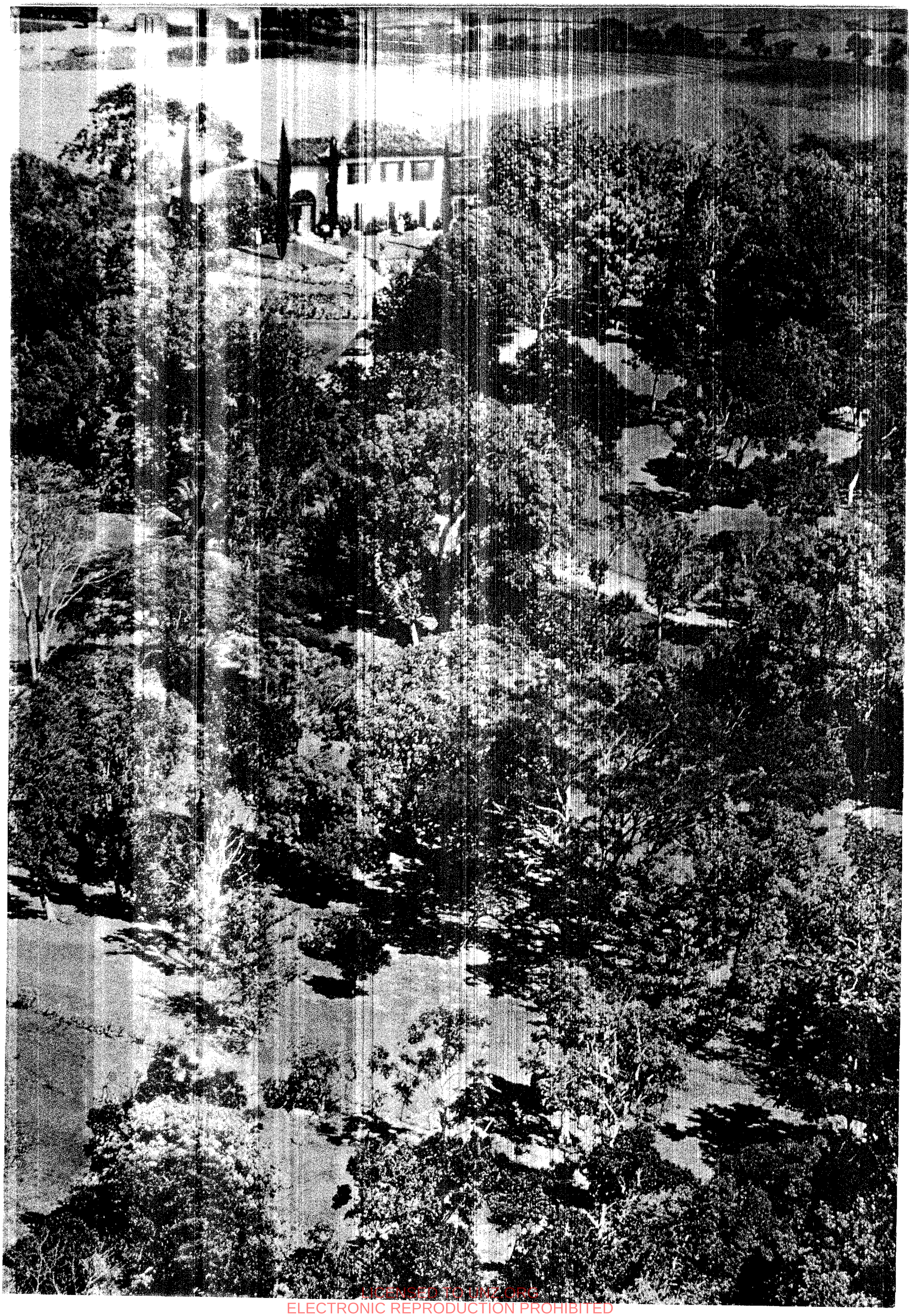
And playing Gin Rummy till somebody loses.

And falling into bed.

Exhilarated.

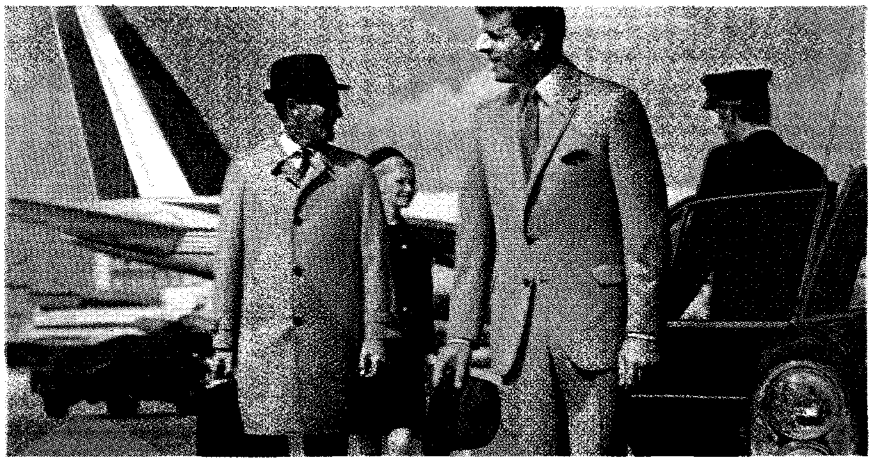
For more about renting the Life You Wish You Led, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto or Montreal.

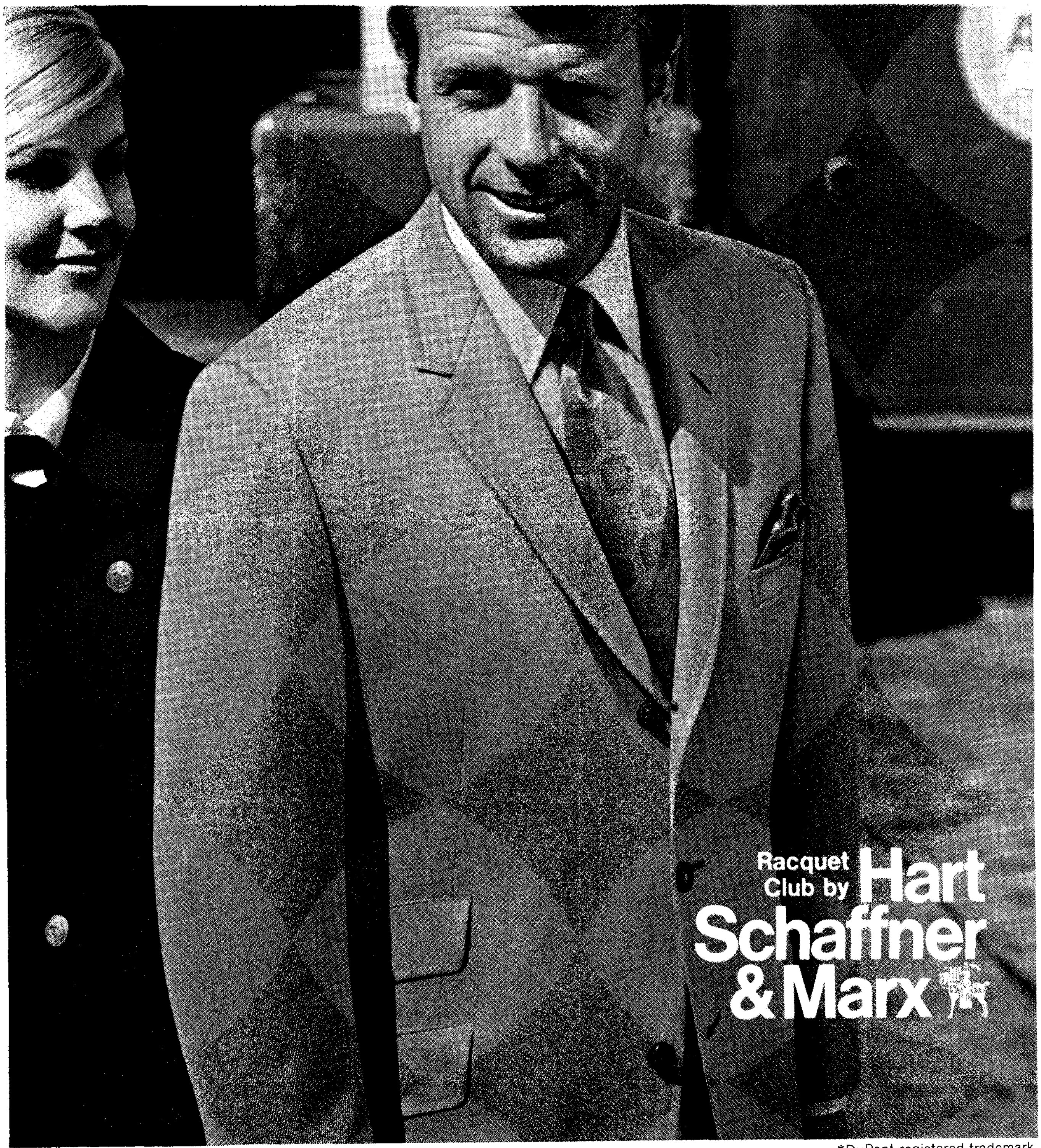
© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



Versa-Twill

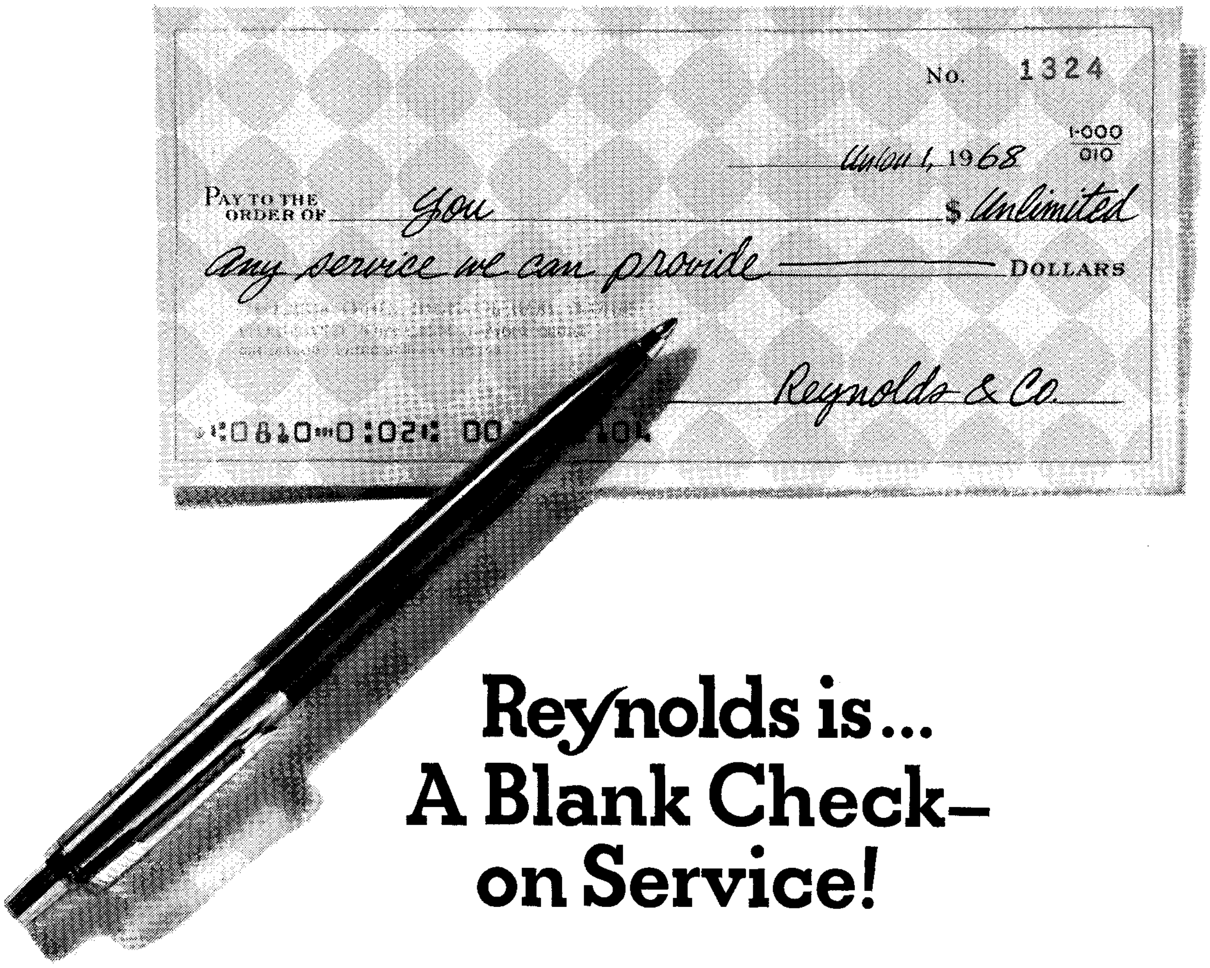
with Dacron. "In" at the office. Right for a Rome stopover. Go well in twill styled by HS&M in Jodhpur Cloth with "Dacron". Wrinkles shrug off this Racquet Club natural shoulder suit. With three buttons, flap pockets, ticket pocket, side vents, subtly shaped waist.




Racquet Club by Hart Schaffner & Marx

55% Dacron* polyester, 45% wool

*DuPont registered trademark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Reynolds is... A Blank Check– on Service!

We think we can cash it—for any investor. Especially if you're looking for currently existing opportunities in stocks, bonds or commodities.

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Or want to do business with a broker thoroughly at home with mutual funds, over-the-counter stocks, or municipal bonds.

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Or—well, *you* fill in the check. As we said, we think we can cash it. We know that we'll try.

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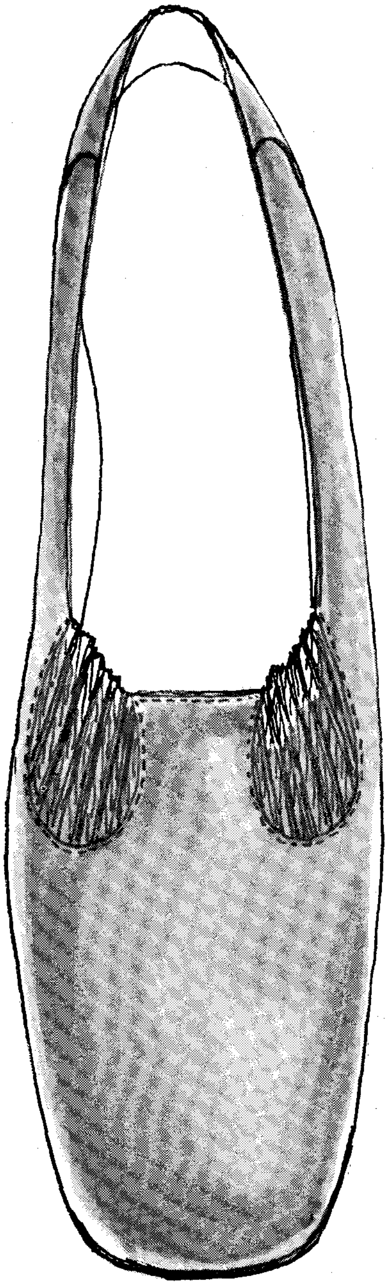

A view of things to come...as Erica sees it. Her beautiful high-riding suit pump fairly glistens in lush antiqued calfskin. Bold heel and toe and decorative pocket gussets add to this marvelous accent for Fall. Black or antiqued camel color, brown or green. From the Altman collection, shoe salon, second floor, Fifth Avenue, and in all our branch stores. 35.00.

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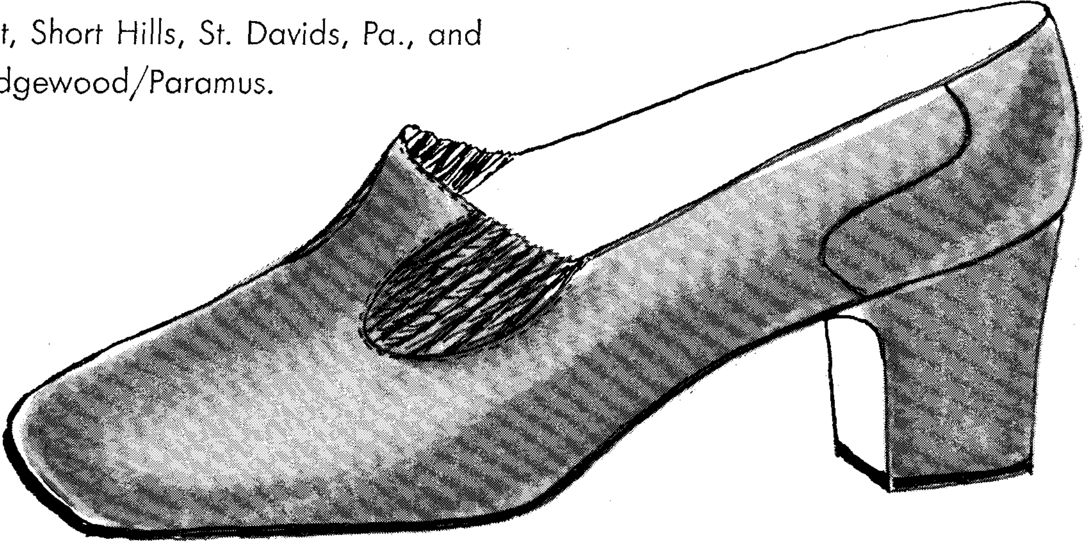


THE NEW YORKER

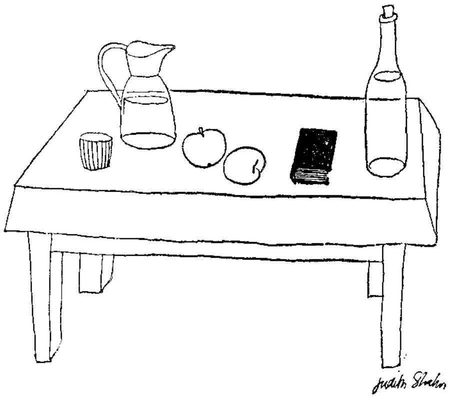
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has occurred to us that Vice-President Humphrey, as a veteran political orator, may have been just as deeply offended by the curtness of the language the demonstrators in Chicago used as he was by its indecency. Pleonasm is the rhetorical term for the use of more than one word where one word would be more than enough. Political speakers, in particular, have always favored pleonasm over conciseness, both on aesthetic grounds, like rhythm and euphony, and out of a congenital dread of the end of a sentence. One mark of the expert in the field of verbosity is the ability to start a new sentence with "And," regardless of logical or respiratory requirements. No connoisseur of campaign oratory who had a chance to hear or read Mr. Humphrey's speech accepting the Democratic nomination for President can deny that he is the most dedicated pleonast to mount a podium since William Henry Harrison delivered his hour-and-forty-five-minute inaugural address in 1841. Depending on his luck, Mr. Humphrey could wind up next January easily outtalking Harrison. Certainly the speech he delivered in Chicago is a pleonastic masterpiece, distinguished not only by a high proportion of "And"s but also by the frequency with which the Vice-President repeated himself verbatim and the artful proliferation of synonyms—"sorrow and distress," "quietly and silently," "capacity and ability," "force and brutal power," "prudence and caution," "the way and the means," "tolerance and forbearance," and "hedging or equivocating," not to mention "law and order," which he used three times. While granting Mr. Humphrey's over-all supremacy at packing the air with sound, we are bound to note that the finest single recent specimen of verbiage was produced by a Republican, Senator Jacob Javits, in answer to a question from reporters about his devotion to Richard Nixon. "I will support the ticket," Mr. Javits was quoted as saying, "and I make no qualifications about that either qualitatively or quantitatively."

Visitors

THE current negotiations over the Vietnamese war are, of course, being followed with intense interest by the United States Senate, so it occurred to us the other day that it might be enlightening to discover how many senators had actually visited South Vietnam. To our surprise, it turned out that fifty-three out of a possible hundred senators had stopped off there at one time or another—though not necessarily while they were holding office. Senator Hansen visited South Vietnam before reaching the Senate and hasn't been back since (this was true of Robert Kennedy as well); Senator Percy visited the country once before becoming a senator and has visited it once since. Senator Griffin was appointed to the Senate while he was on a visit. The remaining forty-nine senators were visitors in their senatorial capacity, and the grand total of visits stands at eighty-five. Thirty-five senators, including Senator McGovern, have been to South Vietnam once, twelve have been twice, four (Jackson, McGee, Tower, and Milton R. Young, of North Dakota) have been four times, and two (Mansfield and Symington) have been five times.


Judith Shahn

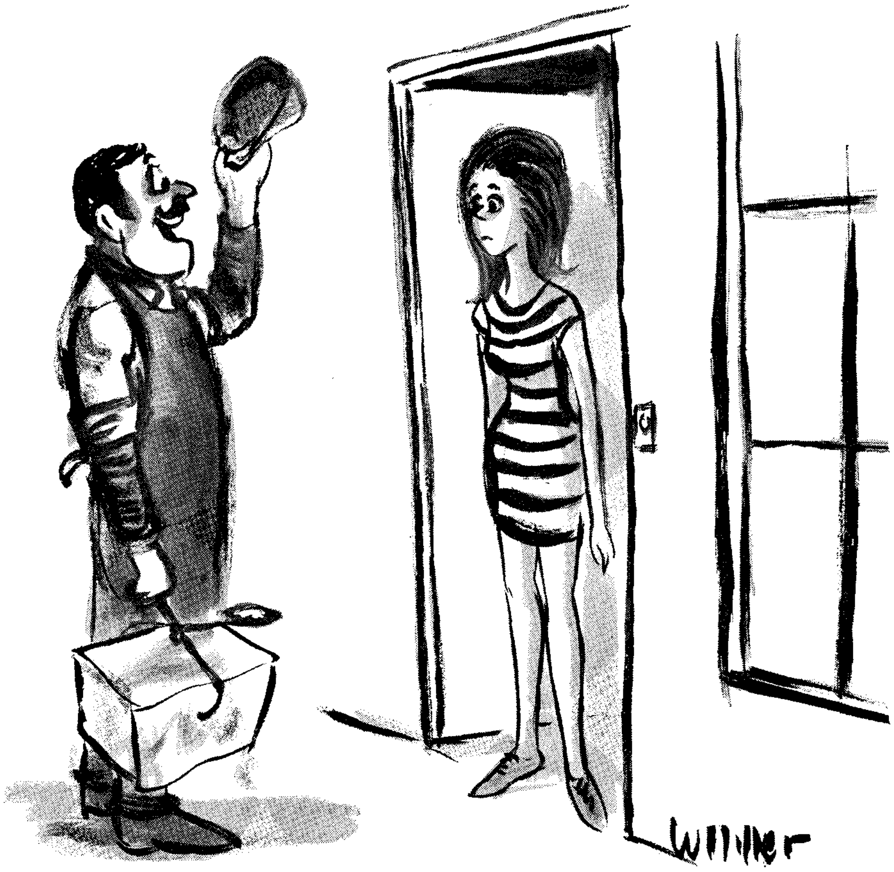
One of these eighty-five visits took place back in the forties, and seventeen took place during the fifties. The number of visits has escalated roughly in proportion to the escalation of our military effort; in 1963 not a single senator set foot in South Vietnam, and only two senators went in 1964, but seventeen senators visited it last year. This year's total is likely to be small, partly out of respect for the negotiations in Paris and partly because the Conventions kept a number of potential visitors home. A rather mysterious aspect of the senatorial visits is that many more Republicans than Democrats have been to South Vietnam—sixty-seven per cent of the Republican senators and only forty-seven per cent of the Democratic ones. Less mysterious is the correlation between age and the hardships of travel; far more young senators (or what passes for young in a body more than half of whose members are over sixty) than old senators have been to South Vietnam. It isn't surprising that Edward Kennedy, who, at thirty-six, is our youngest senator, has paid two visits there, or that Carl Hayden, who, at ninety, is our oldest, has paid none. Strangely, there appears to be no correlation between a senator's opinions concerning the Vietnamese war and his inclination to visit the country. The two original senatorial doves, Morse and Gruening, have never been to South Vietnam, nor have Senators Fulbright and McCarthy; three perennial senatorial hawks—Russell, Stennis, and Eastland—have also refrained from seeing the situation at first hand.

It's a rare senator who pays his own way to South Vietnam. Ordinarily, a senator will go at government expense, claiming (often with justice) that the trip has to do with his labors for one or another of the senate committees on which he serves. Thirteen of the nineteen members of the Foreign Relations Committee and thirteen of the eighteen members of the Armed Services Committee have been to South Vietnam. Less understandably, members of the Commerce Committee, of the Banking and Currency Committee, and of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee have succeeded in paying visits to South Vietnam. Senator Dodd has been to South Vietnam twice on behalf of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee; according to one of his aides, the Subcommittee is concerned primarily with Communism in the United States, but the aide hastened to add, "Communism doesn't exist in a vacuum, and American Communism is part of a worldwide conspiracy." Senator Dodd has thus been all over the world several times at the taxpayers' expense.

Most senatorial visits to South Vietnam last from three to five days, and are part of a journey that includes a number of other countries. Off the record, senators who go to South Vietnam tend to criticize senators who do not ("Are they afraid of learning something out there?"), and senators who stay at home tend to criticize the senators who go ("Mini-visits designed to turn out instant experts"). Senator Bayh, who visited South Vietnam in January, argues that a senator can no more form a sound judgment about South Vietnam from a distance than a reporter can cover a fire by telephone; Senator Williams, of Delaware, who has never taken a trip at government expense, considers all such journeys junkets.

Stamp of Approval

JOAN, a friend of ours, is a tired girl, seeking her identity. She has been battling with the wizard computers operated by the State Department of Motor Vehicles, the giant metal know-it-alls now in charge of automatically printing the data on drivers' licenses—name, age, sex, height, color of eyes, and so on. Well, Joan's license arrived not long ago, and it had her age right, her sex right, and her height right, and the color of her eyes (hazel) right, but it had her Christian name wrong. It called her John. Joan has many friends named John, but she likes the name Joan better, especially since it is her own. Somewhat shyly, she wrote the Department about the matter. Back came another license, still calling her John, but enclosed was a change-of-name form. Joan filled this out patiently, and without smiling; now, notarized and stapled to her license, it proclaims that her name has been officially changed, in the eyes of the Empire State, from John to Joan.



"Good afternoon, Ma'am. I'm an iceman. An echo from the romantic past."

Hits

AT the age of thirty-eight, Burt Bacharach, the composer of maverick song hits—propulsive, wry, engaging, rhythmically unpredictable songs that somehow combine elements of bossa nova, calypso, rock, and traditional pop, and end up sounding unimpeachably contemporary—disembarked at nine-forty the other night at Kennedy Airport from T.W.A. Flight 840, which had left Los Angeles about five hours earlier. He was met by a special T.W.A. chauffeur named Jerry Blackman and by us. Mr. Bacharach, whose hits include "Alfie," "What's New Pussycat?," "What the World Needs Now Is Love," and "Reach Out," was carrying with him, in a small pale-green fabric-covered, zippered overnight case, the score he had composed for the new Broadway musical "Promises, Promises," which will open in late November—the first show he has composed music for—and we were going to watch him deliver it to people connected with the show. Waiting for Mr. Bacharach's music were David Merrick, the producer of "Promises, Promises;" Neil Simon, who had adapted the book from the 1960 movie "The Apartment;" the cast of actors, singers, and dancers; and numerous other people who had some direct interest in the fact that Mr. Bacharach was arriving with the score. Mr. Blackman, a friendly, deferential man about the same age as Mr. Bacharach, took the green overnight case from the composer and led the way to his company's Lincoln. We got into the back seat with Mr. Bacharach, who had a Beverly Hills tan, and who was wearing Italian black-rimmed sunglasses pushed up on top of his hair. His hair was a curly dark brown with a lot of gray in it. He had a rugged, handsome face with an aquiline nose, and what seemed to be a chronic expression of remote thoughtfulness, or puzzlement, which was no doubt aggravated by five hours of dazed flying through the clouds with a T.W.A. showing of the movie "Thoroughly Modern Millie." Mr. Bacharach was wearing bright California clothes: a green jacket, rust-colored slacks, a brown-and-yellow striped tie, a dark-blue shirt. In the car, driving to the city, Mr. Blackman asked Mr. Bacharach about his race horse—his first, a two-year-old named Battle Royal.

"It was the kickiest thing I've ever done," Mr. Bacharach said. "It

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"If I had my way we wouldn't let any kids in!"

was something I had always wanted to own—a winner. He won the first time I raced him. Then he was entered in a fifteen-thousand-dollar claiming race at Del Mar. I was fearful of his being claimed, but my trainer didn't think he would be. I got absolutely obsessed with that horse. He ran his heart out. And he lost by a nose. I saw the jockey get off, and they slapped that red tag on my horse's nose: CLAIMED. It was heartbreaking. Jerry, I just can't tell you how heartbreaking it was. Everybody said to me, 'You made *money*. He even *won* once.' "

"How much did you pay for the horse?" we asked.

"I paid fourteen thousand five hundred. But I'm not in it for money. It's like love. First love. I want to get that horse back so badly, Jerry."

"I know," Mr. Blackman said.

"I became fully committed," Mr. Bacharach said. "There's nothing kickier than owning your own horse. I bought another horse that very same weekend. I was thinking about naming him Alfie. But I may name him Reach Out. Isn't that a great name for a horse?"

"Great," Mr. Blackman said.

We accompanied Mr. Bacharach to his apartment, on East Sixty-first Street, where he placed the green overnight case on a baby-grand Steinway in a music nook, which looked out on a terrace that ran around a good part of the apartment. Mr. Bacharach looked into the kitchen. "My folks stocked the place for me," he said to us. "Isn't that nice? Scott's paper towels. Pepperidge Farm bread. Eggs. Six lemons. I wish I could say I'm happy to be home. But I'm really sad. I had to leave my wife and little girl in Beverly Hills, and I'm not ashamed to say I miss them very much. Our little girl is two, and, you know, it's better for a two-year-old girl to be home, running around on the grass, having the pool and yard and everything. And, besides, my wife, Angie Dickinson, is an actress, and she's just finishing a movie. I believe in dual careers. And my wife is a real actress. I can tell. I saw her in that Lee Marvin movie where she plays this girl he sends to sleep with somebody he wants to kill, and I forgot she was my wife. She had me feeling so moved. She was very sympathetic. She captured me very much. Imagine seeing your own wife up there on the screen and having her touch you that much. And with her sitting right there next to me while I'm watching her on the screen. Working on this show means that the next three months are wiped out, and I wasn't keen on the concept of living in New York, either, let me tell you. But it's a very exciting thing, working on this show, and Angie will fly in and join me a few times anyway. I'm not one of these guys who resent a wife's career. Not that I like the very strong, very ambitious kind of woman. Angie isn't like that. But I love the idea of a lady working. I really love it. Excuse me just for a minute. I've got to call my folks."

Mr. Bacharach dialled a number. "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. How are you? . . . Not bad. . . . No, we didn't circle too long, and, besides, it didn't matter. It's such a beautiful night. . . . The apartment's fine. You did a beautiful job. The apartment looks beautiful. . . ."

We looked at framed things on the walls of the apartment: A three-foot-square blowup of a photograph of the singer Dionne Warwick. Three different photographs, signed with varying expressions of affection and esteem, of Marlene Dietrich. A framed certificate that read, "Presented to Burt Bacharach to Commemorate the Sale of More Than One Million Copies of the Scepter Records Pop Single Record 'I Say a Little Prayer.' "

"The first album I made as a recording artist, three years ago, sold thirty-five hundred copies," Mr. Bacharach said to us. "My second one has been out for nine months, and it's already sold over a hundred and thirty-five thousand copies. The wild thing about my songs is that they cross the two age gaps. They're hits with people my parents' age and they're hits with the kids, too."

"How do you explain that?" we asked.

"They're *songs*," Mr. Bacharach said. "The songs are basically sophisticated. I write the music the way I feel. Hal David, my lyricist, writes the words the way *he* feels. No matter how groovy the electronic devices are these days, there's got to be a song. Electronic devices are marvellous. But nobody's going to whistle electronic devices. You've got to have a song."

Mr. Bacharach went over to the baby grand and touched the green overnight case. "All my original sketches. The rhythm patterns. And about fifteen or sixteen songs for the show," he said, and the chronic look of thoughtfulness, or puzzlement, seemed to deepen. "I think the songs are consistent with the way I've been writing. If you asked me have we changed gears for the show, I'd say I hope not. I would like to feel there's been no compromise."

"When did it all start?" we asked.

"Well, in London one day two

years ago, David Merrick came over to me at a party," he said. "I was in the middle of scoring 'Casino Royale.' I wasn't thinking about doing a show. I was just getting my feet wet scoring movies, which is fantastic. All the things you can do to the action in a movie with the music! Working with the movieola! All that. Later on, Merrick asked me if I'd be interested in working on a musical version of 'The Apartment.' Merrick is very astute. He told me the theatre was going to change—that it had to open up to people to do their own thing. And he was thinking correctly. So I started working on the show last summer."

"And before *that* started?" we asked.

"I'd say everything all started five or six years ago, when I decided to stay put in New York and pursue writing seriously. Before that, I worked with Marlene Dietrich as her accompanist. I travelled all over with her. Poland. Germany. Italy. Russia. When you went into a country with her, you went in as a conquering army."

"And before that?"

"I've got a great Dad. Bert Bacharach, the columnist. And I've got a great Mom. She has gray hair, too, which she keeps gray. Lovely hair. And she's a lovely lady. I was born in Kansas City, where my Dad was a clothing buyer for the Woolf Brothers department store. In 1932, we moved to Kew Gardens, where I grew up and went to school. When I was fifteen, some of the guys at school and I formed a band. Ten pieces, with myself at the piano. We played at parties and at local dances. I graduated from Forest Hills High School, and then I enrolled at McGill University, in Montreal, where I studied music. I wrote a song there called 'The Night Plane to Heaven,' which was published and then died before it had lived. After college, I was drafted into the Army and toured the First Army area billed as a concert pianist, which I was not. After my Army discharge, I played piano in night clubs, including Nino's Continental, on Fifty-third Street, and the Bayview, on Fire Island. Then I worked as accompanist for Vic Damone, the Ames Brothers, and then Marlene Dietrich. I started writing my own orchestrations as a kind of self-defense. No matter how good the words or the melody of a song, it has got to be showcased properly. And then, you can write a great song, but you need a successful record if you're going to have a hit. You need that certain magic to happen at a recording session. Much of the feeling of a record—my records—comes from the rhythm section. And that's something I'm going to watch carefully in this show. I want to come into that show with the rhythm section steaming. Not steaming in New York. Steaming in *Boston*. I won't be able to do my own orchestrations. I don't think it can be done in a show. You finish writing a song at four in the morning on the road in Boston, say, and then start doing an orchestration, and they'd *carry* you home. We'll have a lot of music rehearsals for this show. I'm so deeply committed to the show I'll pay for the rehearsals myself if necessary. I put such utter heat in myself when I write; I want to work the same way whether it's for this show or anything else. The pressures of success sometimes have a way of turning you around. I'm very concerned about the brevity of all kinds of living. But I don't have a fear of running dry. I just always have the feeling that time is running out on me."

"Have you changed since all this has happened to you?" we asked.

"It's much easier for me to say no to people now," he said. "I get into enough of a pressure cooker all on my own. I'm not concerned about whether I'll be in fashion next year, or whether the bubble bursts a little. Of course, I'm concerned about staying healthy. I'm a great believer in exercise. I play basketball. I swim a lot. I believe in massage. I've got this little girl, and I want to be a good father to her. And I want to be a *live* father. There's that. But every time I get into a recording studio, there's that final moment of truth. The whole life leads into that one evening. It's a highly personal thing. I don't care if thirty-two people tell me it's great. It has to satisfy *me*. You preserve the success in your own mind. My gratification standard is how I personally feel."

A couple of days later, we joined Mr. Bacharach in the lounge of the Royale Theatre. A piano had been set up just outside the Ladies' Room. Mr. Bacharach sat at the piano playing one of the songs for "Promises, Promises." He wore a navy-blue knit shirt, white slacks with dotted blue stripes, white socks, and white, very clean Topsiders. His sunglasses rested on top of his head. On the piano was his sweater, a black cardigan with leather buttons. As he played—with immense concentration and intensity—he kept his Topsiders on the pedals and pumped his legs vigorously. He was rehearsing a song called "Wanting Things" with Ed Winter, a handsome young man who is to play the Fred MacMurray part in the musical. Mr. Winter was wearing black-rimmed glasses (in front of his eyes), dark slacks, loafers, and a blue shirt open at the collar. He was singing, "Tell me why must I keep wanting things,/ Needing things that just can't be mine . . ." Singer and composer went through the song, and parts of the song, a few times, with great concentration.

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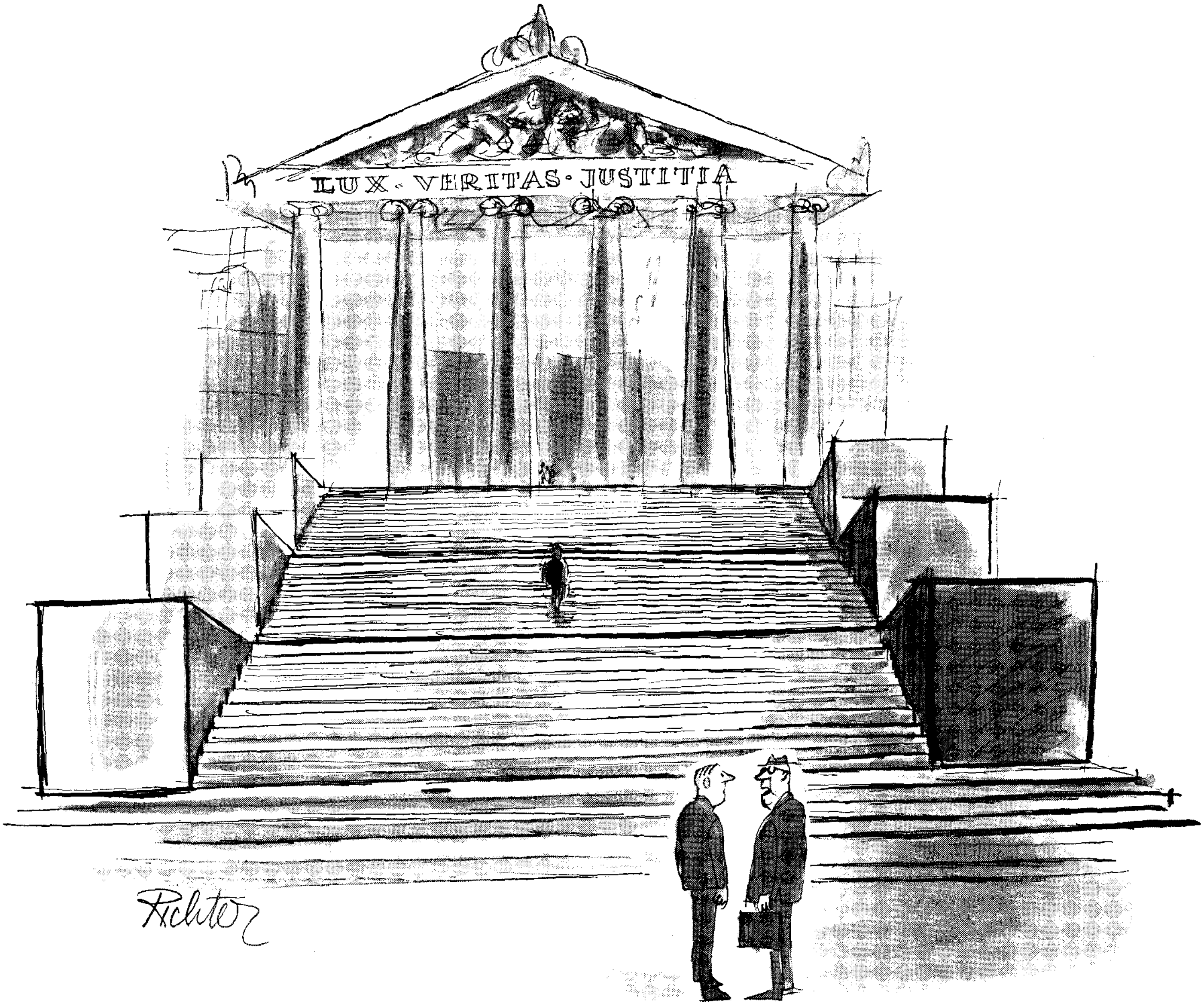
"I love the two levels of it," Mr. Bacharach said when they took a break. "I love to be able to approach it conversationally and musically."

They were joined by Arthur Rubinstein, another young man with black-rimmed glasses, who will conduct the show's orchestra. Mr. Bacharach told singer and orchestra leader how he wanted to have the song presented, where liberties should not be taken, where he loved to use strings and use them again if they worked, and where he'd like to have the singers try not to breathe. Then he picked up his cardigan with the leather buttons and ushered us upstairs.

"It's a wild experience to go into something as a novice," he said, that puzzled look getting deeper again. "I like to show them what I don't like and what I do like. We'll work from that as a springboard. It's kind of a teamwork thing, but the basis has got to be how *I* feel. You've got to protect your own taste. It doesn't look like any big ego problems, with the music staff. They're all young in spirit and in enthusiasm. We all have great hopes. And we're getting Phil Ramone, the best sound mixer there is, to mix the sound in the theatre for us. We're going to build a different kind of orchestra pit for this show. It will be partially enclosed. And we'll have voices in the pit to reinforce the voices onstage. We'll have an orchestra pit that will travel with us to three different cities."

Then there was the big day of the first full-cast rehearsal. On the sixth floor of the Riverside Plaza Hotel, on West Seventy-third Street. David Merrick was there, pacing up and down, wearing a dapper tan suit with a pink shirt, and no glasses. Neil



"These steps are killing me. I say we settle out of court."

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Simon was there, wearing a dark suit with a cream-colored shirt, and black-rimmed glasses. The choreographer, Michael Bennett, and the director, Robert Moore, were there. And all the actors, singers, and dancers. Mr. Bacharach arrived with his green overnight case and sat down at the piano. A handsome man six and a half feet tall who had a dark mustache and goatee and was in shirtsleeves stood up near the piano, facing everybody. The other people in the room seemed to be tense and somewhat nervous, but he looked cheerful, relaxed, and happy.

"Hi, folks," the tall man began. "I'm Charlie Blackwell, your stage manager. I'm required to read these five Equity rules to you. 'One. You must have signed a contract and have paid current dues before reporting for rehearsal. As an Equity member, you have no right to waive minimum conditions of the contract. No change in the minimum conditions of the contract shall be made by the Actor or Manager except when authorized by counsel or the Executive Secretary in writing, and the company shall be notified of same. Two. Rehearsal hours: Rehearsals prior to the last seven days before the first public performance . . ."

As Mr. Blackwell read on, Mr. Bacharach quietly and slowly opened the green overnight case. He took out a pile of sheets of music and carefully, without rattling the sheets of paper, set them up in front of him on the piano.

Encomium

WHILE waiting for a train in Grand Central, a commuting friend of ours overheard the following conversation between a conductor and a policeman:

POLICEMAN: He's really a nice fellow, that Hannigan.

CONDUCTOR: Oh, he's nice, all right. But when you think about it, he shouldn't've taken after that woman, leaving his wife and kids the way he did. It was too bad.

POLICEMAN: Well, you know, he'd have a few too many, and the next thing would be he's in some kind of trouble for sure. Like the time he got himself in that fight over nothing at all.

CONDUCTOR: And how about when he smashed up Farrell's car last summer, tearing around out there in Long Island?

POLICEMAN: And don't forget the incident with the missing money, either.

CONDUCTOR: Yes, or not showing up for work since I don't know when.

POLICEMAN: But he's really a nice fellow.

CONDUCTOR: Oh, he's nice, all right.

IT'S COLD OUT THERE

"KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL," the sign read, "CUT YOUR HAIR." It was pasted on the mirror between "DELUXE HAMBURGER SPECIAL" and "THINGS GO BETTER WITH COKE" and beneath "ASK FOR SEALTEST ICE CREAM." There were two other homemade signs: "PLEASE PAY WHEN SERVED" and "ALL SANDWITCHES ON TOAST 10¢ EXTRA."

"Look how 'sandwich' is spelled," Cressie whispered, hooking her finger under Paul's belt and tugging to get his attention.

The old man behind the saltwater-taffy bin limped into the open as if he thought they were about to do something obscene or dangerous. He scowled at Paul.

Cressie fingered the face guard on her football helmet. Paul had taken his helmet, an orthodox motorcycle helmet, off and was running his fingers through the wild red hair that tangled below his ears and down the back of his neck. He added six cents for a pack of Juicy Fruit to the money he had put down for a bunch of green grapes and two cans of beer.

"Do you want to eat yet?" he asked.

Cressie shook her head.

"Not hungry."

After they had gone out through the springless screen door, the old man locked it.

"Did you see the sign?" Cressie said.

Paul shook his head.

"On the mirror behind the counter. You didn't see it?"

"What did it say?"

" 'Keep America beautiful, cut your hair.' "

Paul laughed and dropped the helmet onto his head. "Hop on," he said.

The Honda started after seven tries.

"I think it's broken," Cressie said.

"I can't hear you."

Cressie snapped the chin strap on the football helmet.

The bike spluttered as Paul wheeled it across the cement parking strip. There were four boys in white T-shirts on the corner. Two were fat and two were thin, and they had crewcuts.

"Cut your hair!" one of them yelled.

Paul pressed the accelerator and the bike stalled.

"I think it's broken," Cressie said again.

The four boys on the corner jeered.

"Better make sure it's running before you get on the road," another of them said.

"Gun it!"

"Torque out!"

Paul's shoulders set. He jumped on the starter three times before it caught. They screeched out onto the road across the marshes. Speed seemed to make the muddy salt smell stronger, and Cressie leaned happily into the curves.

"They were punks," she said, but Paul did not hear.

"Punks," she said again to herself, hugging the beer and the grapes in the paper bag against the front of her leather jacket.

A HIGH bulwark of pebbles ran between the road and the beach, like the discard of some giant construction. Cressie scrambled up them, holding her hand out to Paul; she was more surefooted in sneakers than he in sandals. The tide had risen, leaving only a thin strip of sand crowded with radios and sunbathers. Boys, like the ones on the corner but bare-chested, were feinting with footballs, tennis balls, and Frisbees. Girls in flowered bikinis lay in sun-imposed stillness. The army blanket was still there where they had left it, with the New York *Times* and Paul's notebooks and their other belongings rolled up in it. Paul spread it out and threw himself down on his stomach.

"It's that aggressiveness," he said.

Cressie leaned over and rubbed his shoulder.

"I hate college kids," he said.

"I thought they were younger than that."

He rolled over quickly, pinning her hand. "No. They were around nineteen."

Cressie withdrew her hand and picked up "Selected American Short Stories."

"Have you found a good one yet?" Paul asked.

"No," she said, "they're all pretty sentimental."

"Did you read that one I said was good?"

"Not yet."

"Well, read it."

Cressie twisted her hands in his hair. "O.K.," she said, and stood up. She unzipped her leather jacket and threw it off, hitching at the bottom of her bikini. She kicked off her sneakers, bracing one foot against the other, and lay down close to him, pressing into the curve of his side. He was reading the *Times* again, mauling it as he always did in his frustration at the Vietnam battle reports.

Cressie read three stories and went for a walk, as near as she dared to the beach club beyond the breakwater, where people were drinking Martinis. Paul relentlessly destroyed the newspaper as he read. For a while, they slept side by side. Then they ate grapes and drank their beer. Paul picked up one of his notebooks and began to write, frowning. Slowly the beach cleared of people, who took their radios, their footballs and Frisbees, and retreated over the pebble hills. Paul and Cressie lay there alone till a policeman came and stood above them on the pebble hill, his hand on his gun. He beckoned to Paul, who got up and went to him—ran, because he feared the police. Cressie watched him run, dispassionately. She only felt that the policeman, feeling fear like an animal, would react nastily. He was an old man, and, despite Paul's courtesy, kept his hand on his gun. She did not hear their conversation.

"What did he say?" she asked when he had gone and Paul slowly descended the hill. Paul shrugged and began to fold up the *Times* as if he were afraid of repeating the policeman's words.

"What did he *say*?"

Paul sighed. "Get up," he said.

"Paul, what did he *say*?"

"To get off the *beach*. It's private or something."

"Well, is there a public beach?"

"Down the road. Where all the cars are parked."

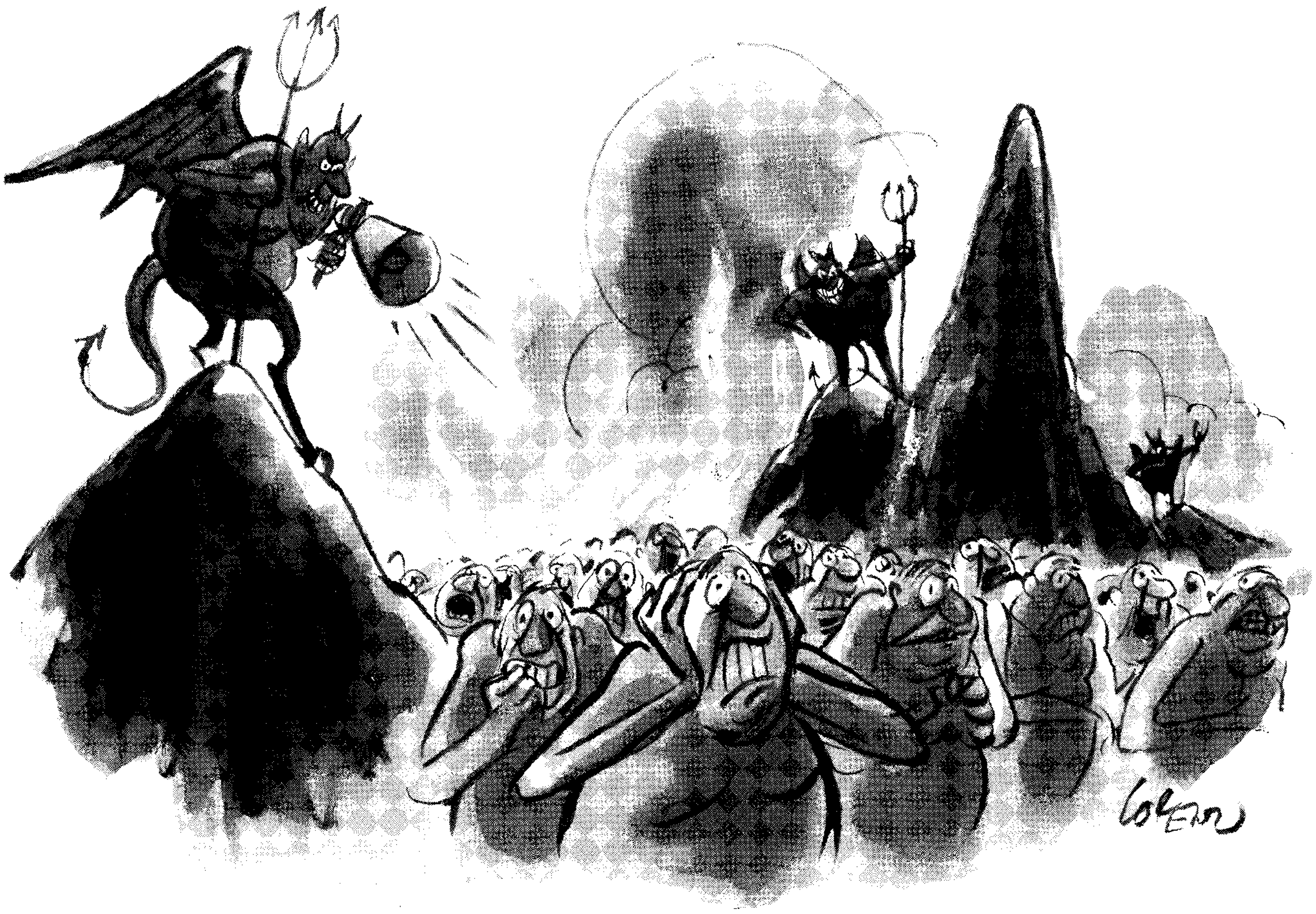
"Oh," said Cressie, and turned to gather up her own things—baby oil, sunglasses, and the book of short stories. She put the sunglasses on her nose.

"Are we going there?"

"Yes," Paul said. There was some exasperation in his voice, as if she were interrupting him in a mental wrestling with things of more consequence. He folded the blanket as well as the *Times* and stuffed the empty beer cans and grapes into the paper bag.

"It's the bike," he said. "He probably wouldn't have bothered to see who was here if we'd had a car."

"I guess it's all those riots they had in Crystal Beach. They're scared that'll happen again. Maybe they think



"Commercial Credit up nine and a half! Standard Oil tacks on a dozen! Ling-Temco-Vought closes at two hundred and one! Combined Dow-Jones at all-time high!"

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we're the advance guard." She zipped up her leather jacket.

There were no pebble hills at the public beach; its perimeter had been graded for a parking lot, and the beach itself was wide. They left the stuff on the bike and walked down the beach. Paul put his arm around Cressie and hugged her every so often, pulling her off stride.

The beach was nearly empty. An old couple sat near the parking lot in deck chairs, and out near the sandbar a Labrador whirled around a group of castle-building children.

"Let's find out the time," Paul said.

He went to ask the old man, who clutched nervously at the arms of his chair. Cressie watched at a distance. The Labrador streaked past her with one of the children, a red-headed child, behind. She watched them run down to the end of the parking lot and back.

Paul and the old man had discussed the weather.

"He says it's been a lousy summer," Paul told her, "up until this weekend. We're lucky."

He smiled and hugged her again.

"In most big things," Cressie said. "It's six o'clock. Let's eat."

"We have to go to the drugstore, remember."

"Oh, Cress. We don't need those."

Cressie frowned, rubbing one foot with the other.

"Cress." He hugged her. "Will you worry?"

"Of course."

"All right. We'll go into Crystal Beach. We can change on the way."

THE motel room looked dishevelled, though Paul and Cressie had only arrived in the morning. Cressie thought motel rooms had a built-in dishevelment factor, just as they always smelled of unseasoned wood.

"You know we made it from Boston in two hours?" Paul said.

Cressie sighed. "We're that much farther from the Cape," she said. "It's going to take forever to get to the island."

"Don't you want to go see her, Cress?"

Cressie shook her head. "Fortune-tellers scare me."

"She may tell me something that will help," Paul said. "I've got to know about writing. I can't waste any more time."

Cressie watched him tossing things out of his bag and thought about the island. She thought of the cherry tree behind the summer house, its fruit scattered and spoiled by birds long before they arrived each summer. From its branches, the whole topography of the cove was clear.

"You'll like the island, Paul," she said. "There's an amusement park on the north shore. With a penny arcade."

Paul paid no attention. "The lady in the junk shop said she went to Mrs. Blake not believing in it. And what she told her happened."

"I could probably prophesy," Cressie said. "I go into a trance on the back of the motorcycle. I go into another world back there. I made up a great poem this morning."

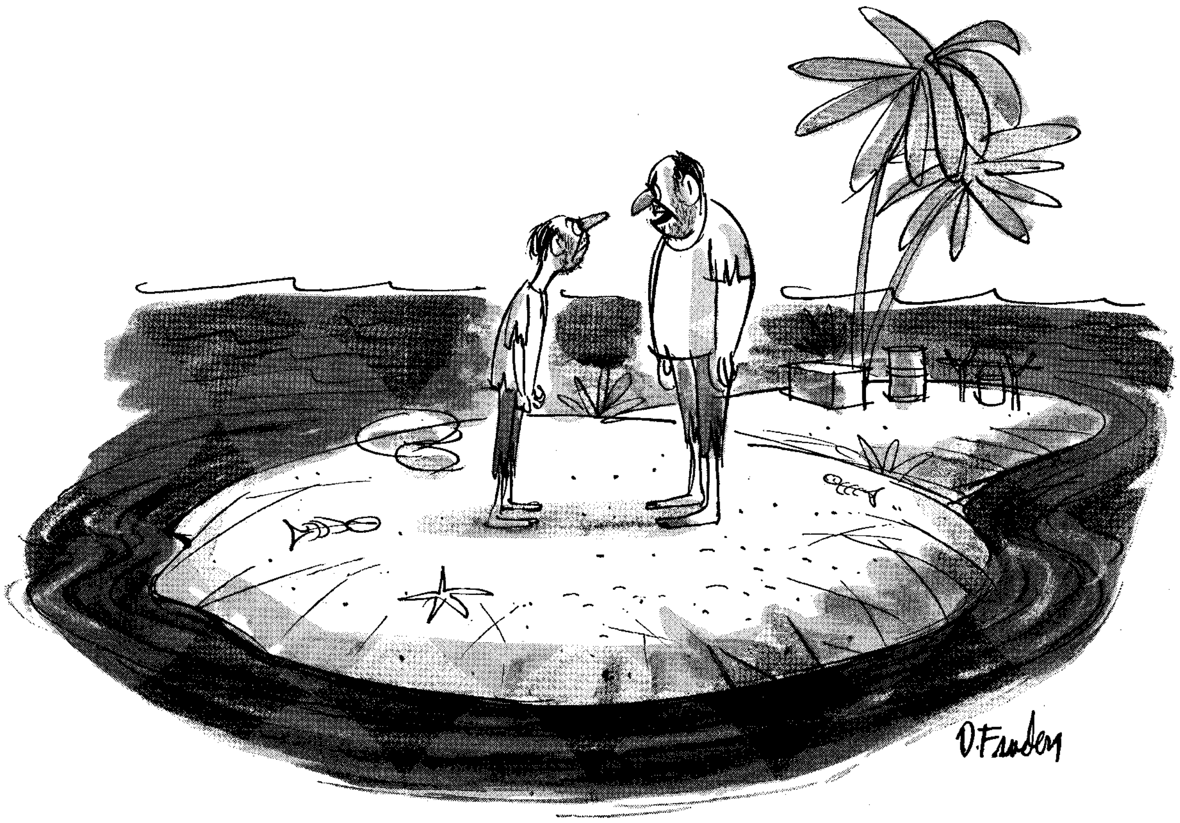
"Let's hear it."

"I forgot it as soon as we stopped. I can only remember one stanza."

"Say it for me."

"Oh, Paul, I don't remember. It just seemed great at the time."

"I'd like to sit on the back and



"Why must you always be so anti-Establishment?"

• •

work," Paul said morosely. "Driving takes up all my concentration."

"It wasn't work, Paul. It was nonsense."

"All that time lost," Paul muttered. "A whole summer wasted on that stupid theatre workshop. Acting's the wrong life."

"It wasn't as stupid as summer school," Cressie said. "Nothing's as stupid as that."

Cressie pulled on a sweater and blue jeans but threw her sneakers into the corner, though the gravel hurt her bare feet when they went out to the motorcycle. The wind on the road was cold, too, and her toes were numb by the time they got to Crystal Beach.

"What a honky-tonk place," Paul said as they coasted down the main, cement-divided street. Amber lights flashed at every intersection. Street lights mottled the pastel façades of gingerbread frame houses. Every other one had a "GUESTS" or "ROOMS" sign. To Cressie there was something sinister in it, as if she and Paul were Hansel and Gretel to a hundred witches. They passed the arched complex of movie theatre, bowling alley, and discothèque—closed now that Labor Day was past. The empty showcases and shredded posters seemed natural as turning leaves, made autumn near. Cressie inched her arms farther around Paul and held on to him for more balance. He reached down and let his hand rest for a moment on her knee. She moved her head and their helmets knocked sharply.

They stopped opposite the all-night drugstore. Children, jackets over pajamas, were still swinging on the playground swings.

"Go on," Cressie said.

Paul took off his helmet.

"Why don't you go, Cress? Every time I go, the place is filled with little old ladies. It's a real trauma."

"No," Cressie said, and pressed her face as close against his sleeve as the face guard would allow. He went reluctantly.

Groups of teen-agers wandered back and forth across the street, looking seedy and abandoned. Some of them came within a few yards of the bike and stared. Cressie rested her foot on the handlebars, working the numb toes, and gazed up at the top stories of the buildings across the street. There were more signs for rooms and for haircutting and dressmaking and one that read "MADAME NETTIE * FORTUNE-TELLER." The sign was sprinkled with stars, like the knockout scene in a comic strip. She pointed this out to Paul when he came back. He wasn't impressed.

"She wouldn't be any good. Just a resort fortune-teller for tourists. Mrs. Blake is a seer. She goes into a trance."

"Were there a lot of old ladies?"

"They didn't have them."

"Did you ask?"

"Yes."

"Liar."

"Cressie, I wish you wouldn't say things like that. It makes me wonder what kind of person you think I am."

"I don't know you," Cressie said. "How could I tell?"

Paul ignored this.

"It was funny anyway," he said. "There was a young kid behind the counter and he was very nice. He said the man who runs the place doesn't carry dirty books or contraceptives. He said some guy came in really desperate the other night—he must have had the girl in the car—and he was screaming, '*Man*, you've *got* to have them!'"

"That is funny," Cressie said after some deliberation.

Paul laughed and patted her football helmet.

"Cress," he said, "Cress. We'll ride on into Harbor Centre."

THE road to Harbor Centre was flat, unlit, and empty, and gave Cressie the feeling that the whole world really was flat, that it dropped sharply away on either side just at the perimeter of vision. They were stopped by a motorcycle policeman.

"Goggles," he said.

"She had them in her hand," Paul said, and Cressie held them out mutely.

"Put 'em on," said the motorcycle policeman. "I won't give you a fine, but next time you may not be so lucky."

"I can't see anything," Paul said wryly once he'd put on the goggles.

The drugstore in Harbor Centre was more liberal. Cressie stuffed the package down the front of her jacket.

They ate in a seafood diner on the main street. There was a hundred-year-old lobster floating around in a tank, but the food wasn't very good.

"Those fried clams aren't so great for your stomach."

"They'll give me pains," Paul agreed.

Back at the motel, Cressie had to rub his stomach while he planned their route on the map.

"I wish you wouldn't get sick," she said. "It makes me scared."

He smiled and caught her hands with his.

"My stomach's O.K. now. Why don't you lie down?"

Cressie lay with her head on his stomach. He rested the map in her hair and it made loud crackling noises in her ear as if her hair were some metallic substance. His skin smelled of baby oil and tobacco and was very smooth and soft—smoother and softer, Cressie thought, than her own. Absently he stroked her shoulder.

"We'll have to get up at eight," he said.

"O.K.," said Cressie. "It's you that can't get up, not me."

Paul threw the map on the floor and turned over.

"Ow," Cressie said.

"Well, I'm going to read you a poem."

He pulled all the notebooks off the night table—fat notebooks filled with loose pieces of paper that he had carried with him all summer long, scribbling in the subway, in Cambridge coffee shops, and lying under the trees of the Common. Now he sorted through them and read her a poem about rain on Beacon Hill; but she was only really conscious of his warmth and the way the scent of his skin filled her nostrils to the exclusion of the unseasoned wood.

MAYVILLE was divided by the Sadagwa River. It began with a textile mill that was still, surprisingly, active. Other factory buildings occurred among derelict balconied houses as the outskirts thickened into Main Street.

"A tannery," Paul cried. "There's a tannery here. Can you smell it?"

Cressie had noticed a thin, acrid chemical smell.

"It's like the town I grew up in," Paul exulted. "There was a tannery. It was a town just like this."

They had slowed down, within the city limits, so that conversation was possible.

"Maybe that's what Mrs. Blake is," Cressie said. "Maybe she doesn't tell futures at all. Maybe she is your past."

Paul laughed.

"We're early, too," said Cressie. "I told you that we didn't have to get up at eight."

They went to have coffee in one of the drugstores. Paul made Cressie take off the football helmet before they went inside. Even so they were stared at.

"Do you have cigarettes?" Paul asked.

"No," said the man behind the counter happily.

"Do you have a ladies' room?" asked Cressie.

"No," he said with triumph.

The coffee was instant and Paul began to look gloomy. Cressie poured a lot of milk into her cup. There was no cream.

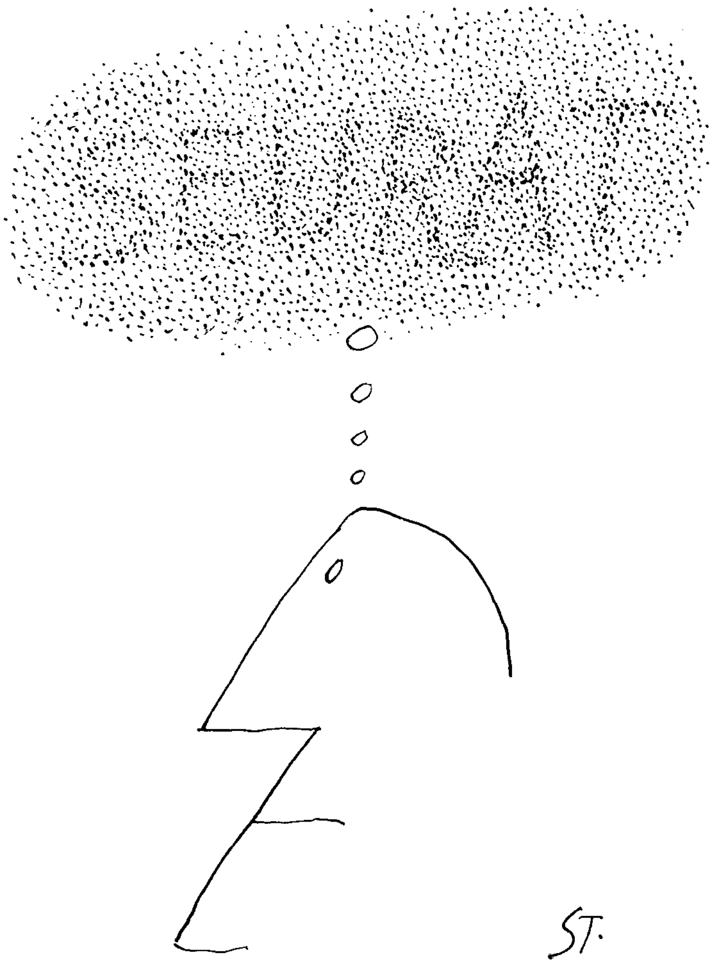
"I hope it'll be worth it," she said. "I hope she doesn't tell us that we're going to be killed between here and the Cape."

"I don't think they ever tell you that kind of thing," Paul said vaguely.

"Why not? It's certainly your future and your fate."

"You're morbid, Cressie."

The drugstore owner had gone back to the front of the store, where he eyed them over the cash register.



"I can't see why he's staring," Cressie said in annoyance. "I'm wearing shoes and the helmet's flattened your hair sort of. I'm sorry we left that hairbrush behind."

"So am I."

Cressie stared at the drugstore owner and he looked away. "I'm going to run away if she tells me she sees a baby in my lap," she said.

"What," said Paul, "are you talking about?"

"The lady who ran the junk shop on Charles Street, the one who told us about Mrs. Blake. That's what Mrs. Blake saw in her daughter's lap."

"A baby?"

"Of course. She discovered that she was pregnant a few months later. Only she was married to a carpenter."

"Well, that sounds Biblical."

Cressie was for a moment arrested by the coincidence, but only for a moment.

"What if?" she said.

"Cressie." Paul spread his hands patiently on the red marble counter. "It's *im*possible."

"Nothing's impossible. Nothing that Nature has anything to do with. It happened to you once."

He turned to her and there was hurt in his eyes, more than a flash of it. Cressie had always thought that brown eyes were inexpressive because they did not change color, but she knew, since Paul, that the light could go out somewhere behind them. She wanted to tangle her hands in his hair, but she was stubborn.

"Well, it happened," she said.

"I was very careless. I've told you that. Finish your coffee and let's go."

"I'll run away to Kansas," Cressie muttered doggedly, "if she tells me that."

It was enough to make him laugh and put his arm around her.

MRS. BLAKE lived on the residential side of the Sadagwa River. The road that crossed the bridge was being widened, and they had to wait in line while a white-gloved policeman synchronized traffic.

"*Stop* when I hold my hand up," he yelled at

Paul, who had stopped. "Maybe if you cut your hair you could see something."

"They're Fascists," Cressie murmured in Paul's ear. "It's a police state if you're in a minority group. I never realized that."

"I can't hear you," Paul said. "Look for house numbers."

On the river side, houses were squeezed between road and water with only swatches of ground. On the land side, green, flat lawns stretched before houses painted red, white, and corn-chowder yellow. They were heavily ornamented, with pillars and porticoes and crenellated towers.

After some distance, the houses became newer and closer together, set gable-end to the road, huddled to conserve ground. They had been built since the war, and all were painted white or light green. One alone stood out, by virtue of being on a slight rise and flying a regulation-size American flag.

Paul slowed down. "Oh damn," he muttered. "That'll be the one."

"She'll see through you," Cressie chortled, putting her hands on his shoulders. "She'll know you don't believe in the war."

They stopped and parked the motorcycle and took off their helmets.

"I could wait out here," Cressie said.

"Come on," he said. "We're here. You come, too."

They rang the bell and waited. Mrs. Blake came through the house door into the foyer. She did not unlock the screen door.

"Yes?" she said.

Behind Paul, Cressie could see little—just a small, stout woman in a housecoat.

"We called," Paul was saying. "We had an appointment for ten-thirty this morning. I think we're a little early."

"You didn't speak to me," the woman said evasively. "You must have spoken to my sister. I have a student coming at ten-thirty. She didn't know. I'll have to give you another day."

"But we've come all the way from Boston," Paul said. "We can't come back tomorrow."

She hesitated.

"All right. Come back at one." She turned and hurried through the door into the house.

"She probably won't answer the bell at one," Cressie whispered as they went down the steps. "I think she's a fake."

"Didn't you see that big bump on her forehead?"

"No. But then I couldn't see much. She was on the other side of the screen door. Do you think it's worth waiting?"

They had reached the curb. Paul stood with his arms spread wide, dangling the helmets, apologetically stubborn.

"We've come all this way."

Cressie knew that he was right and felt abashed at giving in to her own fear. "O.K.," she said. "It's so sunny. I wish we could go to the beach till then."

"We're not far from the coast," Paul said.

But in the end they went to a small park on the river, across a dead-end channel from the boatyard. Paul parked the bike and lay on top of it. Cressie sat near him on a bench with her face in the sun. She began to fidget when the sun got too hot and made Paul sit up while she dismantled the top of the pyramid of luggage to get at "Selected American Short Stories." It was not in the top of her Pan Am bag, and so Paul had to untie the rope, string, and electric wire that held the pyramid together, and let her wrestle the blue bag to the ground. She was unpacking it when an old lady came across the park toward them. Cressie had already noticed her, hovering on the other side of the street. She came directly toward them as if her aim was to come to them rather than the park. She addressed her remarks to Paul.

"My goodness, have you come a long way?"

Her accent was Middle European. She made delighted grandmotherly noises of amazement when Paul told her that they had come from Boston and were going to the Cape.

"A long way," she murmured, "a long way. You ride a long way."

She looked at Cressie for the first time. "Together?" she asked.

Cressie nodded.

"Such a long way to go on the back of such a thing. I come often to this park. I live near, by the river, with my daughter. She is married to a Frenchman."

She stood, weight on her heels, hips tilted forward. The scarf about her head fluttered slightly, a bright swath of flowers and Paisley.

"Where do you come from?" Cressie asked.

"Poland." The woman smiled bashfully, proudly—a contradictory look like so many of Paul's. "I come after the First War," she went on. "I am very young, seventeen. I come to Ipswich to work in the factory. You know Ipswich?"

"Yes," Cressie said. "I love it. It's a pretty place."

"Pretty," she said uncomprehendingly. "Yes, I love it, too. I live there in a house with other Polish. I make ten dollars a week in the stocking factory and every week I send home five

AN OFFERING

Summer turns in sleep: trumpet vine,
Bells of nasturtium, and campanula blown
Blare midafternoon that day I am nine
And alone in a wide space of time, light, and sea—
I knew I was at home
And where I went, me.

How it comes back: wind in the wrung wires and grasses,
Over the sand and spray-blow, salt hay.
The north range travels in cloud-shadow-passes,
And I walk water, naked spirit,
As closed a self and single as that day
None else shall inherit,

A gift to break hearts left me to save;
I inherit myself alive in air
In a form of sun, water, and wind that moves
Between two elements of near and far;
All that spirit loves, flesh will require,
And comes from somewhere toward me there
Not caring what it gives.

—Louis Coxe

• •

dollars to my mother in Poland. Then I marry a Polish man. Two years ago, he died. He was sick for a long time. It was his stomach. Ulcers."

Paul winced slightly. The woman's attention turned to him.

"A handsome boy," she said. And to Cressie, "You are very lucky."

Cressie smiled. Paul grinned, sitting up straight now.

"Did you hear that, Cress," he said when the woman had wandered away. "You're lucky."

"Uhm."

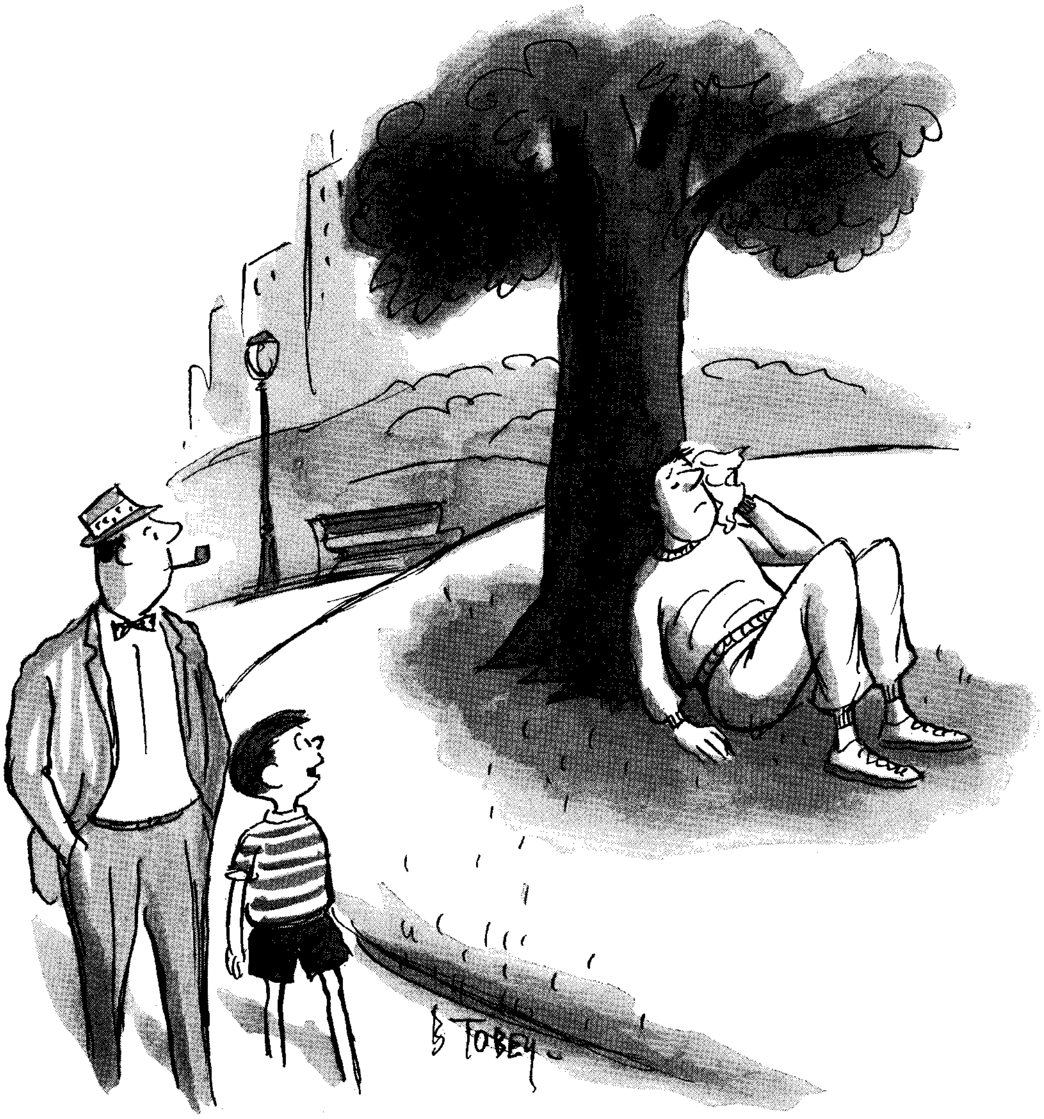
"That was odd," he said after a little thought. "Do you think it could have been Mrs. Blake come to check us out? To see if we were dangerous?"

"Mrs. Blake isn't foreign. And she didn't look like that. Not through the screen door, anyway."

"Not that she *is* Mrs. Blake. But maybe Mrs. Blake in another form."

"Oh, come on. She's not a witch."

"No. But maybe she can go with people astrally or something and see through their minds. Oh, I don't know." He lay down flat again and closed his eyes.



"Look, Daddy—a jogger!"

• •

AT one, Mrs. Blake let them in. She was welcoming and vague, an ordinary woman in a cotton housecoat—far more ordinary than the Polish woman. She led Paul, who was to go first, into her music room. Through the glass door, Cressie could see a huge piano covered with framed photographs. She thought of it as she sat under the cherrywood clock, amid the lace doilies and the copies of the *Reader's Digest*, as Mrs. Blake's crystal ball—as if the images she conjured up appeared in the glass of each of those framed photographs in turn.

Half an hour went by, clearly marked on the face of the cherrywood clock. Cressie read several Unforgettable Characters and forgot them. The telephone rang. She dared not answer it, though it rang for a long time. Out of a sense of superstitious propriety, she went to sit in the hallway, where she could not hear anything said in the music room.

She was halfway through another article when three girls came chattering up to the front door. The one in the lead, with shingled blond hair, put her head against the screen and peered in.

"We have an appointment with Mrs. Blake," she said.

"Mrs. Blake has someone with her now," Cressie said. "And I'm supposed to be next."

This confused them. In dismay, they hurtled together crying, "Oh!" One of them—the smallest, with a round, frightened face—almost bolted down the steps.

"Come on, Noreen," said the blond one. "If we let you go now, you'll kick yourself for not staying."

The third girl, teased black hair pinned up in an outdated mass, got behind Noreen, and together, blond and black, they shoved her through the screen door. They stood awkwardly for a moment, and then all three collapsed on the chaise longue opposite the bench Cressie sat on. They whispered among themselves while Cressie went on reading.

"How long has someone been in there?"

"He's been in there for three-quarters of an hour," Cressie replied, surprised at her use of the masculine pronoun.

The girls registered dismay. Noreen put her hands over her mouth and bugged her eyes.

"A whole hour for everyone," the blond girl murmured.

"I guess so," Cressie said. "I haven't been."

They looked at her.

"Aren't you scared?" gasped Noreen.

"I don't think," Cressie said, "that they ever tell you terrible things. It's all about who you'll marry and so on."

They smiled. The one with the black hair had a sweet smile. "Do you live around here?" she asked.

Paul came out before Cressie could

answer and beckoned to her. The girls stared at them.

"Go on in," Paul said.

"Paul, it's time for their appointment."

"She's waiting for *you*. Go on in."

MRS. BLAKE rocked in a painted rocker with calico cushions. She never looked at the frames on the piano but stared straight at Cressie with eyes huge behind magnifying lenses. Though she addressed questions to her, she did not hear when Cressie answered, or paid no attention. Cressie wondered if this were a trance. Mrs. Blake told her to take cod-liver oil, for she would be having ear trouble in November, that she would be married within two years and to start saving money, and that she would get a letter from someone named George in Vietnam. She also talked about seeing members of Cressie's family and mentioned a summer house. But Cressie felt that it was superficial, that Mrs. Blake could not find as much to say to her as she had to Paul.

The girls were bunched together when she came out.

"What did she tell you?" they whispered.

"Nothing much," said Cressie.

She found Paul out with the motorcycle. He had his helmet on and was sitting backward on the seat. She could tell, so pensive was he, that Mrs. Blake had told him something good.

"Let's go," she said crossly. "She told you you'd be famous."

Paul nodded.

"A famous writer?"

He nodded again.

"What did she tell you?"

"To take cod-liver oil and save money."

"Cress," he said, "that can't be all of it."

"The whole thing was crummy—let's go. Anyway, she didn't see a baby sitting in my lap."

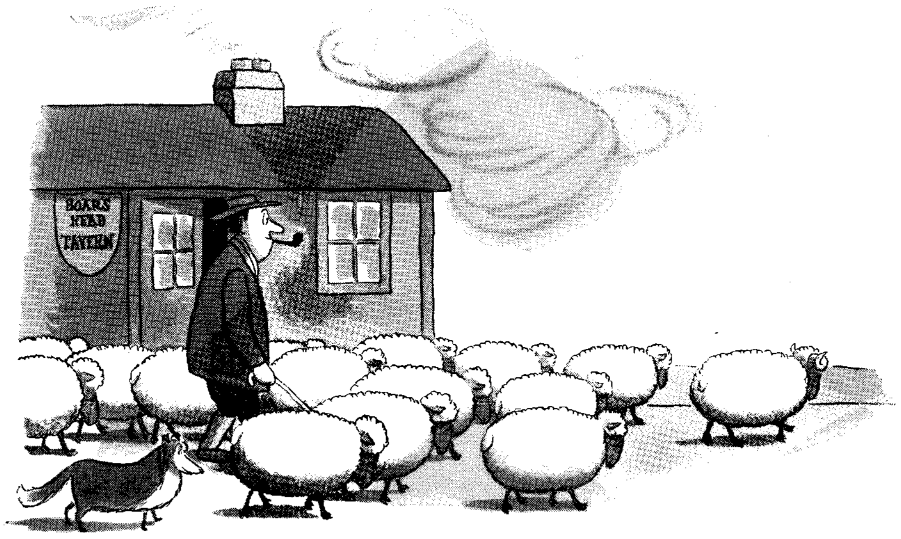
THEY had to stay on highways most of the way to the Cape. The noise and the heavy, vibrating feel of the helmet made Cressie sleepy and she drowsed except when passing trucks shuddered her awake. After crossing the Cape Cod Canal on a bridge that looked like a hunk of scrap metal, they stopped to eat fried clams.

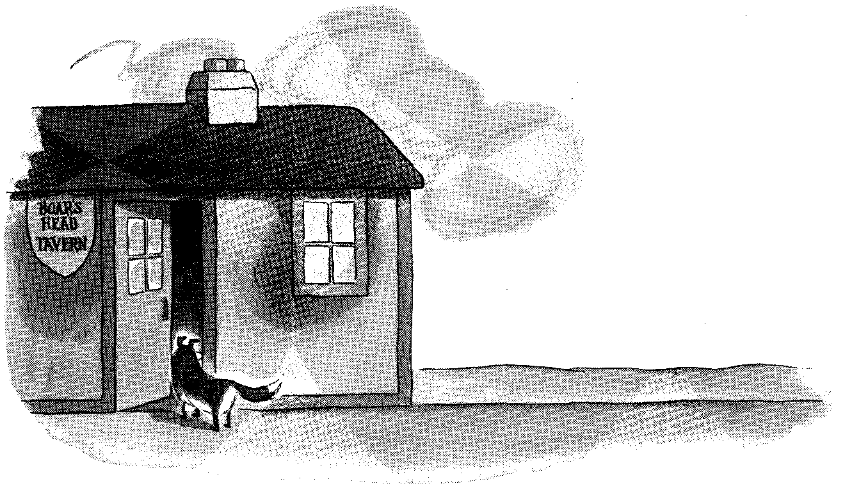
"Are we going all the way to the ferry tonight?" Cressie asked.

"No, let's look for a place on the ocean. There's a beach near here on the map called Sands Beach."

"Are we going to sleep on it?"

"I hope not. It's pretty cold."





The fried clams, as usual, made Cressie feel sick before she'd finished eating them. Paul ate the rest of her share while she drank a root beer.

"I'm really glad about that," Cressie said. "About what Mrs. Blake didn't tell me."

"About the baby?"

"Yes. I wish she had told me I'd be famous."

It was near dusk when they started off again, and already chill on the back of the motorcycle. The neon along the highway outshone the sunset. Hot-dog stands and pizza palaces changed places with motels and souvenir shops in an endless reel. Cressie shut her eyes most of the time.

"There's an A. & W.," she yelled on opening them. "I want another root beer."

BY dark they had reached the road to Sands Beach. It was cold now, even when they stopped for traffic lights, and Cressie gave up trying to hold on, and just leaned against Paul and thrust her hands in her pockets. On one side of the road were houses set high on green lawns, on the other more houses set in groves of pine, facing the sea. Cressie was reminded of the street in Mayville.

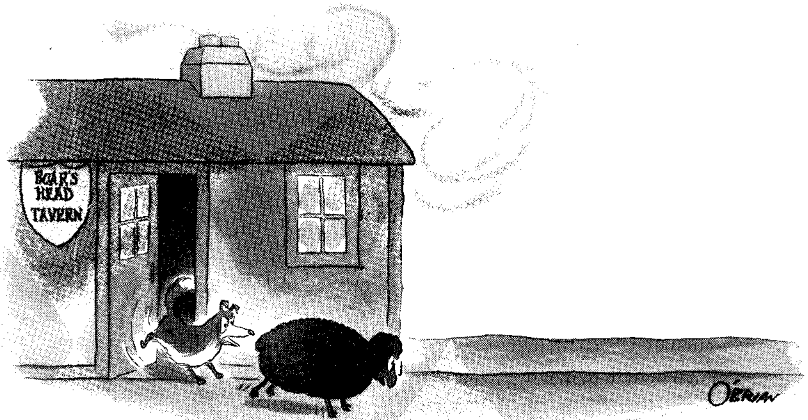
Then, on either side, the houses ended and the pines made a dark screen as solid as boulders. Out of this a sudden light flashed green and red and yellow. Paul braked so hard that Cressie hit her chin on his shoulder.

They were at the mouth of a gravel driveway, and at the end of it the source of the flashing light was visible—a group of white cottages. A sign tacked to one of the pines identified them. "MRS. BIRCH'S GUEST COTTAGES," it read.

"A mirage," breathed Cressie.

The cottages were on the ocean; its roar could be heard halfway down the driveway. At the end it could be seen, stretched out silver behind the cottages. The cottage with the flashing light was covered with hand-painted signs: "COTTAGES FOR RENT BY WEEK OR MONTH," "OCEAN FRONT, PRIVATE BEACH, KITCHEN FACILITIES," "STAY WITH US A-WILE," "SPECIAL RATES FOR LONG RENTELS."

BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN



Cressie nudged Paul. "Did you see how they spelled 'rentals'?"

"Well, at least," Paul said, "they don't say cut your hair."

He handed Cressie his helmet and black leather jacket, and she waited with them and the motorcycle under the trees. He stood by the front steps where the light touched him—green, then red, then yellow for a moment—and then he came back.

"Come with me, Cress. We look more respectable together."

The cottage had a screened-in front porch that acted like a scrim between the steps and the lighted living room. Paul rang the bell. There was shuffling inside and an old lady came onto the porch. Behind her, in the doorway, stood a gaunt old man, his shoulders hunched in an ineffectual posture of menace.

"Yes?" said the old lady without unlocking the screen door. She had a lantern jaw and did not look frightened.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," Paul said. "Have you a cabin we could rent just for tonight?"

The woman looked at them, giving Cressie an especially sharp, vertical look.

"Your wife?" she said to Paul.

He nodded.

Mrs. Birch seemed to feel that his assertion had cleared her of guilt rather than affirmed a truth, but she said that she had one and unlocked the screen door. As they entered, the old man retreated. They never saw his face. He took up his stance in a darkened hallway off the living room.

Paul paid and signed the register while Cressie looked around the room. Sometimes she felt rather like a bodyguard, always being left to scan the surroundings while Paul paid and signed. There were signs all over the wall—the kind of signs bought in gift shops, lettered on varnished pieces of wood. They said things like "SOME PEOPLE PUT THEIR MOUTHS IN HIGH GEAR BEFORE THEIR MINDS ARE TURNING OVER." There were a lot about fishermen, that perennial joke of the gift shop. Then there were homemade signs, penned in Magic Marker on yellowing index cards. One said, "OUR GUESTS ARE OUR FAMILY, DROP US A LINE WHEN YOU'RE AWAY." Obviously, a lot of people had. Wherever the signs had left space, postcards were tacked—bright technicolor pictures of every region of the United States.

At last, Mrs. Birch accepted their traveller's check and handed over their key. She followed them to the porch and stared after them.

"It's the last one to the left," she called.

THE cottage looked just like Mrs. Birch's, with the same screened porch. Inside, there were no poems on the wall but a wallpaper covered with seagulls.

"At least it doesn't smell like a motel," Cressie said.

Paul heaped their luggage in the middle of the braided rug. It looked, with its tails of rope and electric wire, like something the plumbers had left. They did not unpack but lay down together on the bed under the frosted-glass hurricane lamp.

"Well, it's a place," Paul said.

"It's nice," Cressie said, stretching out.

Paul put his hand on her head. "You know, I think I will end up in southern California," he said.

"Maybe you'll be a movie star."

"No. . . . I don't think so. I'll be writing, I guess. And working—enough to support my family. If I have one."

"Mrs. Blake didn't see a baby in your lap?"

He turned to look at her and laughed.

"No."

"He's going to look for you one day, that child," Cressie said, as if she had to say it, not really wanting to. "Did Mrs. Blake tell you that?"

He stood up.

"Let's go for a walk, Cress." His voice was flat and he did not look at her.

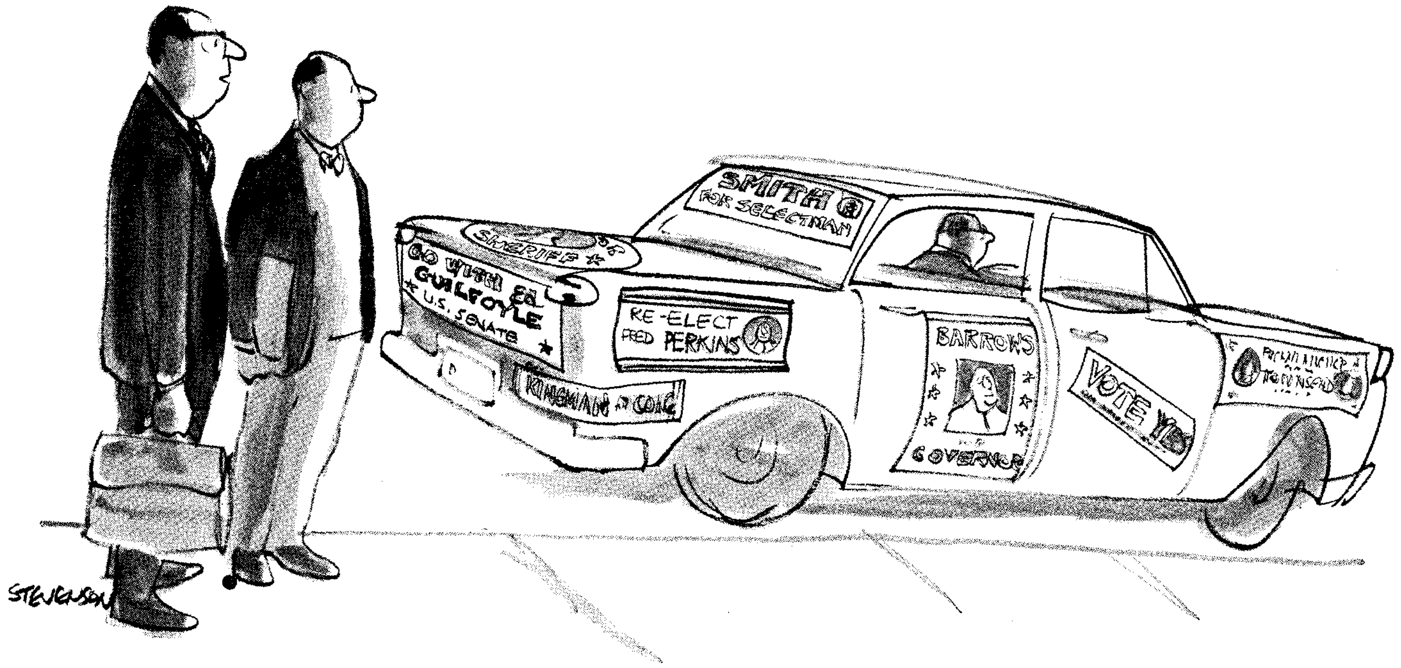
"All right," she said, half afraid.

The tide was coming in when they started down the beach. They walked very close together, and Cressie, who had a tendency to swerve to the right, kept bumping into Paul. He did not change his stride or seem to notice. They climbed over a breakwater. Ahead, the rocks rose in a curve, topped with scrub pine. The beach curved, too, but the sand became gravel and mud.

"Can you climb?" he said.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Up there." He pointed to a jutting



"There's a deeply committed human being!"

nose of rock at the periphery of the trees.

"I guess I can."

The hillside was sand, softer and damper than the sand of the beach, and Cressie's sneakers filled with it. They sat just above the rock and looked over the water. A lighthouse at the end of another promontory flashed weakly against a pearly sky.

Paul lay in the sand, head thrown back so that his profile was defiant, self-sufficient.

"You're angry." Cressie sighed.

"Why did you say that?"

"It's true."

"That's not *why* you said it."

"I guess I don't understand. I want to know why you aren't curious about it."

"I don't think you know what it's like if you've never seen the person pregnant even. It's like a ghost—a living ghost."

Paul raised his head higher.

"And you're not curious at all? You don't want to see it?" Cressie said to him.

"She—well, she was like those girls at the seer's. An ordinary girl."

"Oh," Cressie said.

"If it were you, Cress—" He took a strand of her hair and ran it through his fingers.

"You'd never find me," Cressie said. "I'd run away to Kansas or Monterey. I haven't decided yet."

"I'd run after you."

"You'd never find me," she repeated.

"Cressie, if you were pregnant, you wouldn't go. You'd want me to stay with you."

"You're wrong. If Mrs. Blake had told me she saw a baby in my lap, I'd have run right out the back door. You'd never have seen me again."

Abruptly, he rolled over and put his arms around her.

"That makes everything very easy for me."

Cressie stiffened in his arms. "It doesn't really affect you, does it?" she said.

"Cress, some things you just have to put out of your mind. It does no good to go over them. *You* try to wallow in guilt. A thing happens. You do what you can and then it's over."

They were silent, lying rigid in the sand, for several minutes.

"Do you think I should have married her?" he said carefully.

"No!" Cressie exploded. "Not at all. I just think you should— No. I don't think you should anything. I just wonder why you aren't curious."

He did not respond, and she continued.

"If I had a child alive somewhere in this world I'd search and search for it because I wouldn't believe anyone else could really understand it."

He pulled her closer to him in silence.

"I'm sorry," Cressie said after a few minutes.

They stayed on the dune until the sky was completely black and the rays from the lighthouse clear. Then they wandered back.

They had left the porch light on, and there was a praying mantis clinging to the screen of the porch door.

"It's going to die out here," Paul said. "It's pretty cold."

"Do they live through the winter?"

"I don't think so."

Paul opened the screen door very carefully, and Cressie slipped through. He closed it gently behind them and stood looking at the praying mantis through the screen. It crouched, frail, with long, hairlike antennae, its minute claw feet gripping the wire.

Cressie went into the cottage and began to unpack her blue bag. Through the cottage door, she could see Paul still staring at the praying mantis. She heard the screen door open and close, and Paul came in with his bandanna handkerchief held gingerly in his left hand.

"I'm bringing her in," he said.

"Where will you put her?"

"In the bathroom."

He let her go on the rim of the tub, after putting a towel over the toilet so that she could not fall in. He closed the door and put the bathmat along the crack so that she could not escape.

"Be careful when you go in," he said to Cressie. "It would be ironic to bring her in from the cold only to have her stepped on."

He sat on the bed.

"It was pretty cold out there," he said.

—PERDITA BUCHAN

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Secretary Ballard said, "We feel we've built an in-between club—between a country club and a public golf course."

There are no "blind sots" on the course.—*Ashland (Ky.) Daily Independent.*

As of now, anyway.

THE HOLBORN

ON a moonless, starless night in London in December, 1939, my father, my mother, my two brothers, my sister, and I advanced along the sidewalk warily, a tight-knit little group. No chink of light showed from door or window. Sometimes a car went by with covered, slitted headlights. We grazed the walls and shop-windows, and groped at each doorway, hoping one might open into a restaurant.

We were staying in a hotel near Russell Square, in three little rooms at the end of a long, long corridor. The hotel was so huge one could nearly always get a room. That, I think, was its main advantage, and the reason we had gone there. Murky and dimly lit, it provided little contrast to the blackout outside. Rather, it seemed to partake of it. The lampshades in the lobby were like hoods. Only directly under them was there sufficient light to read a paper by. The darkness from the street entered as you entered, weaved its way around the heavy lampshades, and, hardly mitigated, spread along corridors and halls into the rooms. It was the sort of hotel refugees go to, and that was what we were. We had left Italy earlier that year at different times. My younger brother and I were going to one boarding school, my sister to another, my elder brother was living in the home of an old friend, my parents, who had spent the summer and fall in a country cottage, were looking for a house in which to settle, and now we had all convened in London for a family reunion.

The hotel must have had a restaurant, but we certainly didn't want to eat there, so we had gone out. We had walked around a great deal. I think we were quite lost. But we weren't so much trying to find our way as a place to eat. How different this town was from Rome, where practically every other doorway was a café or a *trattoria* that, war or no war, stayed open late into the night. Here everything was closed, or seemed to be. We stopped a passerby and asked him if he knew of a restaurant.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything open at this time here," he said.

My father drew a tiny flashlight and a watch from his pocket. It wasn't even eight. My God, there must be something. We moved along from door to door. Suddenly one gave. I remember the feel of it. It was a leather-covered door, fat and cushiony. It swung open as we pressed it, and it disclosed light. Light refracted by crystal chandeliers. Light broken up and shining. Rivulets of light. It lit us up. It bathed us. We looked at each other and felt we were really seeing each other now. We were in a restaurant—the Holborn.

I don't think I have ever seen a restaurant quite like it. The place had a glow the chandeliers couldn't account for. It came from a fire—a robust flame that rose from an open burner in full view of the tables. With its wavering light, it lit our faces orange and made the shadows dance. A white-bonneted cook busied himself about it. And there were copper pans so highly polished they brought the shield of Achilles to my mind. The tables were beautifully laid with white linen cloths, fine dishes, long-stemmed slender goblets, silver, napkins folded in the shape of cones. The waiters plied between the tables, carrying full platters high on their palms. Although the room did not appear crowded, there were a great many guests, some of them lovely women with bare shoulders, long gowns, and hats with sweeping curves. And there were wreaths of smoke, like lightest clouds unfolding, and a mingled sound of voices—almost tuneful—and warmth, and softness, and an undefinable perfume in the air. The atmosphere was dreadfully inviting. So inviting it seemed almost forbidden.

We stood at the threshold, looking at my father. Would he really let us eat here? Wasn't this a bit too good for us? He didn't seem to think so—without the slightest hesitancy, he brought us in toward the headwaiter, who was coming over.

Waiters, especially headwaiters in black ties and dinner jackets, have always made me feel uneasy. As they come to meet me, I half expect them either to refuse to seat me or to seat me at a table near the door. Once seated and presented with a menu, lest my choice meet with a supercilious frown I often find myself ordering an expensive dish—one that will meet with their approval and not one I really want, like eggs fried in olive oil or a Welsh rabbit. Not so my father. He was quite rich when he was a young man—went to the Ritz in Paris, climbed the Alps, took private dancing lessons. He seemed perfectly at home here. A slightly built man in a blue suit, he moved nimbly, and the waiter didn't so much lead as accompany him to a table—the one my father wanted, central, near the fire. He ordered wine with our meal, and soon it was being poured from a bottle wrapped in a napkin and resting in a wicker cradle. My brothers and I had never seen such niceties. We laughed. Our table was round—about the size and shape of the one we had at home in Italy. The wine, too, was about the same—Chianti. It might have been from our own vineyard. As for the food, it seemed perfectly grand to me, used as I was at school to eating only bread, margarine, and jam for supper.

"When the English set themselves to it, they can cook as well as anybody," one of us said.

"Better," my younger brother said, finishing his Yorkshire pudding.

"And you get dessert every day," I said.

The waiter, who kept refilling our water glasses, suggested plum pudding, and soon, with a flaming blue halo and the smell of spirits hovering around it, a plum pudding was brought in.

Later, after coffee, the check came. We felt apprehensive round the table. Did my father have enough money? He had. He produced a strange white bill such as I had never seen before—a five-pound note—and got some change, which he left on the table. He made no comment on the price. He just smoked a cigarette and watched the smoke, contemplatively. When we left, the headwaiter gave us good directions. It wasn't very far to Russell Square.

SOON after that, the war, suddenly flaring, scattered us, and not till many years later, when we had all returned home to Italy, did we sit together again around a table. I mentioned the restaurant to my family then, but the memory of it had faded from their minds. "Don't you remember?" I said. "We were groping our way along the sidewalk in the dark, when we came into this place all brightly lit and glowing. A flame was blazing on a grill; the chef wore a white bonnet; they served the wine from a bottle in a wicker cradle. . . . Surely you remember."

No, they didn't. Obviously, the Holborn hadn't made the impression on them it had made on me—the night not seemed so dark, the lights so bright.

"Strange," I said. "For me it was the best restaurant, ever."

"Poor boy," my father said, quite touched.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

REFLECTIONS

THE EVENTS IN MAY: A PARIS NOTEBOOK—I

MAY 3

PHOTOGRAPHS, in newspapers, of students in front of the Sorbonne. Members of Occident, an extreme-right-wing student group, waiting in the street to beat up Nanterre *enragés*, start fighting with police when they see *enragés* arrested.

MAY 4

H. T. caught in traffic jam around Saint-Germain-Saint-Michel in midst of student disorders. Says this is "different"—they all seem very young. He sees a barricade made of parked cars they have moved away from the curb. Is very impatient—hates disorder.

Talk with M. B. She saw the police charge, outside the Balzar Brasserie. Says their apartment full of tear gas—they live on the fifth floor! Wouldn't let her daughter talk on telephone in sight of windows. Police think nothing of throwing grenades into houses. Doubt if they could throw one up to fifth floor. Says gas makes it impossible to sleep at night.

Crowds, traffic jams. See a crowd. I feel the mixture of tension and curiosity that is always the signal of something happening, and I hear shouting and see police cars. I duck into Saint-Germain Métro. I hate these things. See more pictures in papers, and accounts, surprising, of how the students, far from fleeing, "regroup and charge."

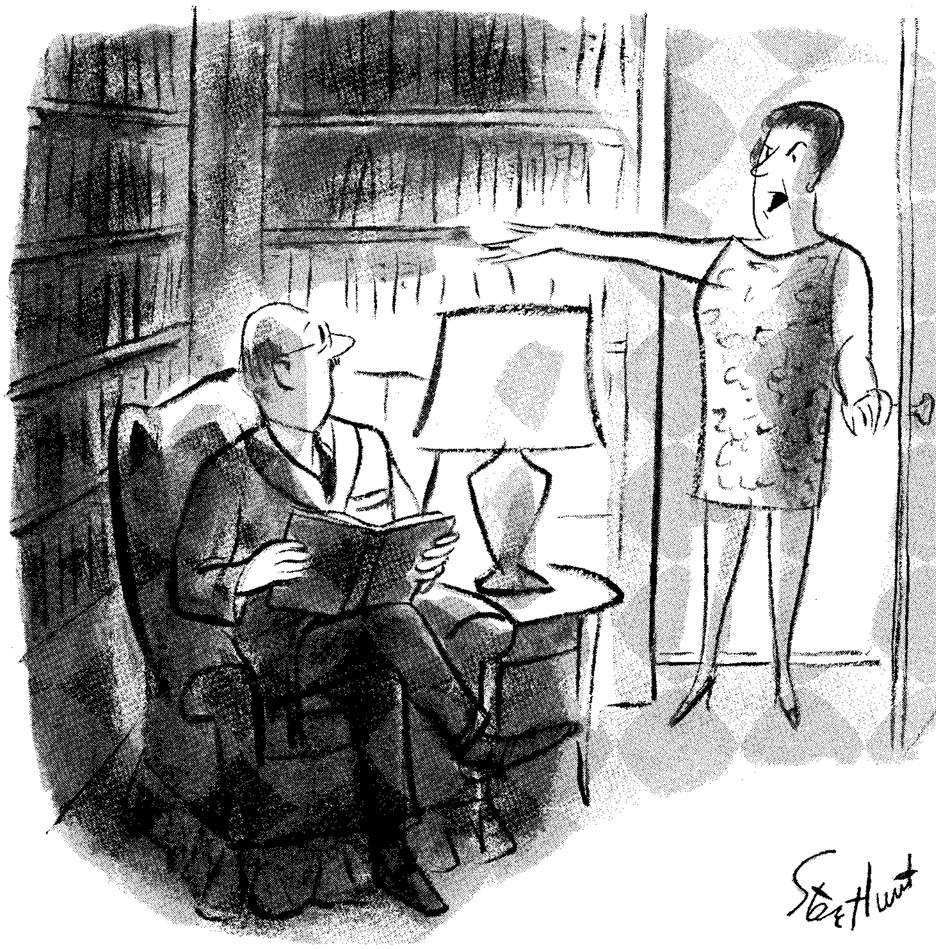
MAY 6

IN the night, hear that familiar wave of sound, as during the crisis in 1958. Get dressed, go out as far as Carrefour Raspail. All confusion. Students do not run—it is not 1958, after all. Attack in a kind of frenzy that seems insane. The courage of these kids! Don't get too near. See what is obviously innocent bystander hit on the ear by a policeman. Decide not to tell anyone, as friends would have fit. All night, shouts, cries, harsh slogans chanted, police cars, ambulances, cars going up and down my one-way street, running feet. I open a shutter and see that I am the only person on the street at a window. Are they scared, or respectable, or what? Scared of police, or of students?

MAY 7

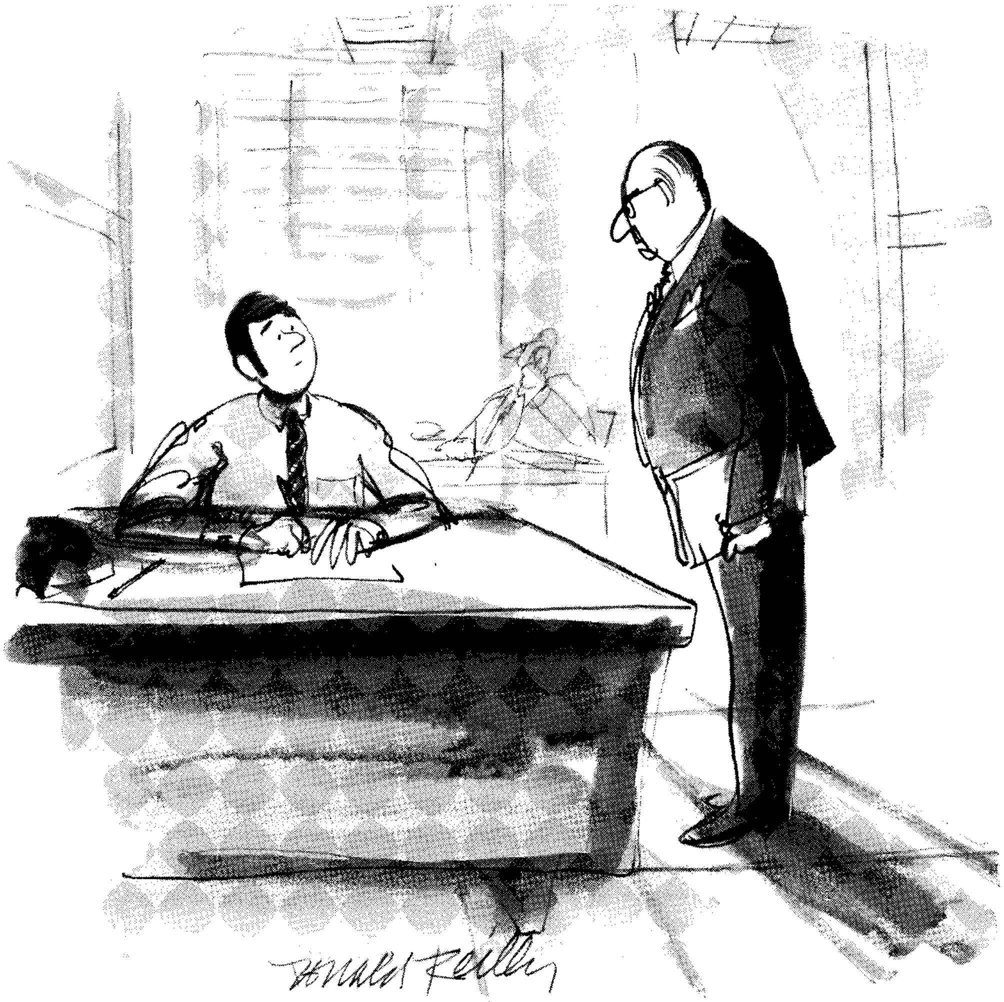
DINED at the B.s', Quai Saint-Michel. No one takes a car now—not safe to park in the area. Students are marching all over Paris: "*Libérez nos camarades!*"—meaning those who were sentenced by a monkey court on Sunday. From the B.s' living room you see Seine, sunset, expanse of quais, very few cars, scarcely any traffic, many police. Christine (fifteen) says, "But it is my *duty* to be out there with the students." Nothing doing. However, I notice she does not eat her dinner with us. Has it by herself in the kitchen. Almost seems like the heart of the matter—not with the adults, not with the kids. In Métro, find I have tears in my eyes. Astonished. Think: I must be tired—working too much? See everyone is dabbing and sniffling. It is tear gas that has seeped down. By Saint-Placide it is almost unbearable, prickling under the lids, but so funny to see us all weeping that I begin to laugh.

Out of the Métro, Rue de Rennes a wall of people. The end of the student march. They have been all over Paris. Quiet, grave, in rows straight across the road, linking arms, holding hands. Boys and girls. I find their grave young faces extremely moving. Perfect discipline, a quiet crowd. They are packed all the way up the street to the ruined Montparnasse Station—I can't see the end of them. They hold the banners of the C.N.R.S. (National Scientific Research Center) and a banner reading, "LES PROFESSEURS DE NANTERRE CONTRE LA RÉPRESSION." Behind a red flag, a tight cluster of non-identified, other than by the meaning of the flag. Ask if I can cross the street. Boy parts the rows so I can get through; girls begin chanting at me, "*Avec nous! Avec nous!*" Slogans start up, swell, recede as if the slogans themselves were tired: "*Li-bé-rez nos ca-ma-rades. Fi-ga-ro fa-sciste.*" Marchers look exhausted. The police bar their route up near the Hôtel Lutetia. Sometimes the marchers have to move back, the word is passed along: "*Reculez doucement!*" A number of good citizens of our neighborhood



"And another thing. None of your lame-brain philosophers ever cut any ice with me."

watch without commenting and without letting their faces show how they feel. A little girl, about four feet nine, collects from everyone "for the wounded." Notice that the non-identified lot behind the red flag give freely, the watchers around me a little less. At midnight, the news; someone has parked a minute car on the edge of the crowd with a portable radio on the roof. Touching narcissicism of the young; a silence, so that they can hear the radio talk about *them*. When the announcer describes where we are—the Rue de Rennes—and says that there are about fifteen thousand left out of the thirty thousand who were earlier on the Champs-Élysées, a satisfied little ripple is almost visible. Something to do with looks exchanged. But then he says, "The police are simply hoping they will, finally, be tired and go home," and a new slogan is shouted, quite indignantly: "*Nous sommes pas fatigués!*" This is a good one—three beats repeated twice—and goes on quite a long time. But they are tired. They have, in fact, been sitting down in the roadway. They remind me of children who keep insisting they are not sleepy when in reality they are virtually asleep on the carpet. This seems to me the end. Unlikely that they will press on for the release of their *camarades*.



"A word to the wise, Woodward—there are no sideburns at the top."

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May 10

WALKED from Île Saint-Louis to top of Boul' Mich'. Light evening. The bridges are guarded by C.R.S. (Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité)—riot police, under the Ministry of the Interior. Self-conscious as one walks by (they, not I). Middle-aged men, professionals. "*Laissez passer la dame*," etc. They must know they are hated now. They may wonder why. One fastening the other's helmet chin strap, as if going to a party. I mistake their grenade-throwers for guns, and I think: If they have these guns, they must intend to use them. Place Saint-Michel. I am part of a stupid, respectable-looking small crowd staring—just dumbly staring—at the spectacle of massed power on the bridge. Up the Boul' Mich'. Crowds, feeling of tension. Street dirtier than usual, and it is never very clean. Still has that feeling of a Cairo bazaar. Side streets leading to Sorbonne and Latin Quarter blocked by more police, and I have that feeling of helpless anger I had earlier today. The Sorbonne is empty, and it is kept empty by a lot of ignorant gumshoes. The last stand of the illiterate. Difference between now and early afternoon is that the students are back from their mass meeting in Denfert-Rochereau and—shifting, excited, sullen, angry, determined—they want to get by those large, armed men and back to *their* Latin Quarter. Electric, uneasy, but oddly gay. Yes, it is like a holiday in a village, with the whole town out on the square.

Home, turn on news. Suddenly wonder about Anna, who was at Denfert-Rochereau. She turned up at her family's apartment between ten and eleven tonight with some hairy youth and said, "*Maman, je voudrais la permission de passer la nuit au Quartier Latin—il y a des barricades.*" She is seventeen. Nice kid, came all the way home, knew they'd be worried. Parents handled it beautifully—said they hadn't eaten, took both kids to a restaurant. Anna, *pure et dure*, said, "How can I eat in a restaurant while my *camarades* are out there, etc.?" Call their apartment and am told that parents have persuaded boy to spend night at their place, and, without actually forbidding anything, have kept both kids out of it. Z. tells me this in low voice. Boy is sleeping in living room. Both kids worn out, upset.

May 11

LISTENED to nightmare news half the night. Around two o'clock, when the C.R.S. were "regrouped and ordered to charge," I said to no one, "Oh no! No!" I've never seen barricades "charged," but once you have seen any kind of police charge in Paris you never forget it. They charge on the double—they seem invincible. How brave these kids are now! Until now I'd never seen them do anything but run. Finally fell asleep, thought I had dreamed it, but on the eight-o'clock news (Europe I) the speaker said, "Have you slept well? Because this is what went on in your city last night," and told.

The ripped streets around the Luxembourg Station. People who live around here seem dazed. Stand there looking dazed. Paving torn up. The Rue Royer-Collard, where I used to live, looks bombed. Burned cars—ugly, gray-black. These are small cars, the

IN THE FIELD

This field-grass brushed our legs
Last night, when out we stumbled looking up,
Wading as through the cloudy dregs
Of a wide, sparkling cup,

Our thrown-back heads aswim
In the grand, kept appointments of the air,
Save where a pine at the sky's rim
Took something from the Bear.

Black in her glinting chains,
Andromeda feared nothing from the seas,
Preserved as by no hero's pains,
Or hushed Euripides',

And there the Dolphin glowed,
Still flailing through a diamond froth of stars,
Flawless as when Arion rode
One of its avatars.

But none of that was true:
What shapes that Greece or Babylon discerned
Had time not slowly drawn askew
Or like cat's cradles turned?

And did we not recall
That Egypt's north was in the Dragon's tail?
As if a form of type should fall
And dash itself like hail,

The heavens jumped away,
Bursting the cincture of the zodiac,
Shot flares with nothing left to say
To us, not coming back

Unless they should at last,
Like hard-flung dice that ramble out the throw,
Be gathered for another cast.
Whether that might be so

We could not say, but trued
Our talk a while to words of the real sky,
Chatting of class or magnitude,
Star-clusters, nebulae,

And how Antares, huge
As Mars' big roundhouse swing, and more, was fled
As in some rimless centrifuge
Into a blink of red.

It was the nip of fear
That told us when imagination caught
The feel of what we said, came near
The schoolbook thoughts we thought,

And faked a scan of space
Blown black and hollow by our spent grenade,
All worlds dashed out without a trace,
The very light unmade.

Then, in the late-night chill,
We turned and picked our way through outcrop stone
By the faint starlight, up the hill
To where our bed-lamp shone.

Today, in the same field,
The sun takes all, and what could lie beyond?
Those holes in heaven have been sealed
Like rain-drills in a pond,

And we, beheld in gold,
See nothing starry but these galaxies
Of flowers, dense and manifold,
Which lift about our knees—

White daisy-drifts where you
Sink down to pick an armload as we pass,
Sighting the heal-all's minor blue
In chasms of the grass,

And strews of hawkweed where,
Amongst the reds or yellows as they burn,
A few dead polls commit to air
The seeds of their return.

We could no doubt mistake
These flowers for some answer to that fright
We felt for all creation's sake
In our dark talk last night,

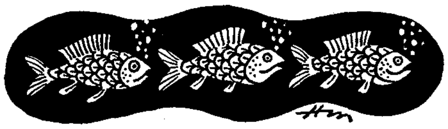
Taking to heart what came
Of the heart's wish for life, which, staking here
In the least field an endless claim,
Beats on from sphere to sphere

And pounds beyond the sun,
Where nothing less peremptory can go,
And is ourselves, and is the one
Unbounded thing we know.

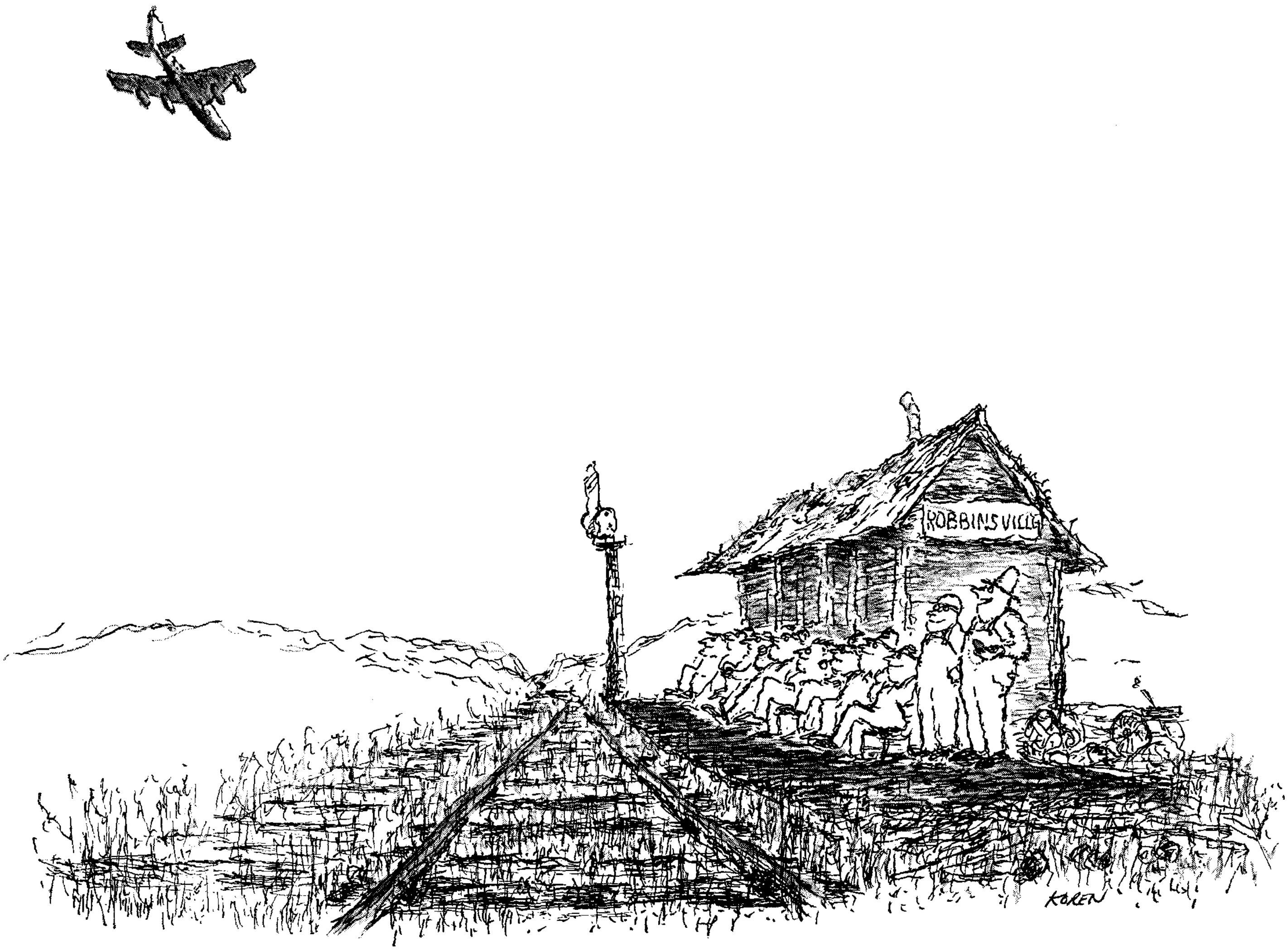
—Richard Wilbur

• •

kind you can lift and push around easily. Not the cars of the rich. It's said that even the car owners haven't complained, because they had watched the police charge from their windows. Armed men, and unarmed children. I used to think that the young in France were all little aged men. Oh! We all feel sick. Rumor of two deaths, one a student, one a C.R.S. Rumor that a student had his throat cut "against a window at 24 Rue Gay-Lussac"—so a tract (already!) informs. They say it was the police incendiary grenades, and not the students, that set the cars on fire, but it was probably both. A friend of H.'s who lost his car found tracts still stuffed in it, half charred, used as kindling. Rumor that police beat the wounded with clubs, that people hid them (the students) and looked after them, and that police went into private homes. When the police threw the first tear-gas bombs, everyone in the houses nearby threw out basins of water to keep the gas close to the ground.



Shopkeeper saying, "I sold nothing all day. I gave water away, without charge. That's all the business I did." Feeling of slight, unpleasant pressure. I don't like it. Shopkeepers "encouraged" (by whom?) to proclaim, with signs, publicly, their "solidarity" with the students. Well, they did have



"Well, there she goes—the 5:08 to Los Angeles. Right on time!"

• •

their shops wrecked, and shopkeepers have no solidarity with anyone. Anyway, I don't like it. Too much like post-Occupation.

Am told that a Belgian tourist bus stopped, a father and son descended, son stood on remains of barricade with a stone in each hand while father took his picture. Then they got back in the bus. Didn't see this, but saw plenty of people taking pictures. Last thing I'd want to photograph. Curious tendency—men and boys pick up these paving stones, weigh them, make as if to throw them. See themselves as heroes. Am embarrassed by elderly professors suddenly on the side of students. If they thought these reforms were essential, why the hell didn't they do something about it before the kids were driven to use paving stones? Maurice Duverger, professor of political science—gray crewcut on TV, romanticism of barricades. Wanted to say, "Come off it, *vieux père*."

Voice of the people: Wife of a Garde Mobile (paramilitary police, the Gardes Mobiles belong to the Army) lives in my *quartier*. Much surrounded. Very simple, plain creature. Says, "When my husband came in this morning, he told me that the barricades were manned by North Africans aged forty and fifty. That was why the police had to be so rough." This is *believed*. Indignant housewives. "Send them back to North Africa!" I have a queer feeling this is going to be blamed on foreigners—I mean the new proles, the Spanish and Portuguese. And, of course, the North Africans are good for everything.

Evening. The Boul' Mich' still smells of tear gas. Last night like a year ago. One's eyes sting and smart under the lids, the inner corners swell. Aimless youths wander up and down under the trees and street lights. No cars. It is a pleasant evening, and this aimless walking up and down (curious onlookers on the sidewalks, young people in the roadway) is like a *corso* in a Mediterranean town.

Gardes Mobiles and the C.R.S. here now are big, tough middle-aged men. Their black cars and their armored gray cars have brought them from Marseille and from Bordeaux—we recognize the license plates. Stout, oddly relaxed, they stand around and about the intersection of the Boul' Mich' and the Boulevard Saint-Germain, both of which are thronged with a holiday sort of sightseeing crowd. I can't believe these young people are students. I think the students were last night, on the barricades. These boys simply don't resemble the kids I saw last night. They look like suburban working-class boys on any Saturday night—like the boys we called *blousons noirs* in the nineteen-fifties. H. T. says I am mistaken. Anyway, they form an untidy knot, spread out, begin to walk up the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The police stand still, and those kids going up and down the road, restless, moving, more and more of them, remind me of waves on a rock. The police just in themselves seem to be a sort of provocation, and for the life of me I can't see why the police aren't taken right out of the Latin Quarter at once. Finally, a compact crowd crosses the Boulevard Saint-Germain singing the "Marseillaise" and giving the cops the Nazi salute. The police laugh. These are obviously a fresh lot. If they had been around last night, they wouldn't be laughing.

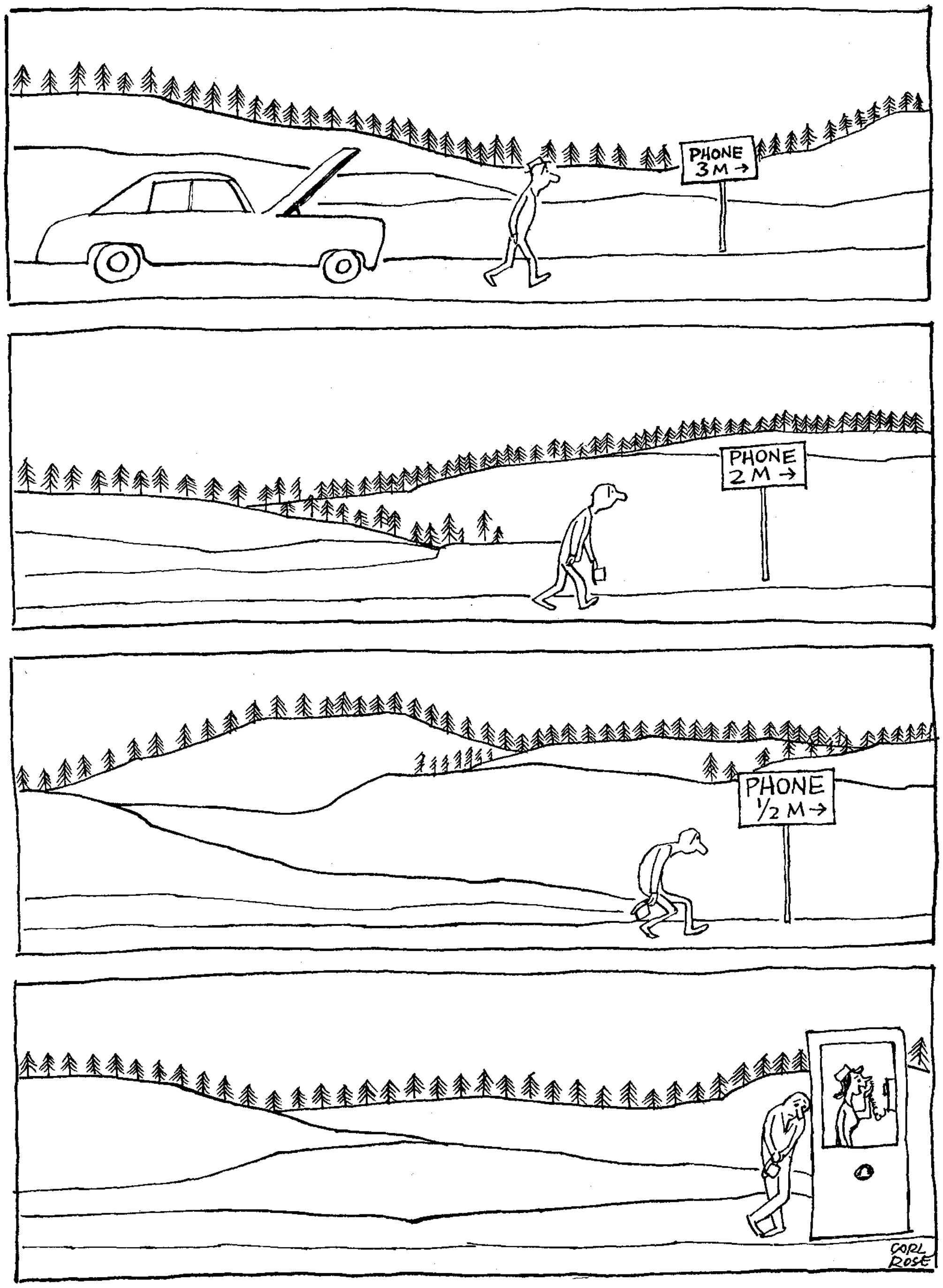
The police: The police involved in last night's debacle had been brought in from Brittany, where Breton nationalists had been staging a strike. They travelled all night. From the morning, when they arrived—from their breakfast time, say—they were given no more food. They stood from noon until two o'clock in the morning without one scrap of food—they stood, they didn't sit down—and they watched the barricades going up, knowing they were going to have to demolish them and the kids behind them. At around two in the morning, they were given the order to charge. They had been given clubs to hit with and gas bombs to throw. What were they supposed to do? Boy who lives in my building tells me a story that sounds like a dream. How the people who lived on those streets showered the students with *saucissons* and chocolate and brought them coffee (not the police!). How some of the students actually began to talk to the police. Not arguing—discussing. Talking (he says seriously) about their problems and, dear God, the structure of society. The C.R.S. were just people, and not all of them middle-aged, some of them only boys. At around two, their order came: Regroup, get back in your lines, put on your helmets, and charge. He says it was unreal, dreamlike—the tear gas, the armed men with those great round shields, the beatings, but they were the same men.

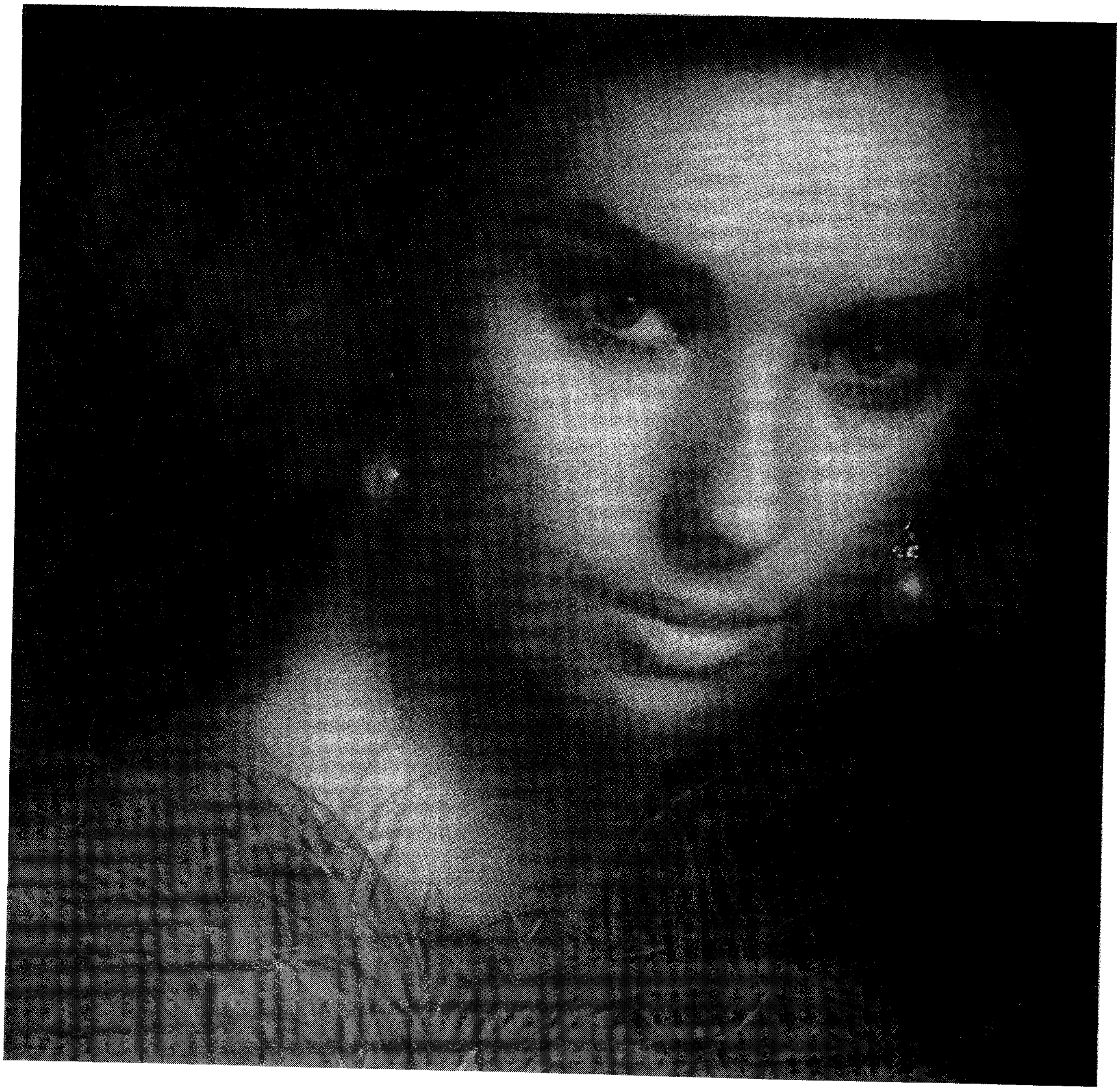
Talk with young Anna. "The German students are being deported," she tells me. "But we need them here—they are organized, they can tell us what to do. *Oui, nous avons besoin des allemands*." Her mother, who spent the war years in a concentration camp, says nothing. I feel as if I were watching two screens simultaneously.

De Gaulle still invisible. Says nothing.

May 13

On the Boulevard du Montparnasse, not a traffic policeman in sight. Students (I suppose they are) direct traffic. From about the Rue de Montparnasse on, considerable crowd collected on pavements. Reach intersection Saint-Michel-Montparnasse a little after five: Marchers pouring by, red flags, black flags. On a pole near me are a poster sign for the Gothic exhibition at the Louvre and a French flag. Demonstrator, young man, shinnies up, rips off the flag, lets it drop. I burst out, "*Ce n'est pas élégant!*" Am given some funny looks, but no one answers. Man in crowd picks flag up off the pavement, hangs it over the poster. In the middle of the road, small island for pedestrians. Make my way over to traffic island between a wave of Anarchists and a ripple of North Vietnam supporters. Stand on step of traffic island, which means standing with one foot in front of the other, heel to toe, and hang on to *borne* with arm straight back from the shoulder. Remain in this position, with only minor shifts, until a quarter to nine. I can see straight down the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Nothing but people, a river running uphill. Red flags, black flags, flag of old Spanish Republic, flags I can't identify. Mixture of students and workers. O.R.T.F. (Office de Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française, the state-owned radio-TV organization), led by the critic Max-Pol Fouchet, who gets a hand. Hospital personnel, lawyers (small group), film stars—recognize Jean-Pierre Cassel, Michel Piccoli. Recognize film directors—all the New Wave, except for those still in Cannes. Helicopter over-





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head, the same helicopter that hovers over all demonstrations, making a count. I am joined by a nurse from Pitié Hospital. Tells me she is on night duty but wanted to see this anyway. Confirms rumor that one student had a hand amputated, denies rumor about "secret" deaths (i.e., student deaths kept secret under police pressure)—says impossible to camouflage a death in a hospital. Tells me one or two things about police. Confirms what I'd heard, but she is a calm girl and does not add imaginary trimmings. Truth quite enough. Yes, they continued to beat the wounded who were lying on stretchers. True that they would not let anyone be taken to hospital until they had checked that person's identity, no matter how serious the injury. We are joined by a *lycée* professor, woman of about forty, who has marched as far as Denfert-Rochereau and come back as a spectator. She holds a sign on a stick—"À BAS LA RÉPRESSION POLICIÈRE," in rather wobbly capitals. Holds stick upside down and leans on it. Says she had been a Gaullist all her life until last Friday. Are joined by young man with a beard; young girl whose political vocabulary is C.P. but ordinary vocabulary just rather slangy (could be a salesgirl in a small store); boy who dropped out of Anarchist group; another boy, who stands for about three hours repeating "*Camarades*, *hôpital*," so that they won't sing or chant slogans, because we are in a hospital zone. From about half past five until a quarter to nine, waves of people flood up the boulevard. The Anarchist has a small radio; we learn that as the head of the cortege is dispersing at the Place Denfert-Rochereau, thousands of marchers still are waiting at the Place de la République. The students have had a longer walk—they started from the Gare de l'Est. The tone of the demonstration is one of great dignity. The union people are used to marching—one can see that. I loathe slogans; I hate shouting; I am most suspicious of a man wearing a raincoat who walks with his hands in his pockets and who whispers slogans out of the corner of his mouth to a brigade of students; but it is impossible not to understand that this is very serious. A whole factory marches by, men in dark suits at the head, workers straggling along, large sign: "NOS PATRONS SONT AVEC NOUS." Also read "BON ANNIVERSAIRE"—this for de Gaulle. The thirteenth of May was the day he took over ten years ago. He isn't mentioned much. The police come in

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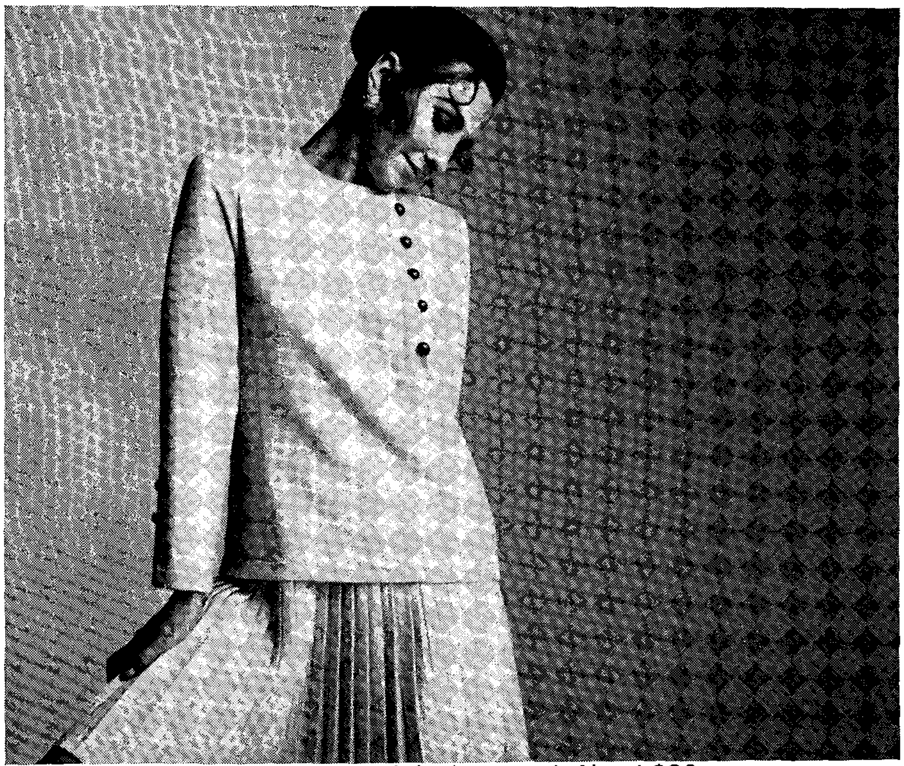

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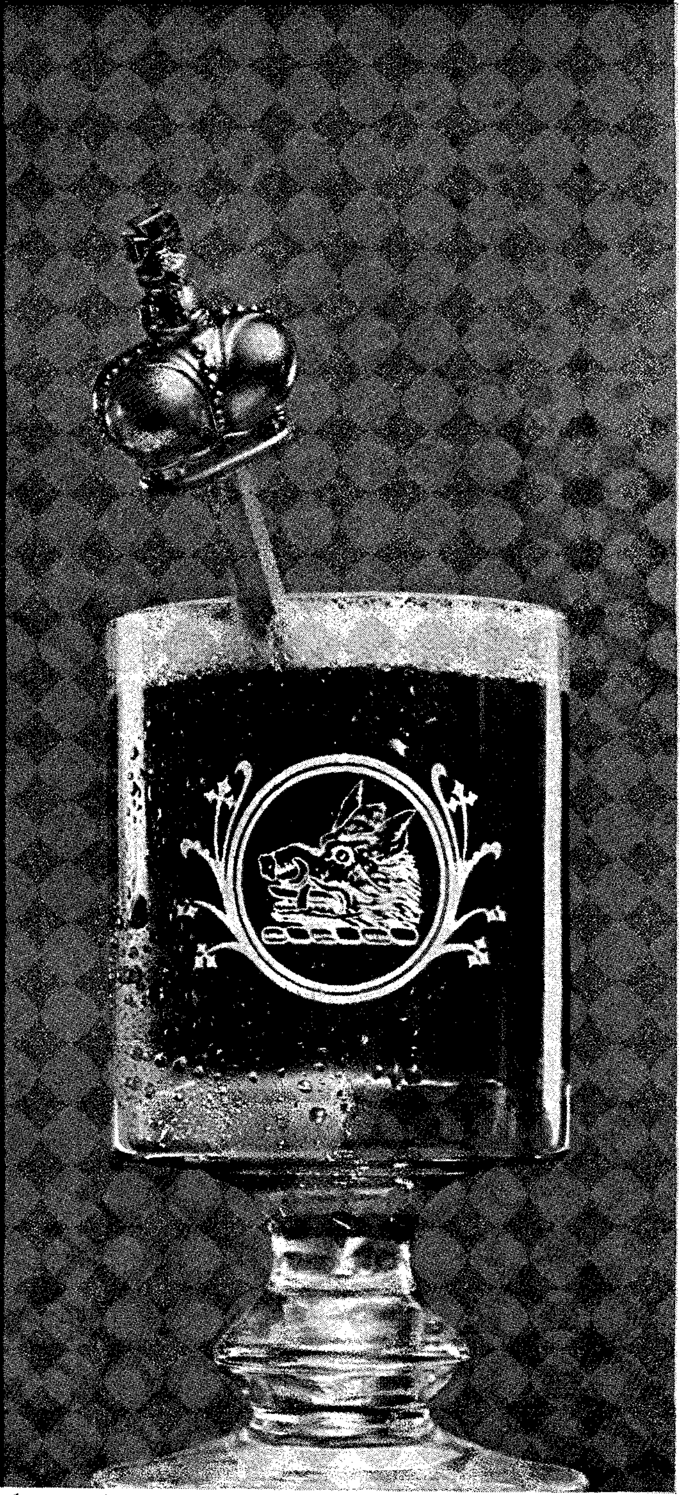

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After all he lived next door, and he was our friend.

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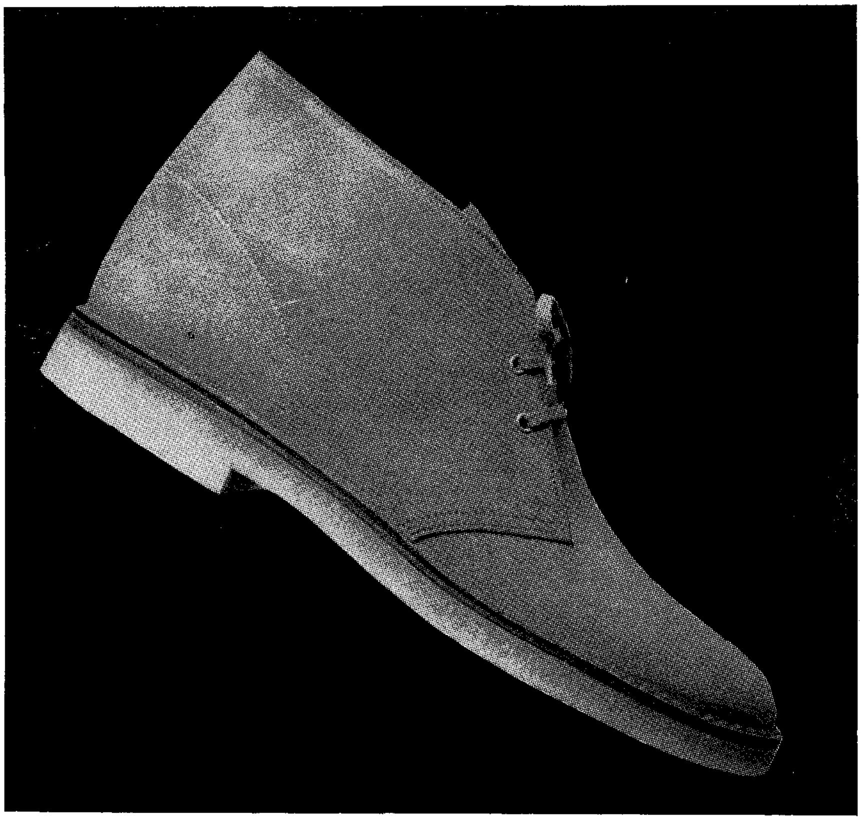
*REG. T.M. DUPONT

for it, which is to be expected. That is what the demonstration is probably about. The helicopter has relayed news to the radio, and now we are told something staggering: the count is about three million. The population of Greater Paris is about eight and a half million, so common sense tells one this is lunatic. Nevertheless, we—the little group standing on the traffic island—are caught in a collective fantasy. It is as if everyone in the world had been marching up the boulevard and parting at the traffic island, which is to say at our feet. We hear the roar of slogans and the "Internationale," but because of the young man and his tireless "*Camarades, hôpital*" we are here on our little island in a silent sea. We are up, they are down; we are noisy, they are quiet. Why couldn't three million people surge up the hill? The bearded boy turns to me and says, "We are seeing something historic, aren't we?" He looks dazed. The girl with the impressive vocabulary begins telling everyone, "*Vous êtes trois millions!*" The marchers seem to think it quite natural. It can't be. I touch one of them on the arm, and say, "The radio says you are three million." "It's a ridiculous figure," he answers. "What's the population of the city?" *Merci, Monsieur.* I see familiar faces, and the sight adds to the slightly feverish quality of the afternoon. Julie B., surrounded by what must be the best-looking boys in the School of Medicine, rushes up and kisses me. She is looking for her sister, who is marching with the film technicians. Anna marching behind the banner of Lycée Saint-Louis. Lovely girl. I recognize all the children, but where are the parents? A parents' association seems to have no more than about fifty behind its banner. They are all home listening to the radio and worrying. Wouldn't they worry less if they were here? Perhaps it's none of their business, as a great deal of it is none of mine? But I'm not French and these aren't my children. The small group with me begin to quarrel. Two of the boys say they were on the barricades last Friday. They are, already, Old Veterans. All they need is the beret. One says, "What a glorious sight it is to see the paving stones pulled out of the road!" "That is simply folklore," says the little Communist girl severely. "What is important is . . ." And she tells them. The Party disapproves of barricades and Cuban confusion. Wages, shorter hours of work . . . This bores the two boys. The *lycée* professor joins in. She is about to tell her entire political history, which began



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only last Friday but can be stretched, when the boy with the radio says, "The police have fired on students on the Boulevard Raspail!" He steps into the sea, still flowing on either side of our island, and I hear him telling people that two students, he thinks, have been wounded or killed. I beg the bearded one to make him stop; finally, backed by the professor, I say something sharp about spreading rumors, and tell him that if he turns this into a riot they will lose everything they have achieved, etc., which works. Curious movement of a crowd when a rumor moves through it. Something quick, like a boxer feinting. Mendès France goes by, looking exhausted, pale gray, as if he could scarcely imagine the next few feet of road. They say he is ill. Curious business with the radio: We, on our island, are convinced we are seeing some sort of spontaneous generation, a mixture of people who have never marched together before. But the radio tells us that at Denfert-Rochereau, the destination, they are already quarrelling among themselves—the unions and the students. And while that is going on, part of the cortege is still waiting in the Place de la République to begin the march. The end of it, just before nine, is a chain of students, about forty across, holding hands. I am convinced I have seen something remarkable.

D. C., medical student who lives in my building, tells me that when the students came to the houses of people (on the Boulevard Saint-Michel) who had taken them indoors on Friday, given them something to eat, or simply protected them from the police, the cortege called in cadence "*Mer-ci! Mer-ci!*" and that the people watching on their balconies were in tears. Didn't see this. Where I was, two little girls stood on a third-floor balcony piping, "*Vive les étudiants! À bas les C.R.S.!*" This got a laugh and a hand. The little monkeys were careful about their timing. They'd wait about ten minutes before starting again.

H. T. saw the cortege taking off from the Place de la République. He wants to know why there was no delegation of people whose cars were burned last Friday night. "Instead of a banner or a flag, they could have carried a piece of burned metal." Not a bad idea. I imagine a banner reading, "ET NOUS AUTRES?"

MAY 14

YESTERDAY, at the big *manif*, the woman professor kept looking at me coyly, with her head to one

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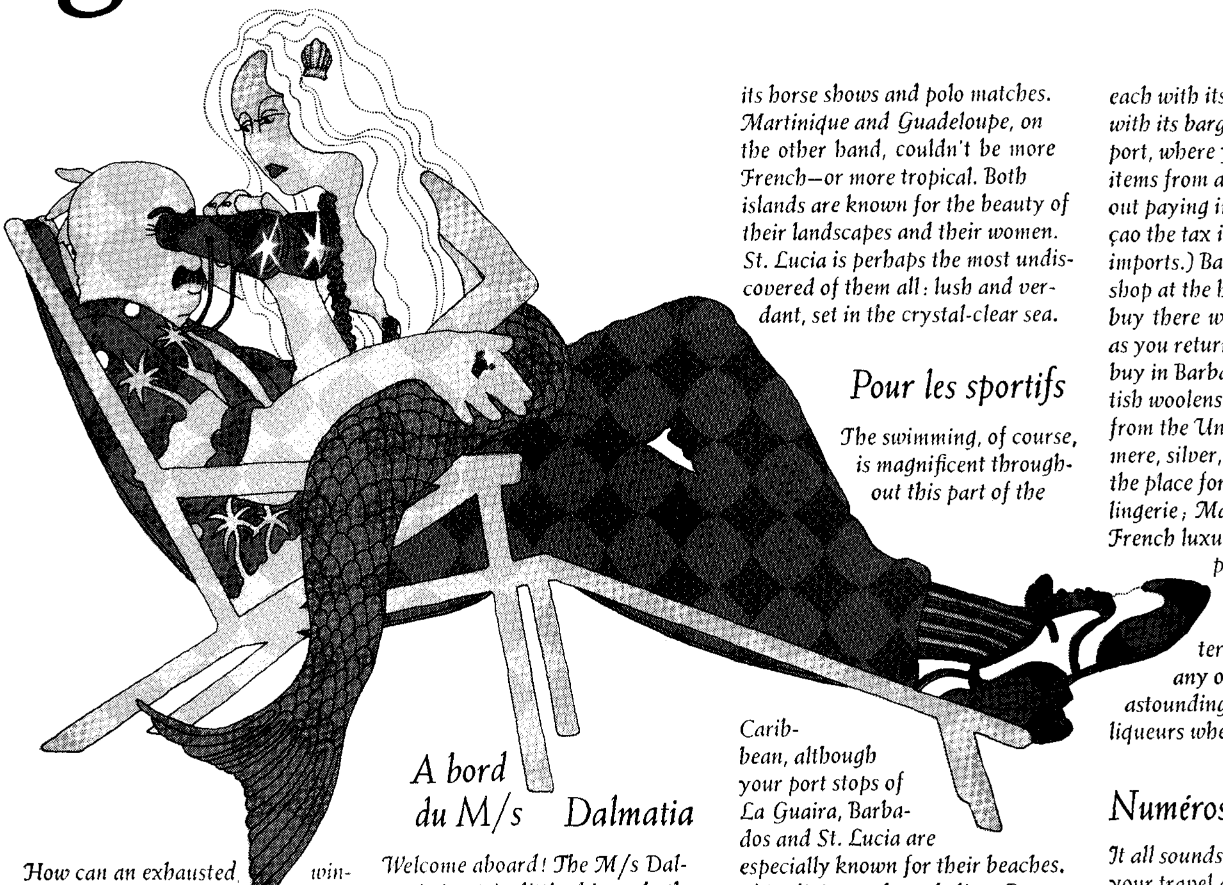

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les 7 ports internationaux

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Pour les sportifs

The swimming, of course, is magnificent throughout this part of the Caribbean, although your port stops of La Guaira, Barbados and St. Lucia are especially known for their beaches. Skin-diving and snorkeling: Barbados again, and Curaçao. At La Guaira and Trinidad you can visit the race tracks, Trinidad also has cricket matches through most of the winter. Spear fishing: Curaçao. Fishing: St. Lucia can't be beaten. You can rent golf clubs at the lovely nine-hole courses in Barbados and Curaçao, and tennis, of course, is available anywhere, on courts surrounded by hibiscus, bougainvillea and poinsettia.

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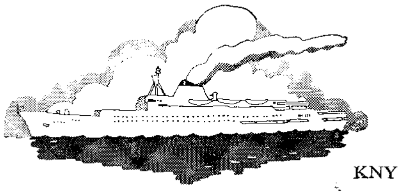

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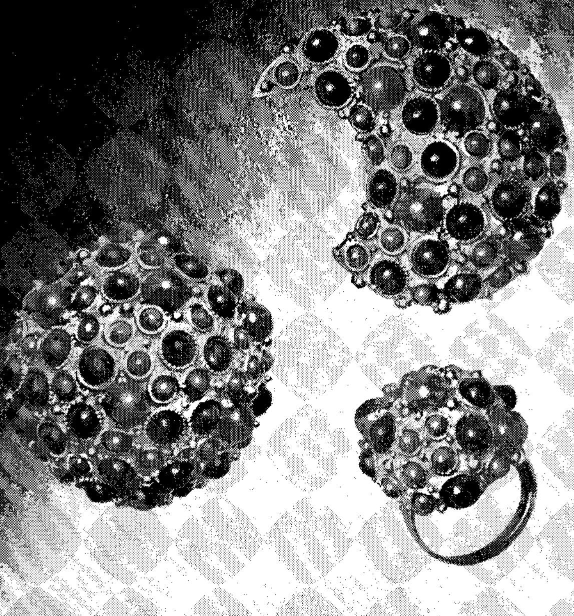

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side, and speaking to me as if I were a plucky child recovering from brain fever in a Russian novel. Turned out she thought I was an Algerian, and that was her way of showing she wasn't racist. Brief flash of what it must be like on the receiving end of liberal kindness. The awful sugar. Lesson and warning. TV apparently gave a very low figure—a hundred and seventy thousand or so. Weren't they there? E. annoyed and irritated when I said the *manif* had the same chemical makeup as the Resistance—workers, intellectuals, the left, and the young. She kept saying, "This isn't a war." Everyone enjoyed the general strike so much that no one has gone back to work, from the sound of it.

MAY 15

DECIDED to put the car in a garage somewhere and forget about it. All garages full—I suppose a lot of other people want their cars off the streets. I finally put it in Rue de Vaugirard for a wash, and simply don't go back.

Rumors: First there were two dead, then three. A doctor came and spoke to the students at the Lycée Saint-Louis and told them that there had been two dead among the students but that the bodies had been smuggled out of the hospital by the police. Who is this doctor? *Was* he a doctor? I find this story impossible to believe. You would need the complicity of the students' families, for one thing, and why would they cooperate? Someone from the students' union, in an interview over Europe I, spoke of six deaths. The reporter, quite rightly, said, in effect, "I am a newsman and until you give me the names of the dead there are none." The student leader said, "Police pressure on families."

MAY 16

CATHERINE, E.'s elder daughter, says the story now is that there were seven dead. Their bodies are supposed to have been thrown in the Seine by the police. Only to rise again a few miles downstream? For the kind of complicity this requires among police, doctors, and even parents you would need a truly Fascist state that had been in power a long, long time. Until I know the names, I shan't believe it. The one death that was mentioned of a C.R.S. was never referred to again. We never learned his name. He was hit with a paving stone dropped from a roof. Cohn-Bendit on TV. Intelligent, cunning, devious, has the memory of everything he has ever

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read; impertinent; good, rapid speaker; wraps up his opponents (a trio of middle-aged newsmen). He has the ruthlessness of someone unable to put himself in another's place. Pompidou then speaks for what seems no more than two minutes. We look at each other and say, "Is that all?"

May 17

DINNER with C. R. and Z. and H. T. and young Anna. C. R. says, "I want only one thing—*la paix dans le pays que j'habite.*" Z. tells me that last night Anna went to her room saying, "I haven't the least desire to discuss the student situation with your friends." I gather they were fairly gloom-and-doom. We all wish de G. had not gone to Rumania (his Rumanian trip is virtually all that the TV news gives us; it is as if nothing were taking place in Paris, in a sense), and we wish he would come back. Only one of us—C. R.—expects much. The expression for de G. for years has been "*qui-vous-savez.*" We lift glasses, H. T. says, "*À qui-vous-pensez.*" Even anti-Gaullists are hoping for something. Funny—even among close friends, we don't say it. Ask Anna what goes on at the Faculté des Sciences, where she attends meeting after meeting. She says, "We vote and vote and vote." Students don't know if there will be exams, what form they will take, if they will be put off this year or forever. Watching Anna, I suddenly wonder if she has read her mother's books, if her mother's youth (concentration camp) can possibly have any meaning for her, and if she knows that her father was really quite remarkable in the last war.

May 18

MORNING news nothing but a list of strikes. It is like watching a brick wall fall down.

A. J. scathing about the students' trying to "help" the workers. Tells me the student leader, the one aptly named Castro, said something like "Poor workers, begin every morning at eight." Had never heard of the 6 A.M. shift. A. J. walked to the Sorbonne every day when a student, didn't drive a car. But nobody did then—anyway, not here. Class walls virtually impossible for me to understand. When workers are asked, in interviews, what they think of the students, they invariably refer to them as "our future bosses," and say they hope this experience will make better *chefs* of them than their fathers have been. French Revolution all for nothing?

Last night, when the cortege of stu-

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dents walked from the Latin Quarter to Boulogne-Billancourt to bring aid and comfort to striking Renault workers, it was first funny, then sad. How could one not laugh at that presumptuous banner about the handing over of the torch of resistance—"DES MAINS FRAGILES DES ÉTUDIANTS"? This to a working class in battle for thirty years. Thought of the Seizième, and kids straggling through behind a red flag. Wonder if people fainted, or went on rushing away for the weekend and saw the cortege as a mild traffic jam? But then how could one not feel their disappointment when the C.P., anxious to keep its children from playing with nasty children who use foul language, locked them out? Daughter's purity was protected and the rejected suitor walked once around the block singing the "Internationale."

The occupied Sorbonne is "Paris by Night"—something to visit after dinner. *Quartier* crowded, cars triple-parked. Outside the École des Chartes, an arrow points: "*Sorbonne par là.*" Afraid of being invaded. Bright, cold night. This autumn coldness (the heat has been turned on in my apartment) adds to the unreality. Squeeze into the courtyard with difficulty—steady flow of people in and out. In the vast forecourt, a long table piled with Mao's red book, selling at one franc twenty. Cheap banners with Mao, Lenin, and so on, and Stalin. So shocked to see Stalin that H. T., Z., and I stare. Girl behind the counter not French, could be Mexican. We ask, "Why Stalin?" She hesitates, has been asked this before, says in a parrot's voice, "We are prepared to admit his errors, but he was a revolutionary, too." Then so was Hitler. H. T. steers Z. and me away before polemic develops. China-tendency paraphernalia trashy, tawdry, cheap, and I remember, as so often, A. S. saying, "It is the ugliness that attracts them." Z. is upset because of Stalin, trembling. Walls plastered with Peking-style papers and posters, including quotations from *Harpo* Marx. Throngs of every kind of person you might see in any Paris restaurant, just wandering. Sandwiches. Someone sleeping on a bench in a dark corridor with his face to the wall. Hairy discussion groups sitting on the floor. In the large amphitheatre, packed to the very ceiling, the light (dim, brownish, as in East Berlin, for instance, but this must be the normal Sorbonne level) produces Goya faces—little blobs of paint in dimness. A "worker from Renault" has the microphone. Seems to be telling his life story. Key words bring boos or ap-

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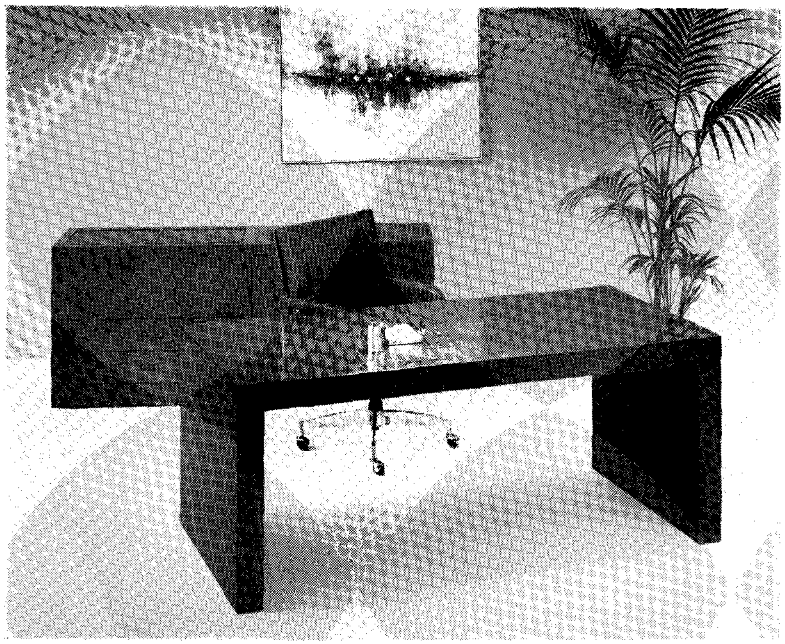

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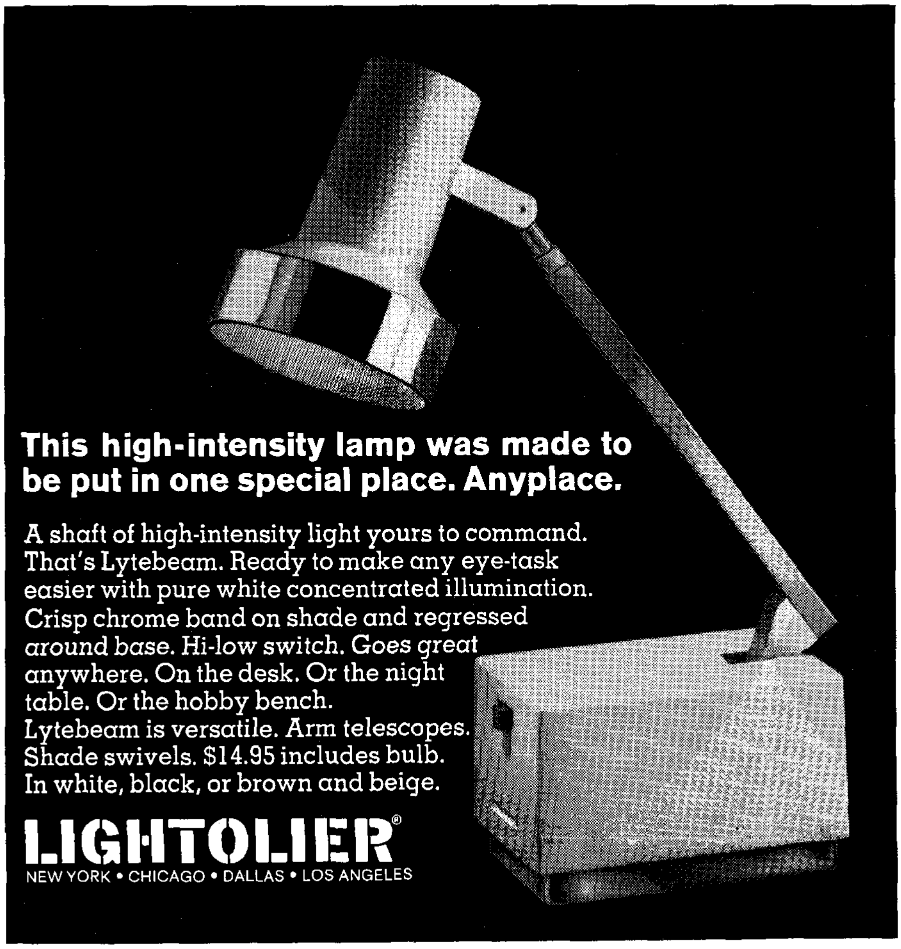

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plause. I am reminded of meetings to promote the Second Front in the last war—meetings that consisted of phrases repeated and repeated until they produced an automatic reaction, but lost all meaning for N. and me. Intent young faces, tense, listening. Near me, a middle-aged man answers, says something difficult to understand, and there is an ugly movement of hatred: "*Tu veux qu'on te cogne sur la gueule?*" This bothers me as Stalin bothers Z., and I push my way out. Have the feeling that people are releasing emotions, and not saying what they think. That idiot cheering at key words—no, it is not good enough. But this is only the scum on the pond. Upstairs, notices on closed doors read, "Tourists Keep Out," and I can only hope something other than "*Je te cogne sur la gueule*" is being said.

Everything tatty, a folklore now—China, Cuba, Godard's films. Our tatty era. I see Jean-Pierre, Jacques H.'s friend, looking pleased and superior, as if this were the aim of the revolution. As if this were all he wanted. I remember the luncheon I had with him, and his suddenly saying, "Too many foreigners in France—they should all be helping construct Socialism in their own countries, if they happen to be Polish, for instance," and my suddenly thinking: Why, you are just a mean little bourgeois after all!

In the milling courtyard at midnight, from a lighted window, someone calls, "*Camarades!* The *camarades* from Turin need ten thousand francs [about twenty dollars; nobody speaks in new francs] to get home with. Bring the money to Room No. X." "Watch the stampede," says H. T. He is disturbed at the filth of the place. "They have been given their university now to do as they like with, and this is all they can do—*parler et pisser*." Drive to Montparnasse. Just behind the Odéon, we see Jean-Louis Barrault on the pavement with a couple of young friends. Z., particularly enraged by his behavior, rolls the window down, leans out, and says, "*Êtes-vous un homme, Jean-Louis Barrault? Non!*" Is revenged for Stalin. She minds because he jumped on the train after it left the station.

MAY 19

RAIN and cold. Can't sleep, get dressed—loden, boots, umbrella—walk as far as the end of the street. Sleeping houses. Rain reminds me of Menton and the drenched garden in midwinter. It is cold. I realize that we are in a dream condition here, in

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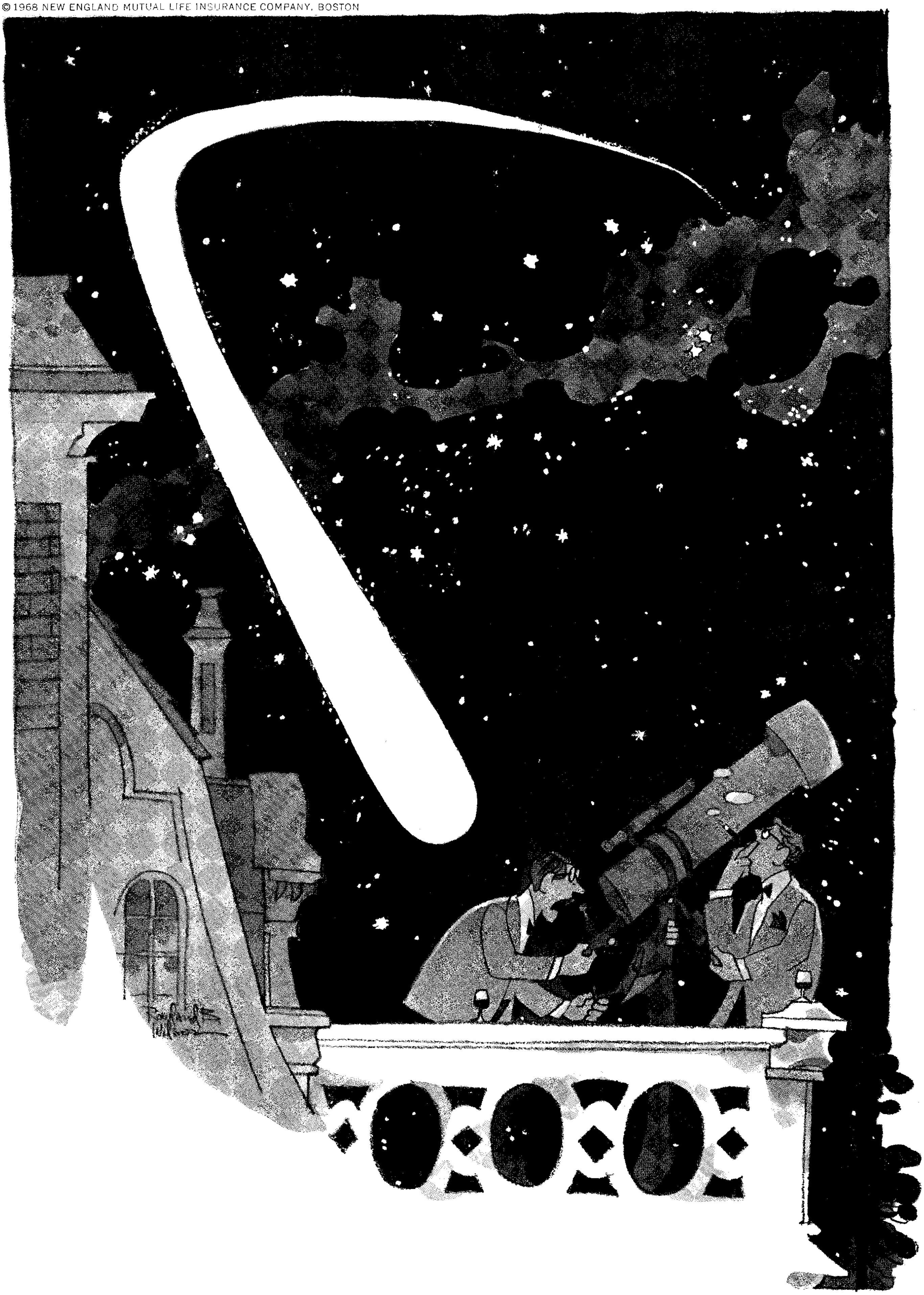

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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Eve of Roma cosmetics have come to America.

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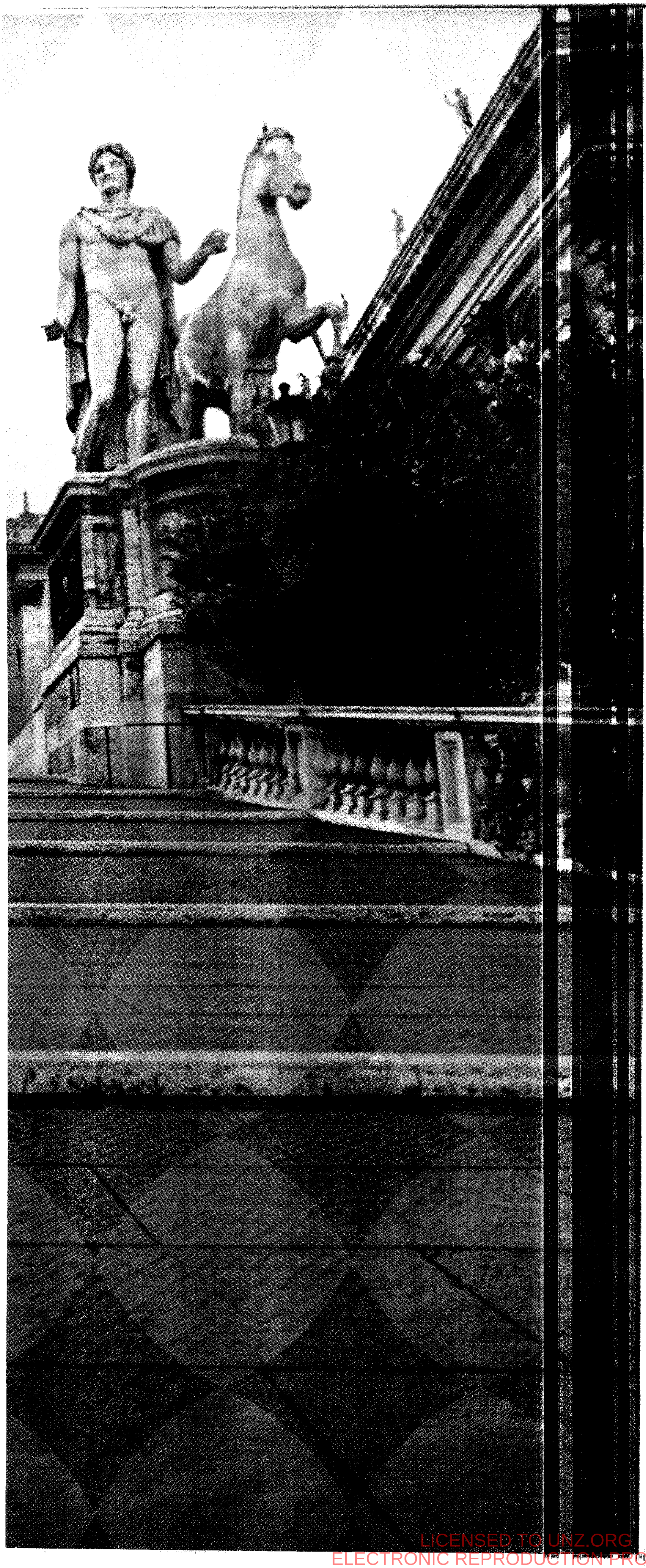

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Left: Eve of Roma, descending the *cordonata* steps. In the background, the golden Palazzo del Senatore.

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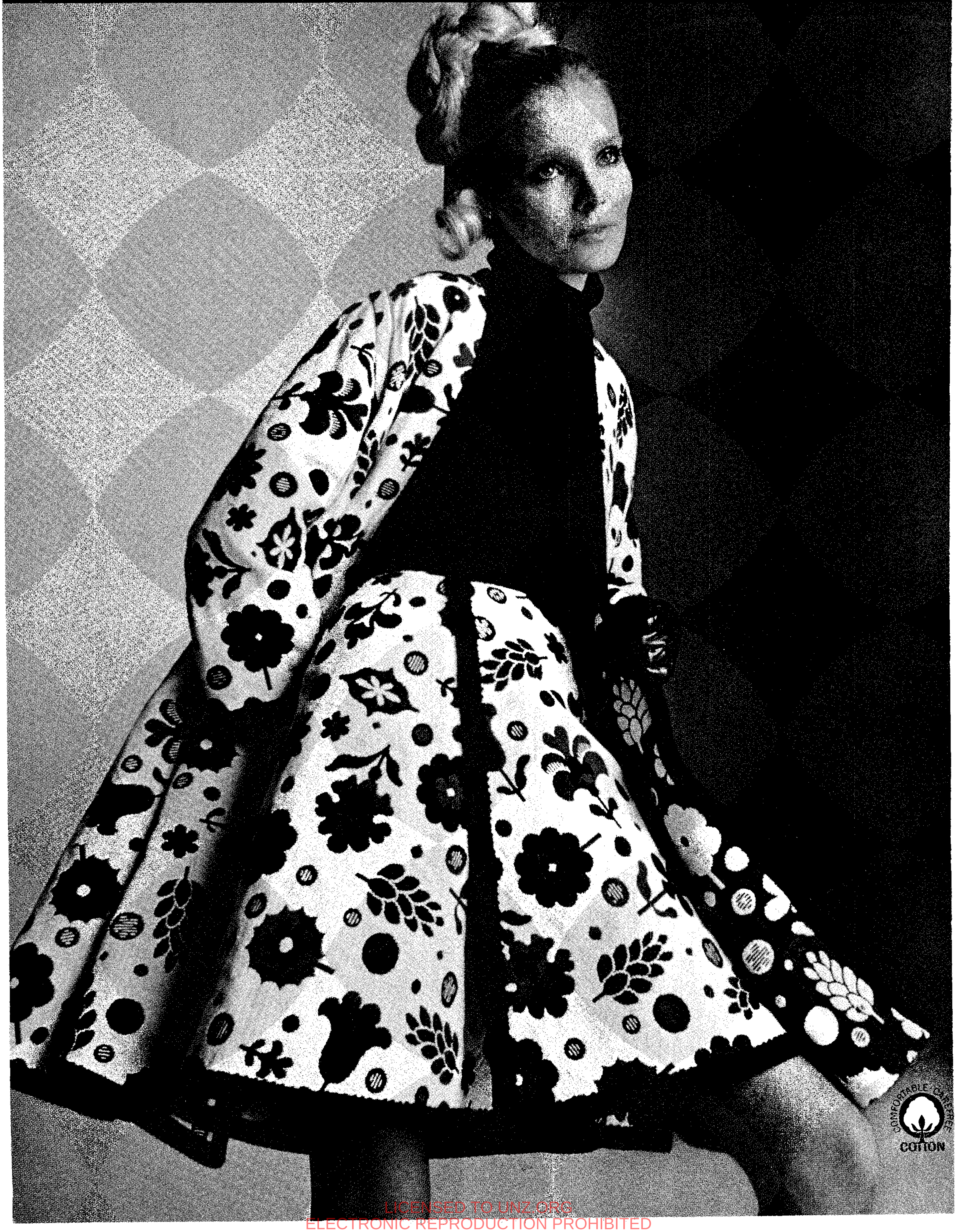

France, and that I am frightened for these children who would be angry at being called children. It is the dream feeling of the weekend when President Kennedy was killed. Not a sound anywhere. De Gaulle back from Rumania last night. Even I hope for something from him. This is the second time since *les événements* began that I have had this claustrophobic feeling in the middle of the night and had to go out—though the first time it was to see what the shouting was about at Rennes-Raspail. . . .

In daylight, the above seems absurd. Still cool, with a cold wind. From the Rotonde, before lunch, see thirteen armored police cars creeping by. Three young men at the next table lift beer glasses in ironic salute. One of the unfortunate police actually waves back. Probably the first friendly gesture they've seen since May 3rd. *Journal du Dimanche* is out; vast post-Mass First Communion crowd takes newsstand by storm. Everyone nervous, expectant, waiting for de G. to speak. M. L. says she has seen a kind of Sunday-morning shopping that seems to her unusual, and thinks it must be the beginning of hoarding.

Rumors: Paris is surrounded by tanks. Bruno Coquatrix has closed the Olympia Music Hall and put it "at the service of the movement." Rumor that banner in front of Opéra reads, "AT THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE." Rumor of definite connection between Cohn-Bendit and C.I.A.

As soon as the news of de G.'s only remark on the situation ("*La réforme, oui; la chienlit, non*") comes over the radio, the phone starts ringing. Nobody knows what it means. Look it up in Larousse, find it means "carnival mask." But if read as pronounced it is very ugly. Suzanne B. rings up, says that her brother says it is a filthy expression. On my way out, at eight o'clock, find *Journal du Dimanche* out with a new front page, with the word very large. Look it up in E.'s Littré, and find it is, indeed, three words, exactly as it sounds.

MAY 20

THE big *manifestation* a week ago today seems like an hour ago. Every day a Sunday now. Today a new Sunday—no mail, no papers, no trains, no Métro, garbage not collected. Banks to vote a strike. H. T. very kindly turns up with a hundred dollars in case of bank strikes. No one but H. would think of this. Find that everyone is shocked and upset over the "*chienlit*" bit. Notice in conversations a deep

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feeling of resentment: "We have been waiting for him to speak, and he dismisses us with this." Wonder why my street so silent. Turns out the hotel training school across the street is on strike. Usually the kids' power bikes roar down the street early every morning. Today, phone rings all morning. Even friends who live within walking distance compare news. Have you got any money? Have you been to a bank? New popular term for money: "*du liquide*." Morning news almost entirely taken up with "*chienlit*." Announcers read definition out of dictionary and give page number of dictionary. Everyone sounds outraged.

Today's rumors: Red flags on naval ships in Marseille. Cohn-Bendit secretly engaged to daughter of one of de Gaulle's ministers. Cohn-Bendit getting revenge on society because both parents gassed in camps. (Utter rubbish. He is only twenty-three, has a ten-year-old sister! It is true that his parents have died, but since 1958.) Cohn-Bendit "protected" by someone "close to de G." His police residence permit is delivered to his door by special messenger. Someone I know knows someone "high up" on the special committee that discusses the case of unwanted foreigners. When C.-B.'s name came up, this committee was told C.-B. was not to be touched—and so on and on. A red-hot-Gaullist friend harps on C.-B.'s being "foreign," says, "How would you, a Canadian, feel if some foreigner went to Canada and tried to interfere?" I say, "Some foreigner did." Point missed, so I say, "It was some Mexican or other, I think."

Live with the transistor, carry it from room to room. News not so much a list of strikes as a list of things still functioning: gas, electricity, water. Bitterly cold day. The concierge has turned the heat on "for as long as the oil lasts." Why should there be an oil shortage? De G. meets with heads of Army, security, police. Dockers on strike. This time, I do hear on the morning news, "Red flags on naval ships." Not followed up. Noise of traffic jams reaches down the quiet street and into the flat. Concierge's husband, a striking postman, who once told me he thought strikes never went far enough, pads about pretending to dust door handles.

Walking up the Rue de Rennes, I saw what seemed to be a fleeing population. They had packed whatever could be stuffed into a few cases and sacks. The half-destroyed old Montparnasse railway station looks bombed,

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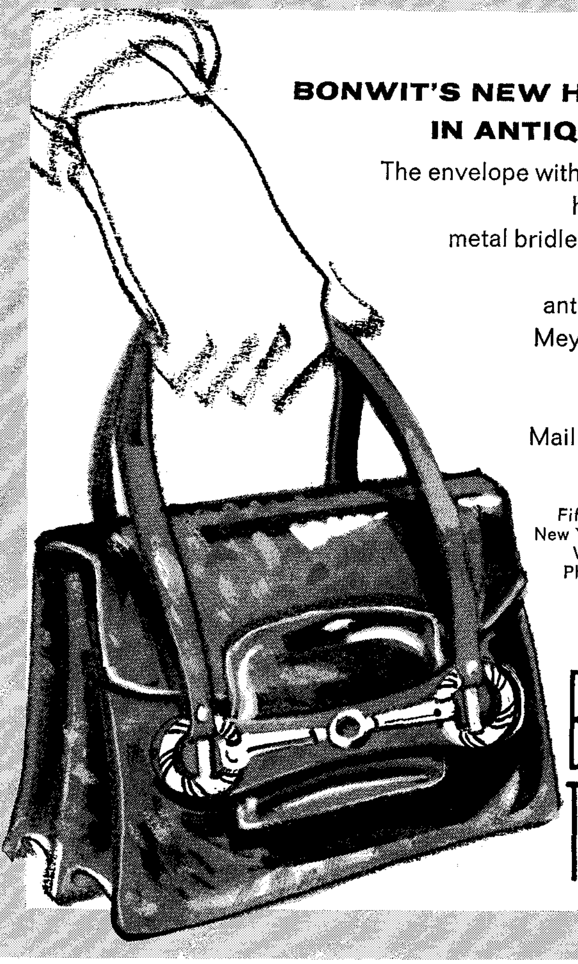

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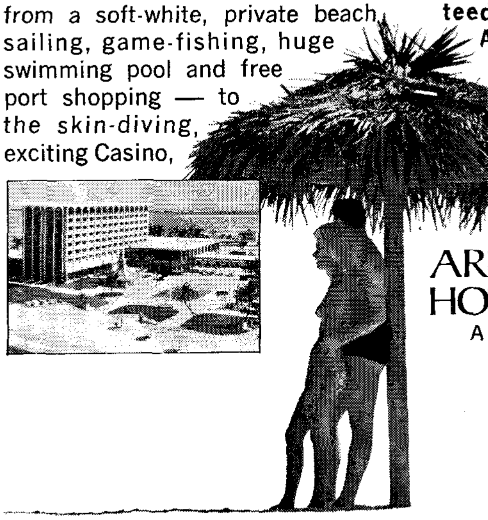

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and they seemed to be turning their backs on some catastrophe no one could stop to describe. Suitcases, push-carts, cardboard boxes full of— yes, it is food. Monday is closing day for most shops, but the Monoprix is always open, and so is its basement supermarket, and the shops along the Rue Littré have Monday opening. So that is the catastrophe. The Monoprix has gone on strike—the ground floor is empty, in darkness. Downstairs, the *directeur* and *directrice* are alone with hoarders. These are a solid lava stream, unmoving, or barely, stretching back up the broad stairs and out into the street and around the corner. From another door, left open for them, they come out, one at a time, with sugar, rice, noodles, flour, oil, cornflakes (!), and those great drums of detergent. Potatoes. No conversation in the lava stream. Have never observed a crowd so silent. Young man distributing anti-student tracts: "Unite, unite, and save the country." I dare him to hand tracts into that crowd. He wanders off. A few doors later, a similar queue at the bank, not as long, mostly men. Won't join it—they all make me sick now. Down Rue Littré. In front of greengrocer's, see an American sight—a woman loading a car with groceries. Out of the ordinary here, where virtually no one has a deep freeze, the refrigerator is really not all that common, and it is the custom to shop for each meal, everything fresh, small quantities. She has a crate of oranges, another of potatoes, a case of about twelve bottles of oil, and I hear her saying to her little boy, "I told Mémée [Granny] to get some, too."

During the Suez crisis, everyone bought candles and salt. Candles for power failures, and salt because of an extraordinary rumor that it protects one from radioactivity. You were supposed to fill the tub with salt and water and pop the whole family in the tub and be saved. Not more preposterous than what I am seeing today. It is now about half past ten; the greengrocer's seems just about cleaned out. At the baker's, there is plenty of ordinary bread, but no one is buying that. Rush on the wrapped stuff, which keeps, on *biscottes*, and on pastry flour. Girl tells me they've sold one week's supply of wrapped bread in three hours. Don't buy anything, and decide I shall never eat again. Hate all Parisians until five minutes later, when the laundress who does the sheets offers to lend me money should I run short. Final stop for a newspaper. No hope: delivery strike. Only paper in sight is

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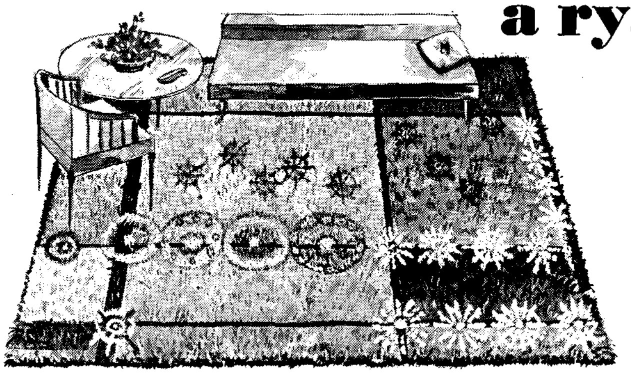

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a gossip sheet with headline "QUEEN ELIZABETH HUMILIATES MICHÈLE MORGAN." Pictures of both ladies, and then, boxed: "Why Did the Queen Do It?" Shop owner turns out to be a revolutionary. Has pictures of police and students from last week's *Paris-Match* pinned up: "People must be made to see."

Discover most of my friends feel as I do—don't want to buy anything, don't want to eat, can't spend, don't care. Everyone compares notes on loss of appetite, disgust with hoarders, etc. No one gives two pins for the Vietnam peace conference—it might just as well be taking place in Sydney, Australia. Yet until May 3rd Vietnam was all we talked about.

When you aren't able to do anything (no transport, no money), you have no problems. You discover nothing was important after all. Very peaceful. You think, out of habit, I must do something about this or that, find you can't, and forget it. Live with the radio. Carry it everywhere in the flat. Bitterly cold. G. F. says, "We seem to be in a tunnel wondering what is at the other end."

MAY 22

PHONE conversation with J. de T., who is "like a tiger in a cage." Can't get to the hospital in the morning and his patients can't get to him in the afternoon.

Gray, cold. Hear on all sides, "No sugar, no flour, no potatoes." Feel the change in people in the shops: those buying enormous quantities of anything sense the disapproval. Bank strike. How simple life becomes without mail, without money! Z. (ever the anxious one) says solemnly, of mail, "*Mais il y a des gens malades de qui on voudrait avoir des nouvelles.*"

The tyrant grandfather who made the whole house tremble is suddenly in a wheelchair. The grandchildren are edging the wheelchair toward the staircase, and the grandfather's favored children, who owe him something, or once said they did, are not lifting a finger. The rest of the family are in the parlor making conversation and waiting for the crash, and wondering what to do.

Sartre, speaking to students in the Sorbonne, says de G. destroyed the Resistance as a structure when he returned to power. A student says, "You are a good artist, M. Sartre, but a lousy politician."

Schools on strike. Anne-Marie does not know what to do with her little boy. She can't take him to work with her, and so she locks him up in the flat. Says, "He knows about never answering the door." Bitterly cold, with a cold wind. See a collection of fascinating old cookbooks, including an original Ali Baba (Curnonsky), but the shop is shut and looks barricaded. Hairdresser's empty. Something squalid, uneasy about a food shop closed because of hoarding. Primistère near the Boulevard du Montparnasse shut for lack of provisions. The customers broke into the shop storeroom and helped themselves, and finally the manager just shut the place altogether.

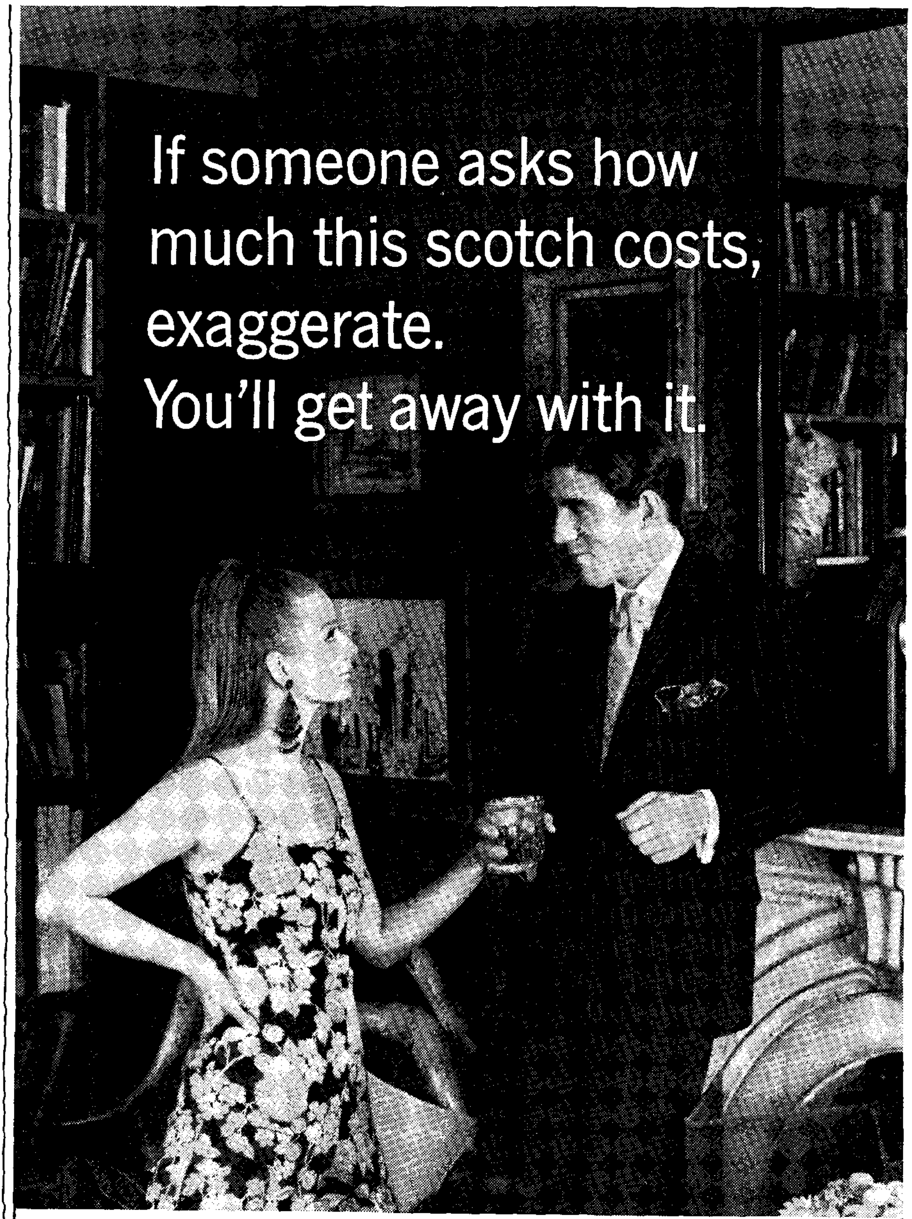
Cohn-Bendit inspires (in my friends) apprehension among the Jews, who are afraid he is attracting too much attention, and jealousy among the old Marxists: "*C'est de la blague! Il n'a aucune idéologie!*" There is also, though not among the young, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cet étranger?*" When I answer, "Régis Debray," I am told, "That was different."

No papers, no magazines, no plays, no good music. (France-Musique plays pop and syrup all day; all three FM stations have the same program now, like the music you hear in a cocktail lounge in a hotel in America.) No telegrams, no mail, no *biscottes*, no sugar. I chase nothing except newspapers, and the only strike I dread is electricity: It is like the blood stopping. They will save that until the end.

Occident has wrecked the Conservatoire, Rue Madrid. Now, why that particular place?

TV wavy, like a window blind rippling. Receive explanation of which I don't understand a word. Something about factories' not using all the power they are supposed to. "*Les secteurs sont disjoints.*" Turn my mind off, snap back in time to say, "Thank you *very* much. Now I understand." Debate on the motion of censure. Blah-blah-blah. Like something out of the Fourth Republic. Feeling of something new fading in debates, rhetoric, talk of referendum. "Thank God the Communist Party has taken this movement over!" This from A. J.—meaning they are sensible men who like a quiet Sunday. Taxi strike. In the well-to-do suburbs, the lawn-and-private-school belt, they are stealing gas from each other's cars.

Anna is strike picket at her *lycée*. Her mother says nothing. "At her age, I would have been the same." But she worries. The evening Anna went to that big demonstration at Denfert-Rochereau, I saw her father's face: "*Donc, elle est là? Elle est là aussi?*" I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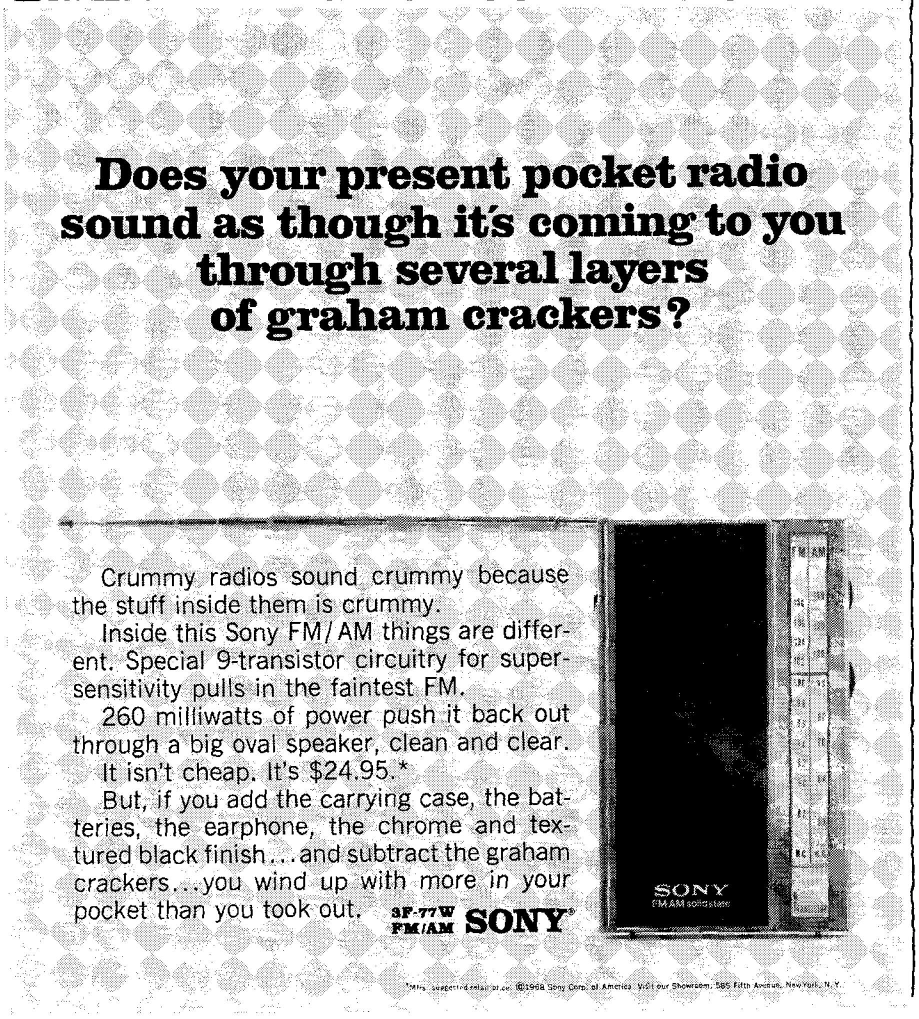

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can imagine what he was thinking: She will lose an eye, she will be trampled, she will be beaten by the police. But they have brought her up to think for herself (best parents I know), and if they seemed inconsistent now she would never respect them again.

"*Les copains ont fait une gaffe*," a student said. They have indeed. When they were renaming all the amphitheatres in the Sorbonne, one of the first they changed was Jean Cavaillès. Resistance hero, shot at forty-one. Never heard of him, I guess. It must seem so far away! A nineteen-year-old doesn't know de G. was voted (and how overwhelmingly) into power in 1958. Thinks he took over with some kind of Army march on Paris. I say, "Ask your mother and father. They probably voted him in." Mother, there, says nothing.

H. T. says Stalin's picture gone from the Sorbonne.

G.'s Russian friend at the Sorbonne every day, wild with enthusiasm. Is reminded of Petrograd when friend was on the barricades, at the age of seventeen. "Now we know the age of my friend," says G. Rich with my five hundred francs, offer money to G., who offers even more back to me. Tiny, red-haired wife of *marchand de couleurs* (hardware) on Rue du Cherche-Midi says if I run out I am to come to her, and Jacqueline, who has plenty of responsibilities of her own, calls up to see if I am all right. As in a city under siege.

Gray, rain, cold. Think of people walking miles and miles to work and wondering what is going to happen next. Radio says, "Still milk, bread, electricity, gas, water." That is what adds to the unreality. Suppose that in any city—in Montreal, say—everyone heard on the morning news, "You still have gas, light, and so forth," wouldn't everyone panic? Rush out and buy sugar because the man forgot to say "You still have sugar"? You would think it was the siege of Leningrad and we were all eating rats.

Everyone disgusted with the way the movement has taken a political turn, and with the debate. In every conversation: "When will it end?" (Meaning the strikes.) F. W. tells me that a C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail, the Communist-led labor union) official told the U.N.E.F. (Union Nationale des Étudiants de France, the students' union) that the unions could hold out four months. Still no vote in the Chamber, but the power is so clearly in the hands of the

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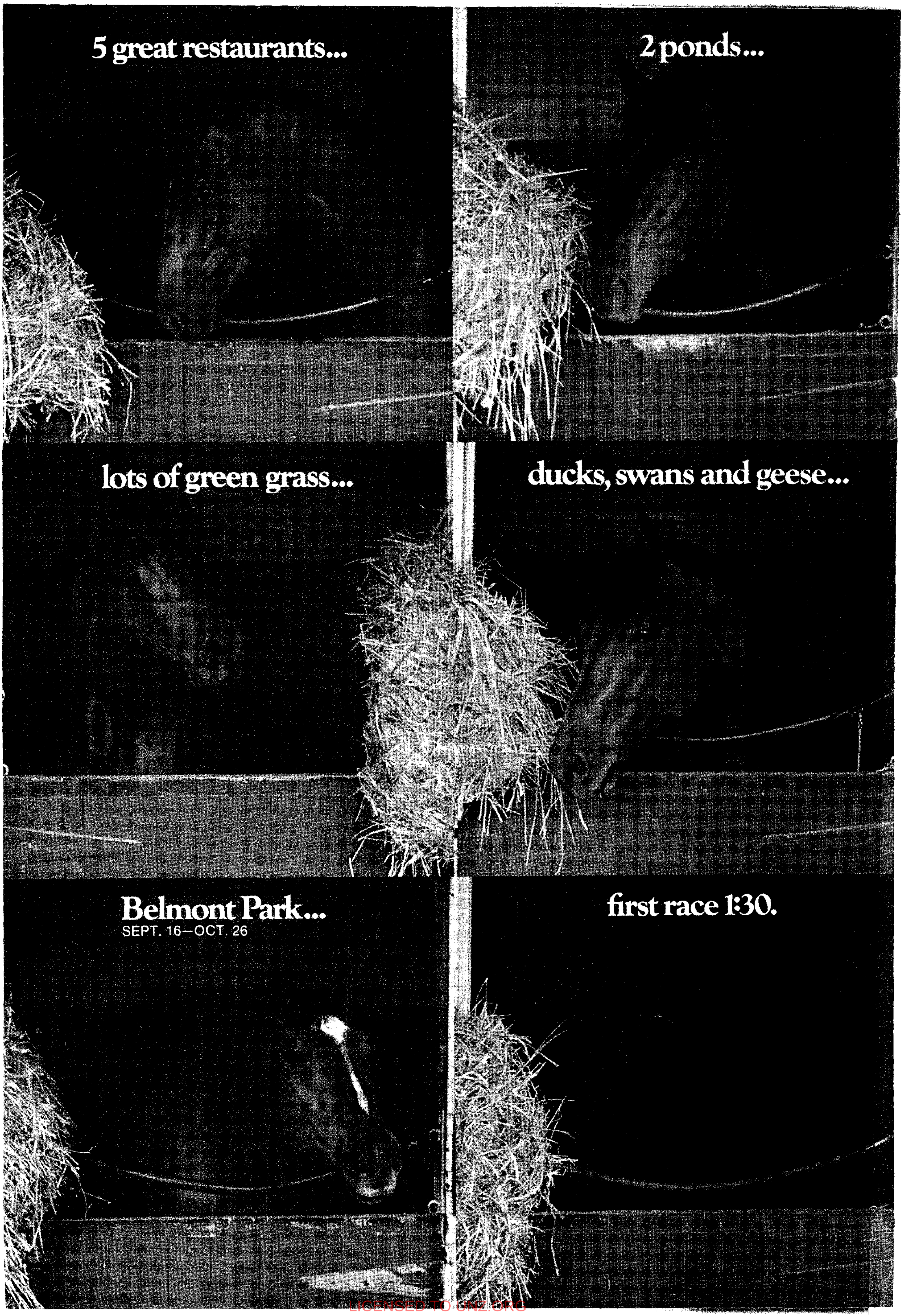
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unions you wonder why the bother. Nobody cares.

Touching appeal on radio to the younger *lycée* students a few days ago. Some are eleven, twelve, thirteen. Tactful man from a parents' association. Said please don't parade around in the streets; the most useful thing you can do is go home at once and explain to your parents the meaning of the movement.

Cold drizzle. Walk to Right Bank with M. L., who has to get to her bank. Less traffic than usual—the department stores on strike, for one thing. And yesterday's traffic jams (three hours to cross the Concorde; some drivers simply abandoned their cars) may have kept people at home. Probably faster to walk. Every second shop closed. It is like Monday closing. In front of the Chamber, little queue under umbrellas. Think of utter misery of people walking home tonight in this cold and wet. M. L.'s bank the Royal Bank of Canada, on the Rue Scribe. Manager worried about "image" of Royal Bank and "bad publicity," because the bank mentioned by name in the *Daily Express*. Accused of not making any payments over two hundred dollars (something like that). Tell him that all the banks in Paris have limited payments and some not paying anything at all. Say to M. L., "Who cares about the Royal Bank and its image?" M. L. chides me, "You don't know what it is to have a head office." Look into Morgan Guaranty, on the Place Vendôme. Entirely empty. No queue. They say that Monday was frantic. Cash check with no trouble, so as to repay H. T. Every employee has an opinion—all very lively. Food shops probably have their normal quota of food, but to us they look overstuffed. Some kind of collective hallucination must be at work. We are *already* so installed in the abnormal, have so quickly settled into it, that anything usual seems suspect, peculiar. Delivery trucks all over the streets, replacing stocks after the hoarding rush.

The D.s are revolutionary! My most conservative friends! Gilles is "reforming" his engineering school "night and day," Hugues is all for the students, and his mother is furious because his father's ministry is not taking advantage of the situation to go on strike. "Not that we want the Communists," she says, "but de G. must go." She sounds as if she had just stepped off a barricade. In the last election, they voted so far to the right that I lost sight of them—they slipped over the horizon. Husband not only won't strike

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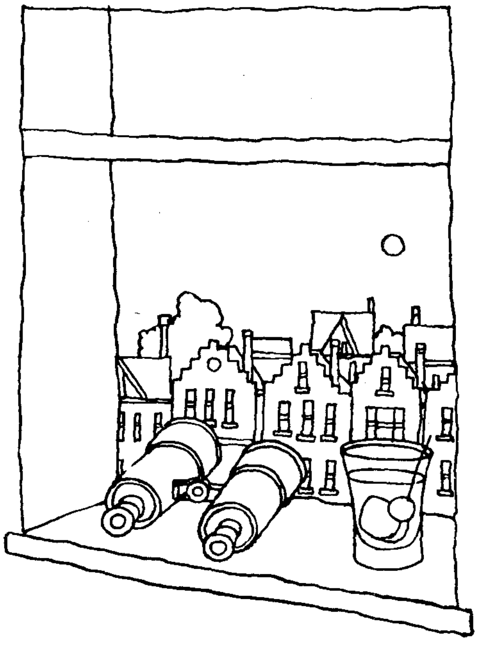


BRUSSELS HILTON

but walks to his *ministère* every day. Tells me that steel industry will take longer to pick up than we think, that even after they agree to go back to work there will be a gap of about fourteen days before things roll. Wife interrupts: "Who cares about boring old steel production?" *Vive la révolution!* Says she doesn't mind walking—walked all the way to the Hôtel Drouot for sale of antique furniture.

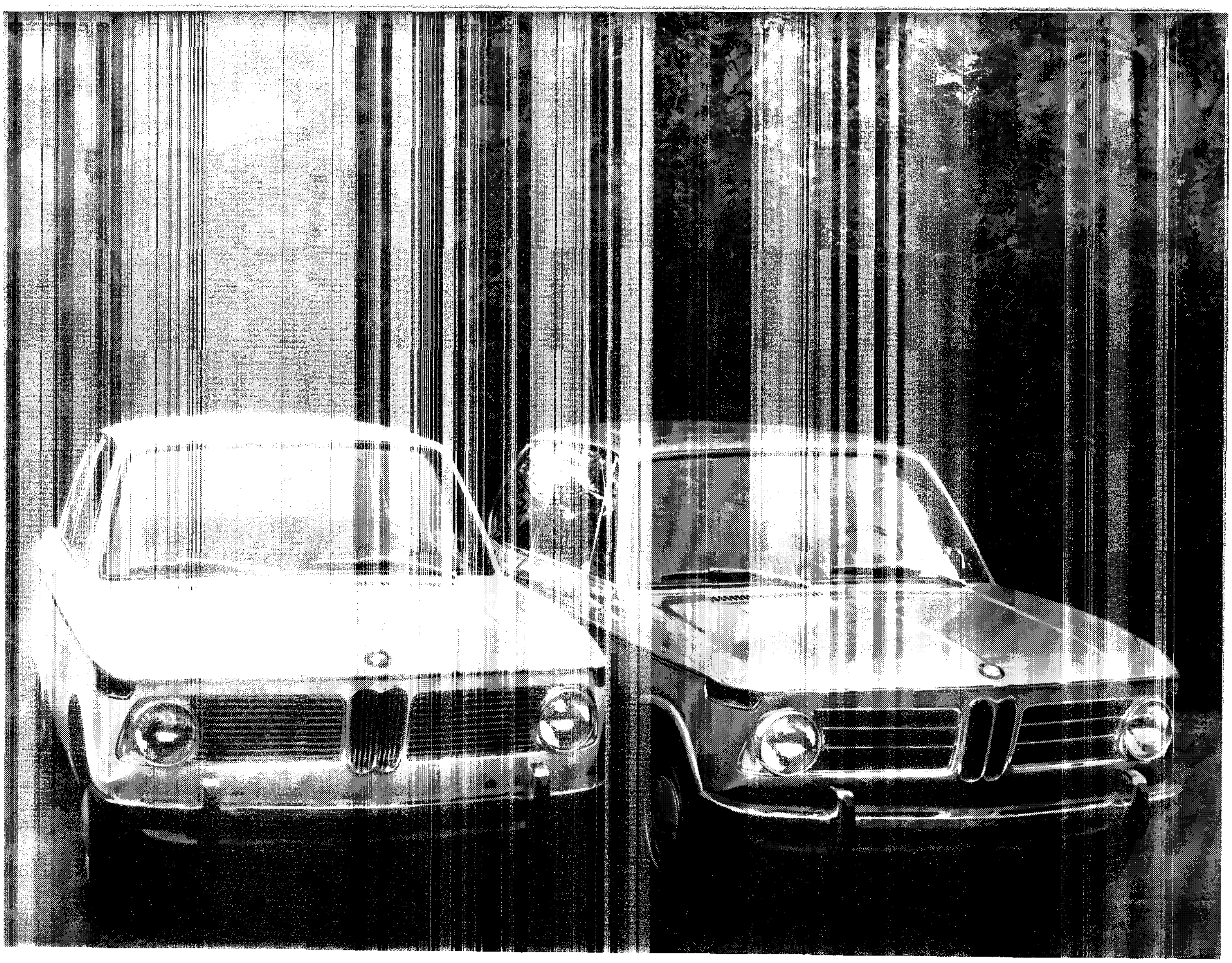
G. P. and A. J. have both let their books go. Feel it is futile. A. J. says that book doesn't fit into new world, that everything will be changed. How to tell? I live between typewriter and transistor, TV news (everything else seems trivial), telephone (rings like a machine gone mad).

The recording that tells the time over the telephone is on strike. No watch or clock owned by me has ever worked. Didn't realize how much I depended on *l'horloge parlante.* The concierges are on strike! Their instructions are to look after the garbage, "in the interests of salubrity," but "not to answer questions or give any more information." Our concierge probably can't read. Works harder than ever, polishing mirrors and the glass doors, Gauloise hanging on lower lip, and gives information of all kinds. Her cat, M. Pussy (pronounced "poossy"), neglected. Spends his time having doors opened for him. No one can be bothered now. Victim of *les événements.*

A few days ago—whenever the last sunny day was, Sunday perhaps—two tall girls looking like New Zealanders (longish skirts, rolled woollen socks, gym shoes, and enormous packsacks) but with Irish accents asked the way to the Eiffel Tower. I said, "It's a long way to walk, and they may not let you up." "Why not?" "It's guarded by police." "Why?" I said, "You do sense there is something going on in Paris, don't you?" "Oh, yes. No buses." Off they went anyway, with two hundred pounds of worldly goods strapped to their shoulders.

Suddenly found it difficult to buy stockings. Everything shut or on strike. Magasins Réunis on Rue de Rennes open, across from striking Gaz de France and from striking Monoprix. It is like a dream—I am the only customer. After a few moments, other customers wander in to the cosmetics counter, but the place resembles a hangar.

Say that the student movement is not French, that it started in America. Receive skeptical smiles. Everyone knows U.S. students eat ice cream all day. (The same smiles that Anthony



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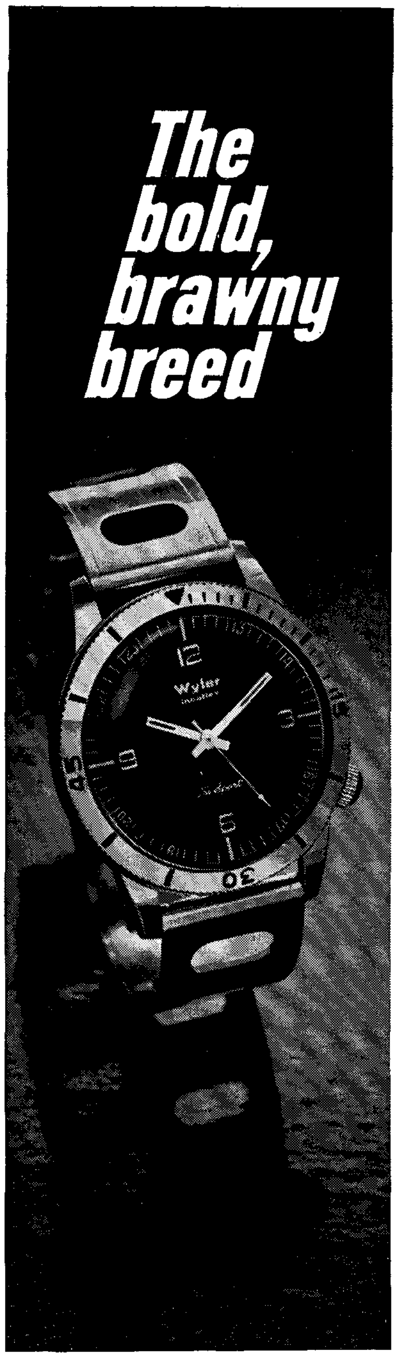

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S. found so discouraging when he was teaching at the British Institute here. He would say that Samuel Johnson was important, for example. But everyone knew that only Charles Morgan and Lawrence Durrell were important.) Press on, explain about Columbia. No one has ever heard of Columbia. Give up.

J. de T. walks to hospital and back each day. About an hour and a half each way, I should imagine. Afternoons and evenings, some patients get to him. Says that the young—the disturbed young, that is, his patients—are "*traumatisés*" by the events, that the young move out of reality all too easily at the best of times. Bad phone connection; can't hear more. A psychiatrist friend of A. J.'s goes to the Odéon every day taking notes. Collective hysteria.

Bought weekly lottery tickets, discovered drawing put off "indefinitely." Pari-mutuel betting, the sacrosanct P.M.U., also out. There is talk of Mother's Day being put off, perhaps made a joint holiday with Father's Day in June. Astonished to discover the French do not know this is a commercial holiday. It is thought of as ancient and immutable, like Christmas. Florists protesting—all their potted plants are ready. Parents upset: "How can we explain it to our children?" Like the truth about Santa Claus. Bank on the Rue Littré closed. Frail young girl stands with her arm across the door. You can put money in, but you can't take any out. Radio Luxembourg partly replaces mail and breakdown of telephone. (Only kind of phone working is *l'automatique*.) Radio explains it will relay only important messages, between half past nine and midnight, every ten minutes, and that it is "not substituting for public services;" i.e., not interfering with strikers.

DIRECTORY
LÁSZLO

Schools on strike. Teachers out, students in—they are occupying. No provision was made for the boarding students at the *lycées*. Those who live outside Paris and who can't get home because of the transport strike are on their own. What if they have no money? The parents, who can't send them anything, must be frantic. The R.s have taken in a boy, a classmate of their daughter. Moody boy, sits and broods. Won't help around the place. Says at home he is paid if he helps.

Snake queues outside the banks. Empty grocery shelves (canned goods gone, mostly). No mineral water—very hard on mothers who need it for *biberons*. They can always boil the tap water, of course. The fruit merchant puts down his iron shutter early—too much sold. Gas pumps now have a sign, "*Panne Sèche*," meaning dry as dry. It is what you say if your car runs out—"*J'ai une panne sèche*." Gas shortage caused by nothing but panic.

Weather cold, bitter. Motion of censure to be voted today. E. so opposed to hoarding she won't even buy a candle in case there is a power strike. All my smoker friends dread cigarette shortage. (Hasn't happened, but there is a run on *tabac-brun* cigarettes, such as Gauloises and Gitanes.) Revolutionary *élan*, the Barcelona feeling, fades in votes, debates, rumors of a referendum. Forty-eight-hour strike at Les Halles. Theatres on strike. No TV except for the news. Department stores closed. Friend with small children at home (schools out), husband going mad (can't get to work), no *liquide* (didn't get to a bank), says, "I keep going, make the same daily gestures."

Suddenly remember G. is coming to dinner and we are supposed to go to Censier (Sorbonne annex) for medical-psychiatric-all-out-discussion, which G. assures me is worth the walk. Forty-five-minute break between Pompidou's speech and the voting, rush out to shop for food. *Stupéfaction:* I am the only customer. The hoarders have spent all their money! Buy everything I need—strawberries, cream, etc. Buy roses. Florist upset over threat of change in Mother's Day. At the *charcutier's*, ask girl to hurry, want to see result of vote on TV. Large, stupid eyes. She says, "I heard something on the radio." Ask if she knows what is going on. She hesitates, and says, "Something sad? Bizarre?" Then says, "We did good business on Monday."

Dream image (but real) of middle-aged men shuffling up in alphabetical order to vote. Phone call from London. I watch the screen, I reassure. The London papers must be showing the streets here running with blood. Phone call from one of G.'s patients, or husband of one: G. will be late or perhaps not get here at all. Caught in traffic, still visiting patients in 18th, 19th Arrondissements. Brave G., in that *Deux-chevaux*, as ill as the patients, if they only knew. Call from New York. Tell B. M. I am probably going to medical thing at Censier, shall not go to demonstration tonight. He says,

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"I trust your common sense," hear his voice fade with "Take care." After I hang up, I hear the demonstration not far away, pull on boots, coat, leave note on door (though don't really expect G. now). Drizzly night. Carry umbrella. On Rue de Rennes, they sweep by, the young: really students—no "*éléments*," as they are called. At first, I don't know what I am hearing, it is so strange. Then it becomes clear; it is like rubbing frost away from a window. I hear them chanting, "*Nous sommes tous des juifs allemands.*" It is because of Cohn-Bendit, because that is how he is dismissed. They are answering their parents. This is France, they are French, I am not dreaming. *Nous sommes tous des juifs allemands.* It is really so unlucky to be either one here—imagine what it means to say one is both! It is the most important event, I think, since the beginning of this fantastic month of May, because it means a mutation in the French character: a generosity. For the first time, I hear a French voice go outside the boundaries of being French. I walk along beside them, on the pavement. Two boys from *Action Française*, a right-wing group, silently hold up banner reading, "NO RED FLAGS OVER THE SORBONNE." That is brave of them. They are only two. They simply stand there. But this crowd glances, just like that, and the slogan changes to "*On s'en fout des frontières.*" Of course, there are only a few thousand of them, and they are excited, with that black flag and that red flag—perhaps they would say anything. They are still answering their parents—I feel that. We all sweep down the Boulevard Raspail. A woman shakes a red flag out of a window; the kids applaud. I am on the *terre-plein* with trees, in the middle of the boulevard, where the market is held twice a week; the kids are on the roadway. New slogans: "*De Gaulle en Suisse*" and "*De Gaulle chienlit*" (he asked for that one). Suddenly they begin that "hop-hop-hop" cry and start to run. It is a Korean (I think) *pas gymnastique*, stepping along fast with your knees very high. When it is done properly, it gives the walker great mobility; you can move a mass of people sharp left or right quite quickly, fluidly. It was with this step that about thirty thousand students swept over the Pont de la Concorde on May 7th; the C.R.S. were simply taken by surprise. They must have thought they were dreaming—imagine thousands of people suddenly saying "hop-hop-hop"

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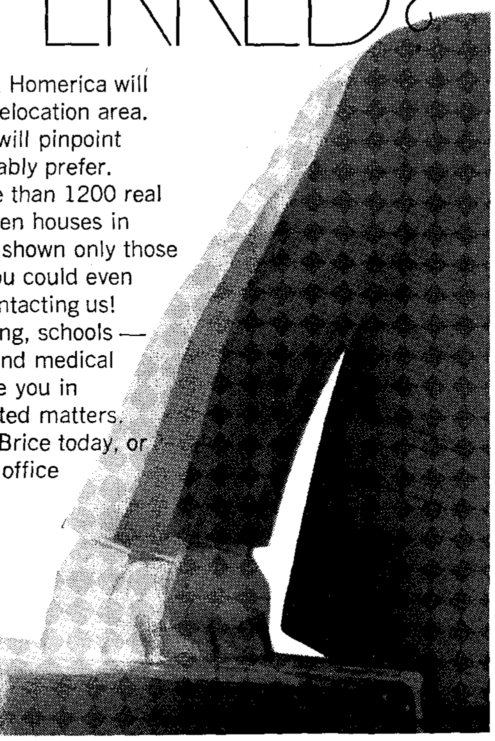

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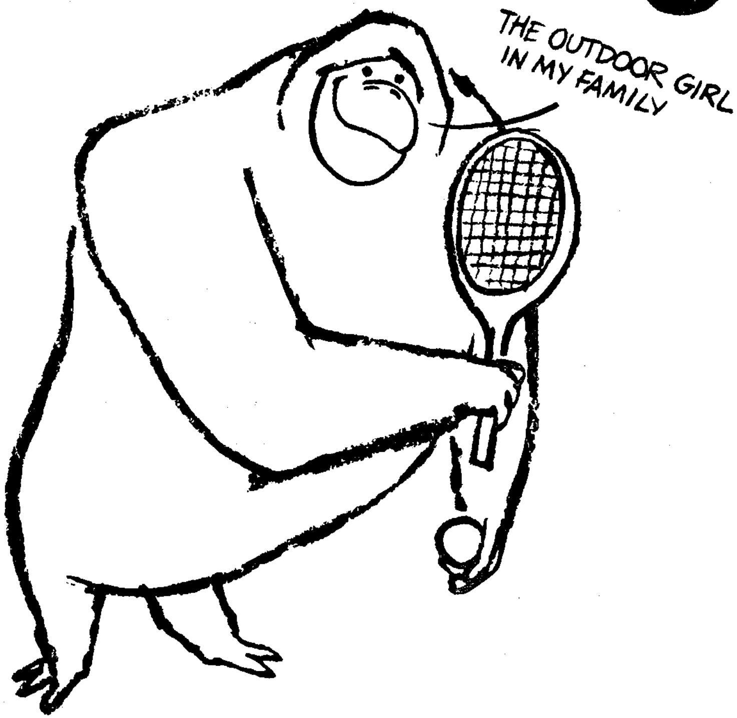
THE OUTDOOR GIRL IN MY FAMILY

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and quite literally hopping over a bridge! But tonight the marchers don't know the *pas;* they simply run and scatter suddenly, up on the *terre-plein,* where I seem to be the only observer. People are watching the marchers, but on the left-hand pavement, separated from them by the southbound half of the Boulevard Raspail. I find this running frightening, always—the sound of it behind one. I stand behind a plane tree, and they scatter by on either side. Cross to left-hand pavement when all clear. Wonder about their parents (because this is a monologue, about being *juifs allemands*), and on the corner of the Rue de Sèvres am answered: A nice-looking couple, well dressed, don't look stuffy, just puzzled. "If *that's* what they want," the man says. He doesn't sound angry, just stunned, almost hurt: "*Si c'est ça qu'ils veulent—d'être des juifs allemands!*"

Unreal—lamplight, indigo sky, small bright leaves all over the trees, "*On s'en fout des frontières!*" Only a few thousand. Two? Three? I can't judge. But what a turning upside down and inside out of the French character! It seems to me more important than today's vote, of which I don't yet know the result. No one in my generation said it, and God knows *il y avait de quoi.* I am convinced this lot are better than we were. For one thing, they have never been frightened. Frightened in theory but not in fact. Cohn-Bendit born a refugee, but after the war. He doesn't *know.* He can imagine, as I could have imagined the 1914 war. Something else.

Negro says to me, "Where are they going?" In fact, he says, "*Où vont ces troupes?*" Tell him not to get close unless he is involved with the movement—could be dangerous. "What movement?" Too long to explain, and his French isn't good. We walk along together. Can't share my umbrella with him—he is miles tall. "Why are you going if it is dangerous?" I understand him to say. Tells me he has a passport. When we come to the first cordon of police up a side street (cordon of students holding hands in front of the police, to prevent other students from doing something stupid), I point to the police, and, when we are a little past them, make the gesture of being hit over the head, using my umbrella, implore him to leave—it would be foolish for him to be involved, understanding nothing. Understands, nods, does an about-face. I have finally realized we are going to the Palais Bourbon.

Kids don't look at police, sweep by

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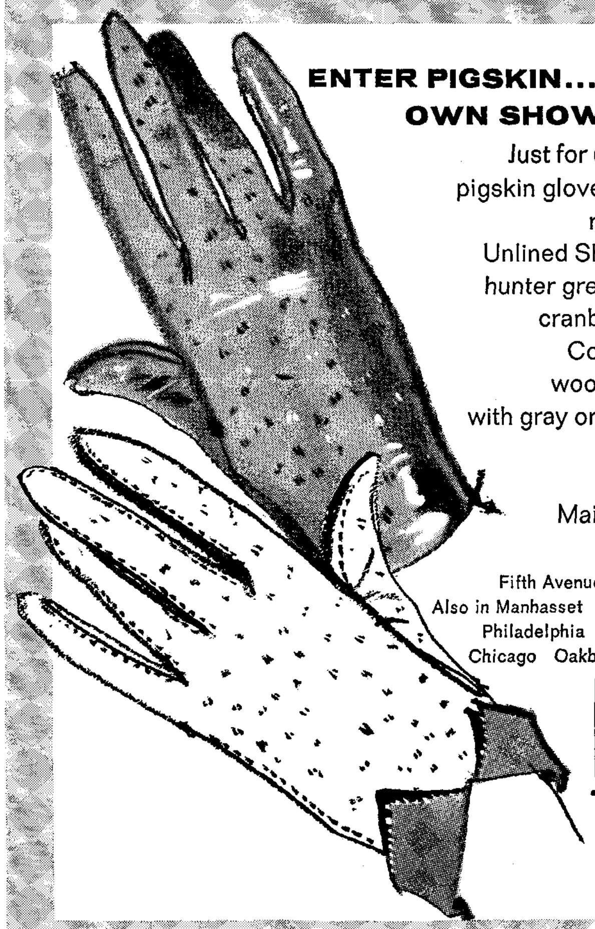

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them. "Hop-hop-hop" *under the trees.* Umbrellas. A few tourists. Grown man (American, from his hair) gives clenched-fist salute. Being funny? Only a month ago, I was still saying, "The young in France? Senile. Little old men." They have written on the walls of the Sorbonne, "*L'imagination prend le pouvoir.*" People find this irritating—pretentious. Why? It seems to me more important than their not having swept out the courtyard.

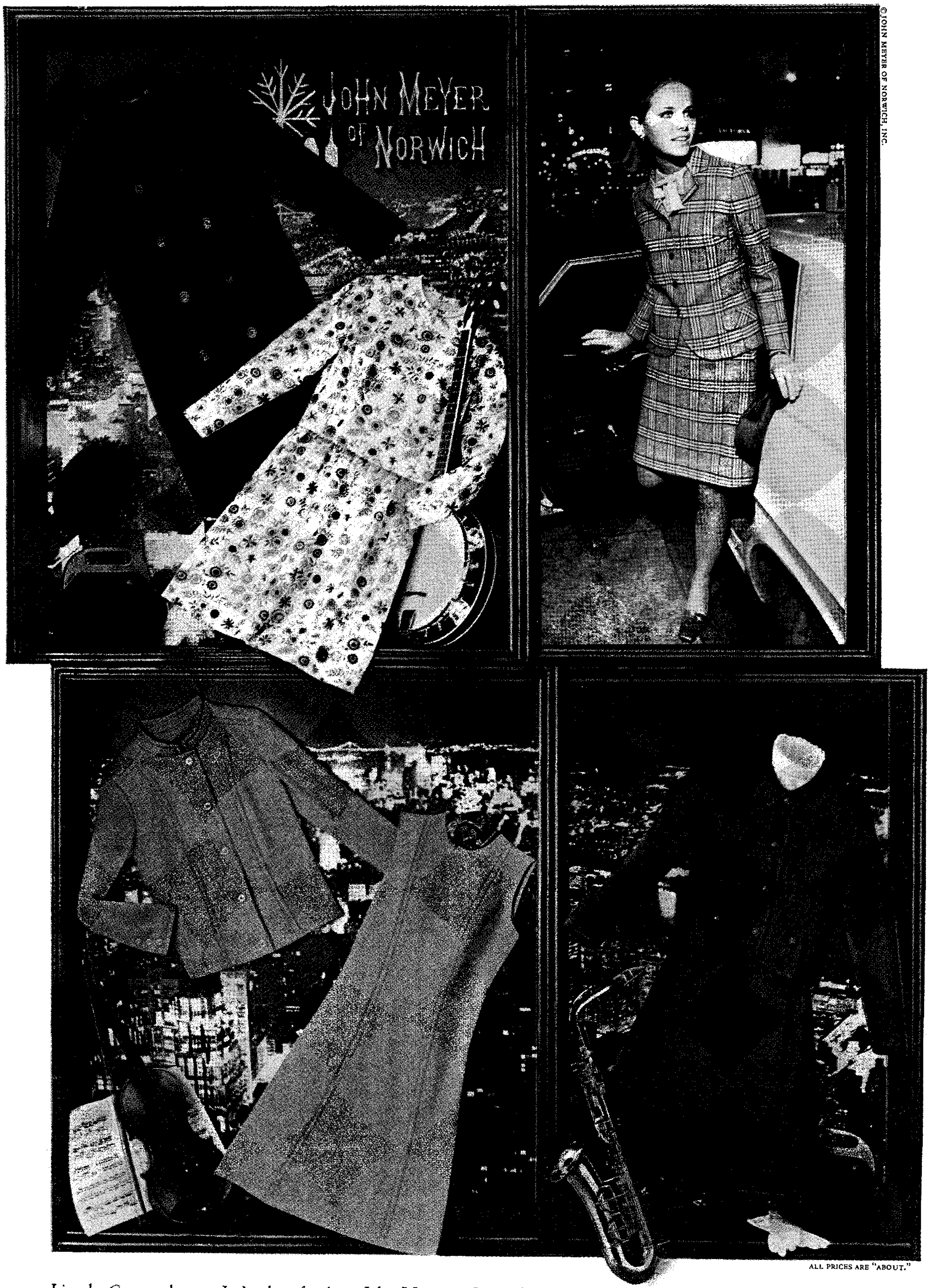
Girl rushes from side street to catch up, singing, out of breath, out of tune, the "Internationale." Long hair floating. Well dressed, good shoes, clothes too fragile for the night. That seems to be it. I go home. Radio says they've dispersed.

May 23

NOW about nine million out. No strike pay in France. How long can they go on? C.G.T. now openly breaks with students. Fear that strikers will have some idea beyond and outside material demands, I suppose. The Communist Party seems like *Papa-Maman,* and the student movement like an interfering social worker. *Papa-Maman* explain to the children, "Think with your stomachs. We are the brains."

There were about five thousand kids last night—more than I'd imagined. The *heurts avec la police* took place in the Place Maubert and at several other points. *No* radio reporter mentions what I saw and heard—they merely say the students "expressed their contempt for Parliament." I have three different versions of what went on in the Place Maubert. E. tells me her daughter woke her up in the middle of the night, said the demonstrators were all toughs from the suburbs, setting fire to cars. H. T. says that it was a mixture of students and toughs, that they set fire to the garbage now all over the streets. My photographer neighbor rings up to pester. His profession to take pictures, but he can never tell you what he has seen, what it was about. Sells his pictures everywhere but doesn't understand what he saw. Just knows where the action is. I ask him what he saw in the Place Maubert. He says, "Place Maubert? *Rien.* Nothing. Came away without taking a picture." (So much for the professional press.)

Mme. L. says, "Oh, I see you have stocked up on matches." Always have several boxes in the kitchen, and, anyway, these are taper matches someone brought me from Germany. Can see she is nervous about matches, so I give her a box. There is *no shortage of*



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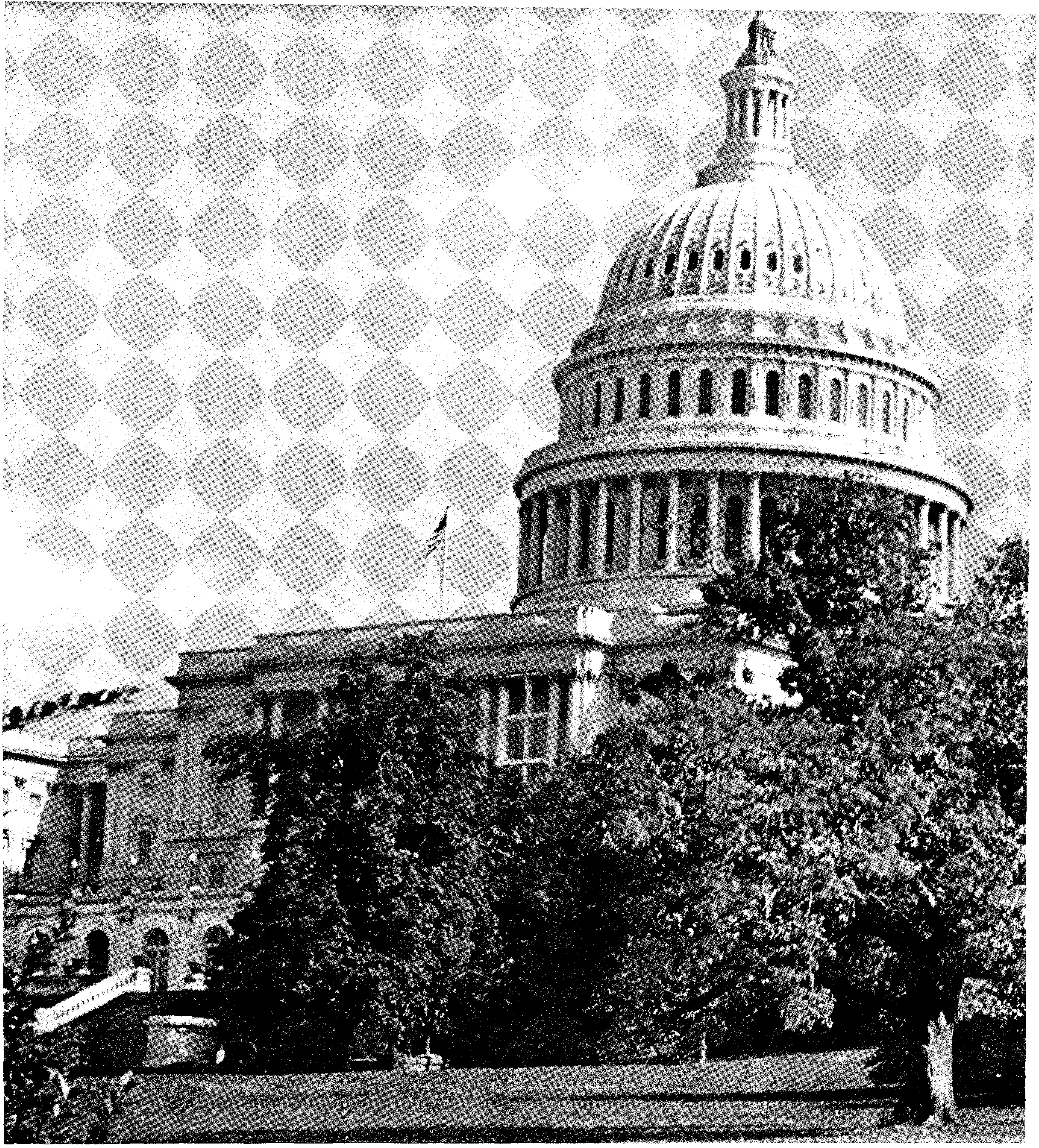
Lincoln Center, then to Joe's place for jazz. John Meyer woolens for autumn dates in town. Among the reasons: clear, strong, up-beat colorings and virtuoso tailoring—traditionally John Meyer. The mood is sentimental in the flower-printed dirndl dress $35. And to wear with it, the Michigan coat in Glenweave $65. A great performance, the Step Glen suit with a back-belted jacket and easy A-line skirt $46. Pullover that's softly tied and baby-buttoned $16. In the romantic tradition, the covert grenadier suit dress $55. The dirndl-skirted Tyrol suit $40. Dickey $3. With accessories to harmonize. The King's Blue, Mum Yellow, Redwing, Walnut, Kilkenny, Cinnabar. At discerning stores.



The Capitolists. Where do they

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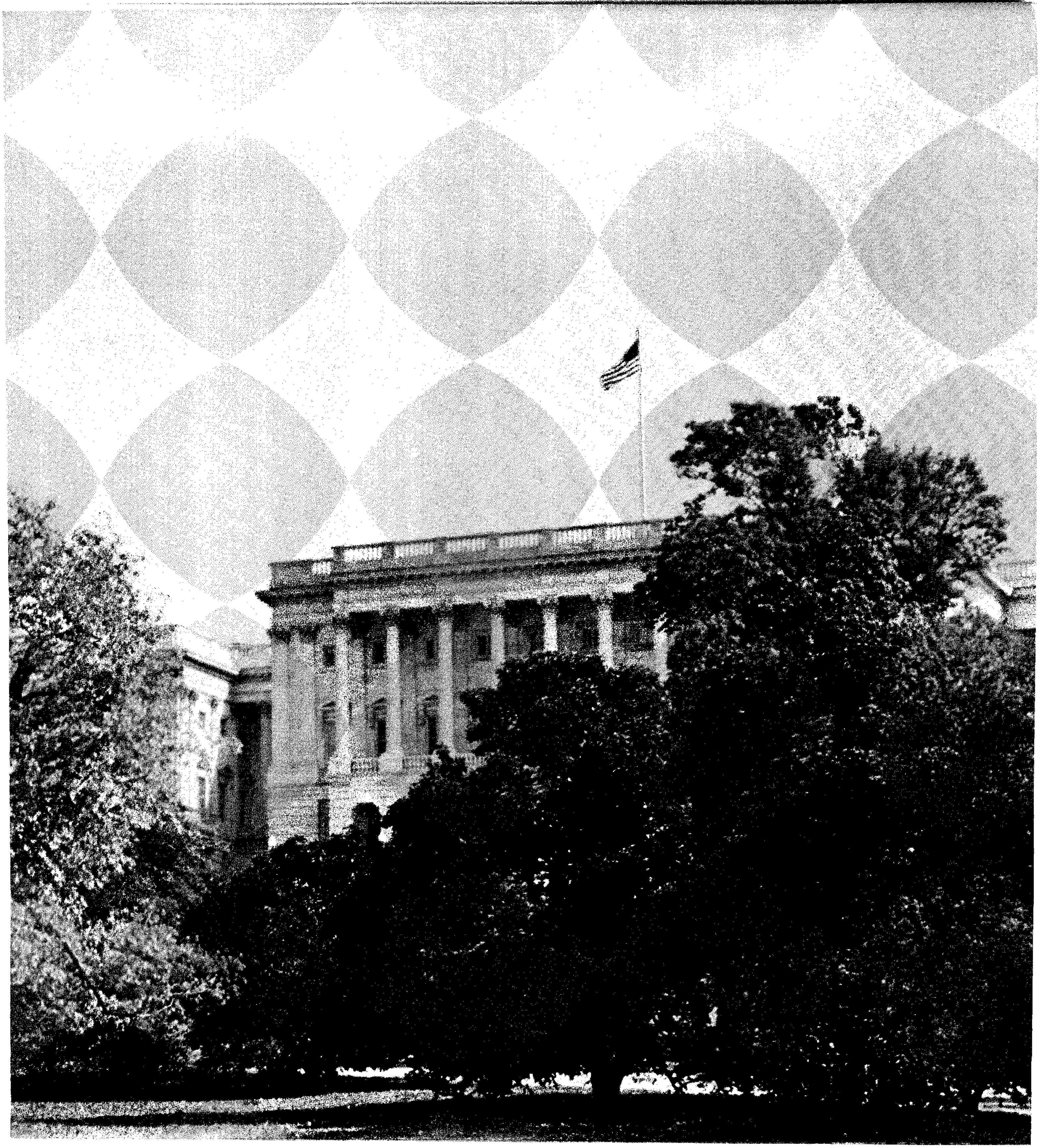

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matches. Everyone mad, afraid of something imaginary.

E. comes around. Her bank won't give her a *rond*. She won't accept more than a hundred new francs, though it won't go far with the hordes of young she seems to be feeding twice a day now. Says she dreads a cigarette shortage more than anything. "In my internment camp, I traded everything they gave me to eat for cigarettes." Tell her that in her place I would stock up—she has a choice of feeling guilty and sane or civic-minded and bonkers. What she wanted to hear. Give her an opaque shopping bag so no one will know, and off she goes.

Look at appointment book. Everything cancelled. What a relief! I needn't go anywhere.

Red-haired German in the Select is mistaken for Cohn-Bendit and escorted (in car with German plates) by motorcycle cops to nearest police station. Is photographed from all angles. Comes back a hero.

H. T. describes non-stop discussion at Faculté des Sciences. Each laboratory to be on its own, a private soviet. "But where is the money to come from? They are dividing up a cake they haven't got." Discuss Cohn-Bendit's having said in Berlin that there were eleven dead. "He has signed his expulsion papers with that remark," says H. T. "He will never be allowed back." We both think statement irresponsible. I am more and more suspicious of C.-B. What is all this publicity? It smells.

Taxi strike still on. Today like a Sunday. *Femme de ménage* says that the parties and receptions where she does work as cook and *serveuse*—is much in demand—are not cancelled; people come on foot. She informs me that Cohn-Bendit is financed "by Cuba and by the Americans." What Americans? "The F.B.I.," she says. Haven't heard about F.B.I. in such a long time that they almost sound like stodgy old relations.

E. tells me about the Musée de l'Homme ethnologists trying to occupy the apartment of the Minister of the Interior. They climbed over a trellis onto the Fouchet balcony. E.: "All they had to do was ring the bell at the front door and walk in." Then they cut the phone wires, but they cut the wrong wires, being intellectuals all the way, and Mme. Fouchet was on the phone to the police while they were still sawing away at the wrong thing. Police came and took them off to jail. All they succeeded in doing was frightening one of the Fouchet children into hys-

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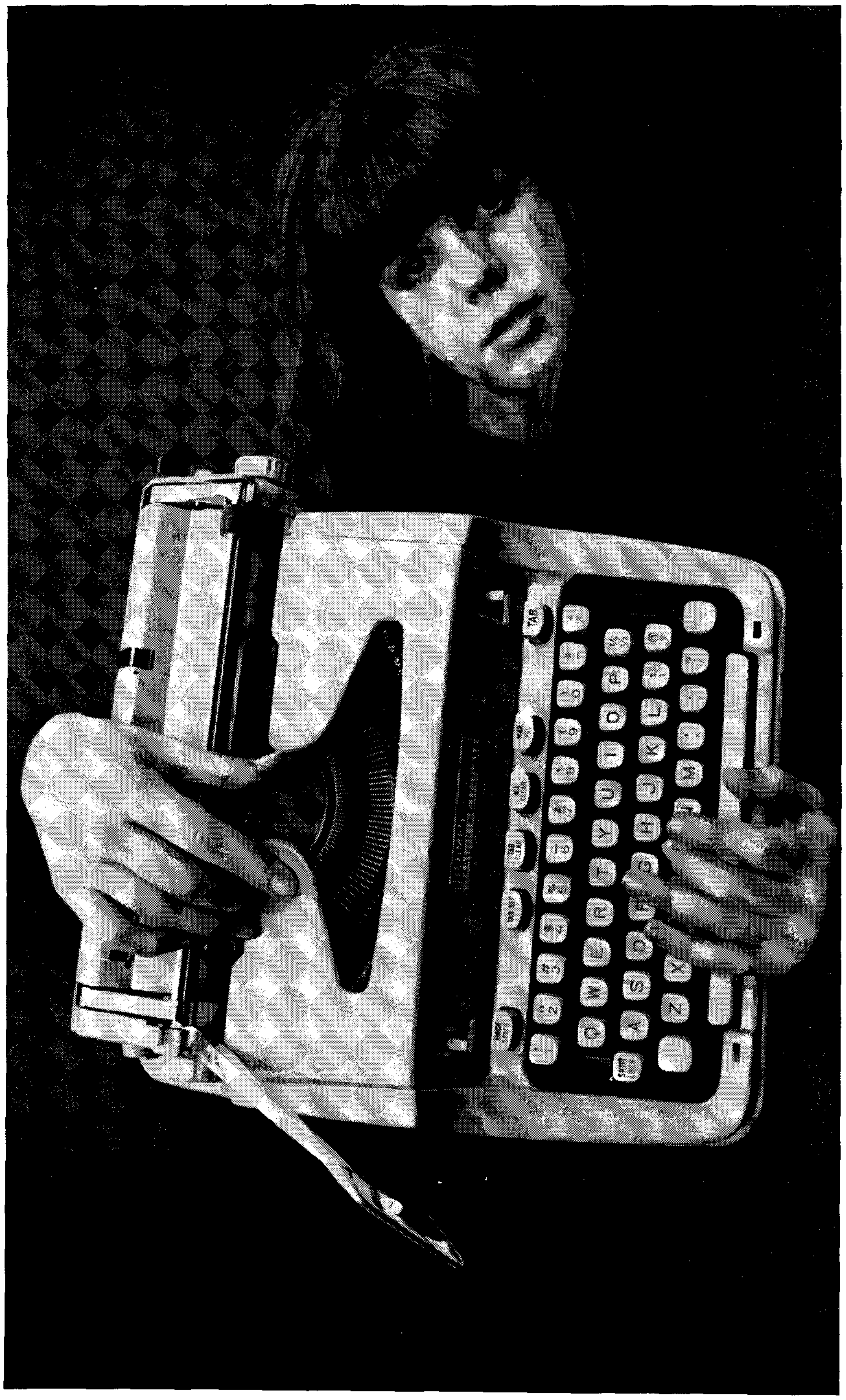
terics. I have the feeling that even in jail they were all saying to each other, "I haven't felt as young as this in thirty years."

Around seven, meet D. M. in the Rotonde. Streets thick with police cars—reminds me of Algerian war. D. looking pretty, freshly washed golden hair. Waiter tells neighbor that Coca-Cola stocks will be gone in two days. Man says he doesn't care, but what about Pernod? Waiter says beer and bottled water will go next, upon which man looks grave. Garbage trucks go by manned by soldiers.

At home, turn on radio—riots on Boul' Mich', fires, "uncontrollable elements," student leaders trying to get them back to the Sorbonne. Turn it off, dash off to États-Généraux of the Photography School, around the corner on Rue de Vaugirard, to which G. F. has invited me. A state School of *Photography and Cinematography*. I've never been inside, but I know some of the students by sight from the café that is across the street from it and just up the street from me. The students are on strike and occupying the school—sleeping in—and they feel it is now or never if they are to reorganize the school from top to bottom. Their chance. They've invited the top photographers, technicians, photo editors, etc., in Paris, and about fifty have turned up, which is astonishing—no transport, after all. The school is desolate, filthy. A row of latrines in the courtyard. Go into what would be furnace and storerooms in, say, a small Protestant church in America, or in a very poor country school, and into the *salle de projection*. Church-basement feeling reinforced: filthy, splintered board floor; collection of hard little chairs that look as if fished out of a junkyard. Everything tacky, wretched, except for the lighting, which is modern but very ugly indeed. Meeting presided over by a pale boy who looks about fifteen. No more than eighteen or twenty students (this is photography only, not film, which has a larger student body), mostly sitting around walls and not saying much. Nothing abstract about the meeting; they want advice from the professionals. The professors sit at the back looking surly. One of them—large, in tweeds, looks like a boxer—takes the microphone and says something about the teaching profession's being dragged in the mud. Only one of the teachers sits with the students and the professionals. He stands up and tells us something I can hardly believe: There isn't a single photograph in the whole school. Not one. Not only is there no film library, there is nothing at all. When he wants to show his pupils the work of celebrated photographers ("some of you here right now"), he says, he has to "drag his class here and there across Paris to exhibitions"—when there are exhibitions. Until two years ago (I believe it has been a state school only two years; it was private before), there wasn't a book in the place. "I have managed to obtain a few books—very few," he says. So much for the school. No library, no pix. The professionals are unbelievable. Their one terror seems to be that these kids will grow up and become photographers. It reminds me of the Odéon (occupied by so-called Anarchists), where everyone gets up and tells his life story in a kind of permanent psychodrama. One after another, the professionals describe how (a) they went to school and learned nothing, or (b) they never went to school at all. One white-haired gent, who is in analysis, if one can judge by his vocabulary, stands up and implores these serious, exhausted, and extremely sympathetic kids to "explore their conscious and unconscious motivations—to see what subconscious needs and desires have impelled them to choose this profession" (where there is no room for them, he implies). Nice kid takes the microphone, says politely that they haven't time just now for self-analysis—that what they really want is help in turning a school everyone seems to agree is second-rate into something better. Picture editor of fashion magazine complains that when young people bring her their work they can't answer the question "Why do you want to be a photographer?" Kids look glum, don't reply. Another professional accuses them of all wanting to be "*des virtuoses*," tells them that they all want fast cars and four-star hotels, that they see themselves as stars. Here follows a flurry of testimonials, all from virtuosos: Why don't you become technicians? You can be just as happy in a laboratory. Kids completely crushed, it seems to me. Some want to be technicians, some don't, but they murmur this to each other. Only one student tries to explain: "*We* are in an inadequate school. You, the professionals, say we don't learn anything here—tell us what is wrong. Here is our program—look at it. Tell us what you think." What they encounter is the secret hostility and jealousy of the entrenched. They can expect very little. Around midnight, committees are formed. Man stands up and says, "It isn't up to us to help you. It's up to the young to supply their own cultural



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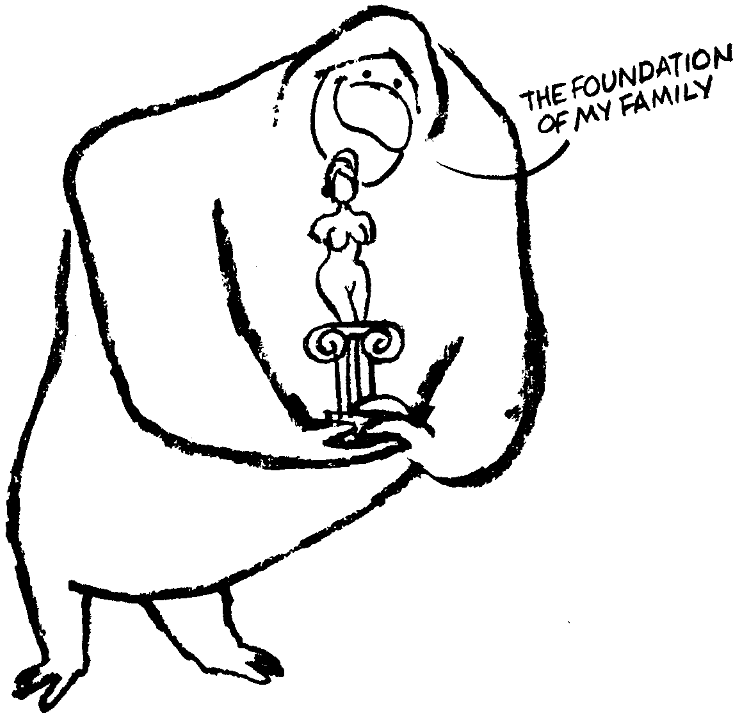
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revolution." I hear a couple of kids calling him Frankenstein among themselves. I ask one of the kids why so few of them are here tonight. He is all beard and pipe; I know him by sight, as he seems to know me. "Some are on the Boul' Mich'," he says. "Some who live in the provinces left Paris just before the railway strike. They had to go home, as their parents weren't able to send them any money." He adds, "*Nous dépendons de nos parents*," which seems very touching—a paradox. "We get one or two hours' sleep a night," he adds. Only two of the professionals say anything concrete. One describes exactly how these schools function in Germany and Belgium, and speaks of the old Bauhaus, which in this locale is something like evoking Versailles to Eskimos. Another gives an account of the famous school at Vevey. Kids listen. They seem bewildered, disappointed. I don't wonder. They will have to act *in spite of* their elders. Unfortunately, these are the elders they will depend on for jobs. Leave meeting just after midnight. The students at this school have forgotten one problem—money. I would guess that after the strikes are settled there will be very little left over for film libraries, that the sullen-looking teachers will be back where they started. Hope, enthusiasm. Suddenly wish students at American colleges could see this place. Occupying a place like Columbia would seem like living in what that dumb photographer called a four-star hotel.

Group on pavement with transistor. My street deserted, lovely night. Perhaps spring arriving after all. *Le joli mai*. Windows open, lights, everyone listening to Radio Luxembourg or Europe I, the non-government stations. I recognize the voices now. Tell of fighting, fires, grenades, all only ten minutes' walk away. Not a sound here but radios. Want to go there, but my presence would be entirely useless. It could be Asia, from immediate evidence, but it isn't Asia—it is ten minutes' walk. All I would want to say is "Please stop." Listen to the radio much of the night. Around two, I realize I have forgotten to eat any dinner.

MAY 24

THIS morning, I had trouble remembering whether the news was real or I'd dreamed it. Last thing I heard (or dreamed) was "Small groups setting fire to trash in Les Halles." Shall never know, because the newsstands now on strike until Monday. Europe I gives two versions of last night's fighting: the official one and its

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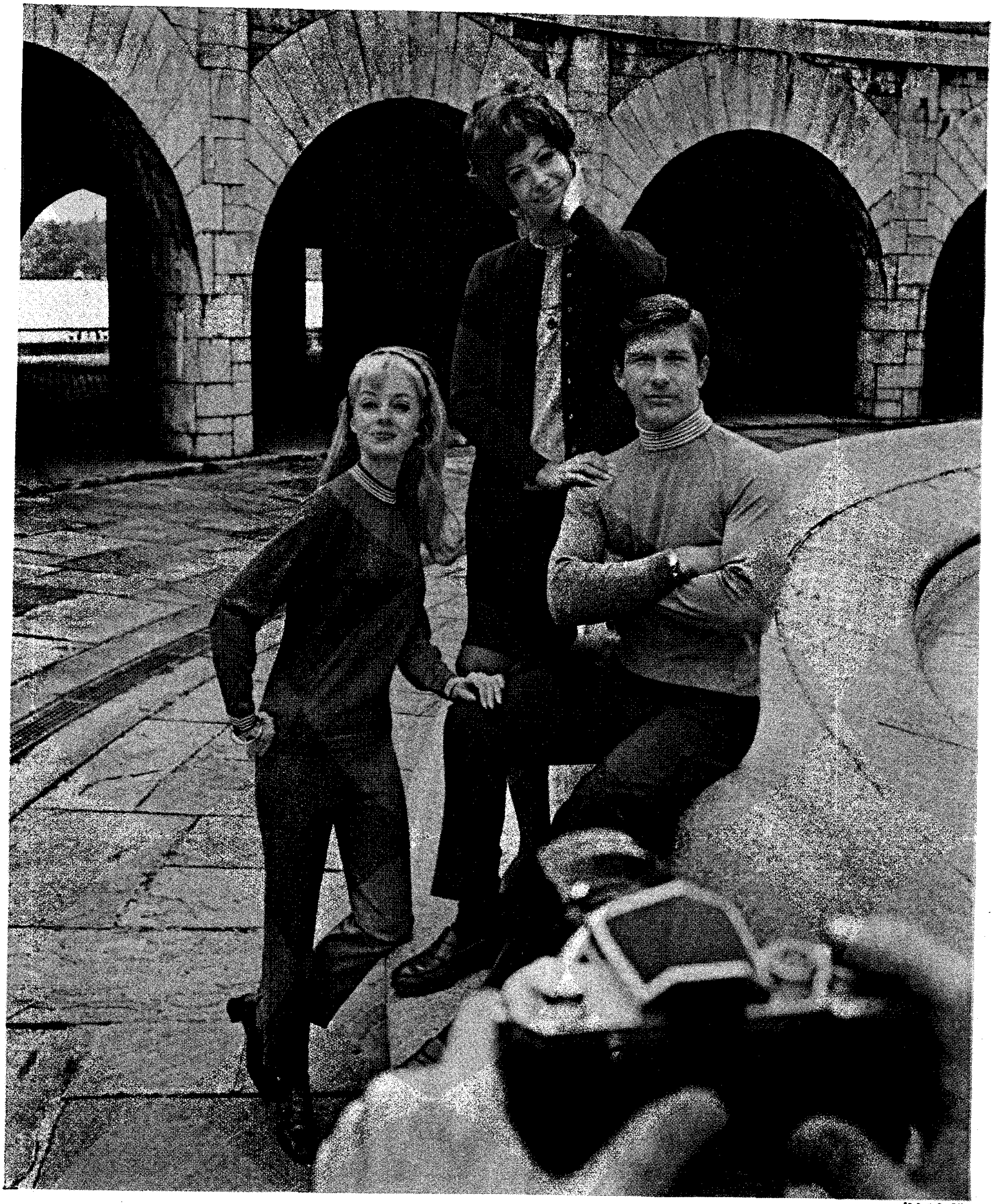

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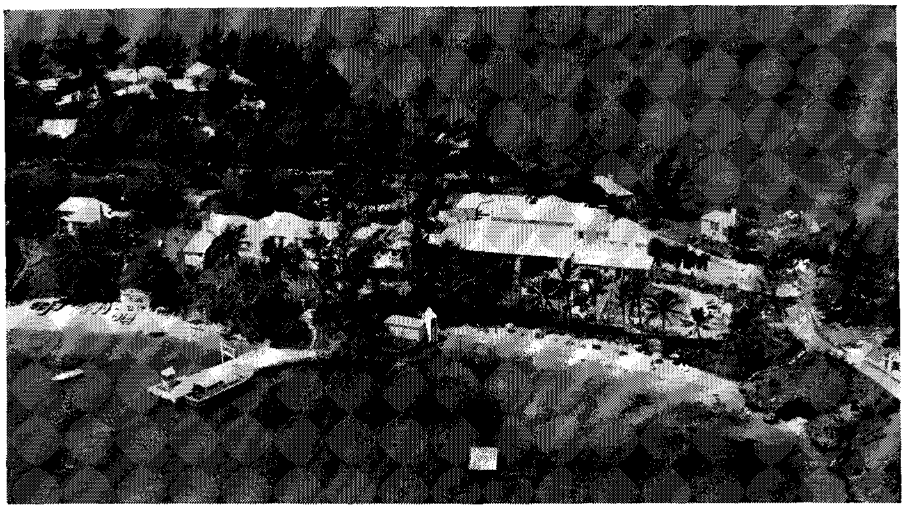
own. *Manifestations* all over France today—farmers, tonight the students again. The announcer says, "Today is going to be a long day."

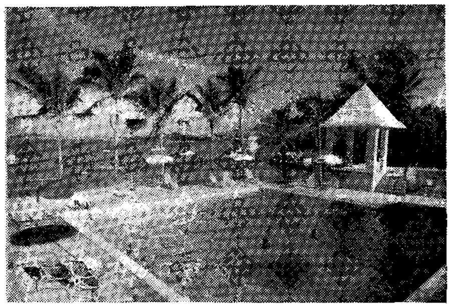
Friend calls, says, "*Ce soir il y aura peut-être des morts. Quelque chose se prépare.*" I am offered a window in Boul' Mich' to see the fight. Turn it down. Talk with Jacques—ask him if National School of Oriental Languages had ever attempted any sort of reform before the students went into action. "*Vous me posez une question sérieuse?*" he says. Yes, they had, but the Ministry of Education never so much as acknowledged their letter. When they asked for more teachers, they were told that as they had asked for too much, they wouldn't be given anything. He was "out" last night—thinks that as his students are out fighting he ought to be with them. Tells me about material difficulties in his school. Like School of Photography and Cinematography, but more and worse.

Am astonished to see carpenters working outside barbershop on Rue du Cherche-Midi. Butcher's dark, gloomy, everyone nervous, curious atmosphere in the sense that everyone seemed to be trying to be nice to the butcher, in case of a shortage, and he, usually so pleasant, was being a little dictator, sneering. Yet there is *no* shortage of meat! They were all acting in an imaginary situation!

Femme de ménage comes in calling, "*Il y a de tout!*" Has found oil, potatoes, etc., in the market this morning. Says stocking still heavy—nothing left in the market by noon. No racing, no lottery, no papers, no garbage collection, Rue de l'Abbé-Grégoire like a city dump (shops). My street (no shops) perfectly clean. Garbage indoors. Astonish man in shoe shop by buying shoes. I'm almost the first customer they've seen since May 11th. After telling about strikes, shortages, last night's fighting, and future prospects, radio breaks into "Bye Bye Blues."

H. T. dined with friends in the Latin Quarter last night, came out to a wall of flame. Girl with their party had to get home ("My mother will be frantic"), no phone. H. ties a handkerchief over the girl's face (tear gas) and they walk across Rue des Écoles between a burning barricade and the lined-up police. Leaves her at her door, walks back. Tells this as he might say, "I walked along the Seine." Have never seen him frightened at any time, but he does have an odd tendency (a European tendency, I'd say) to be ag-





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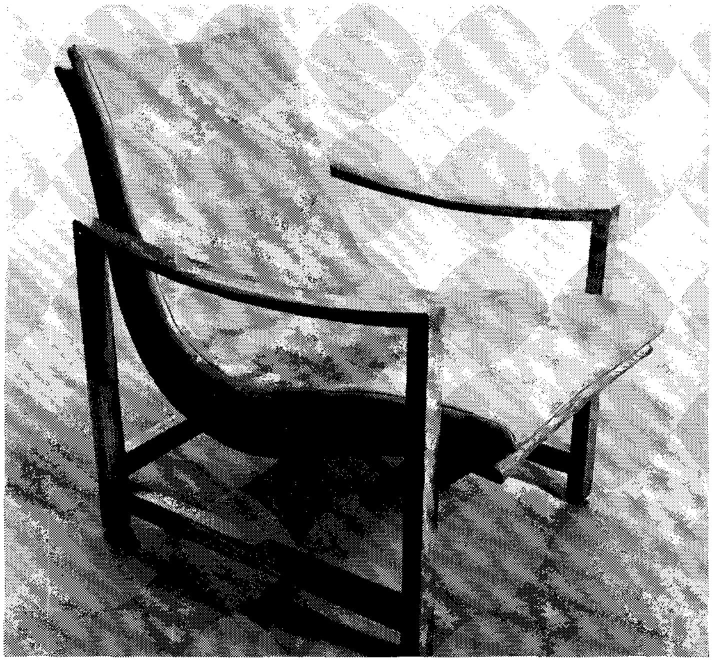

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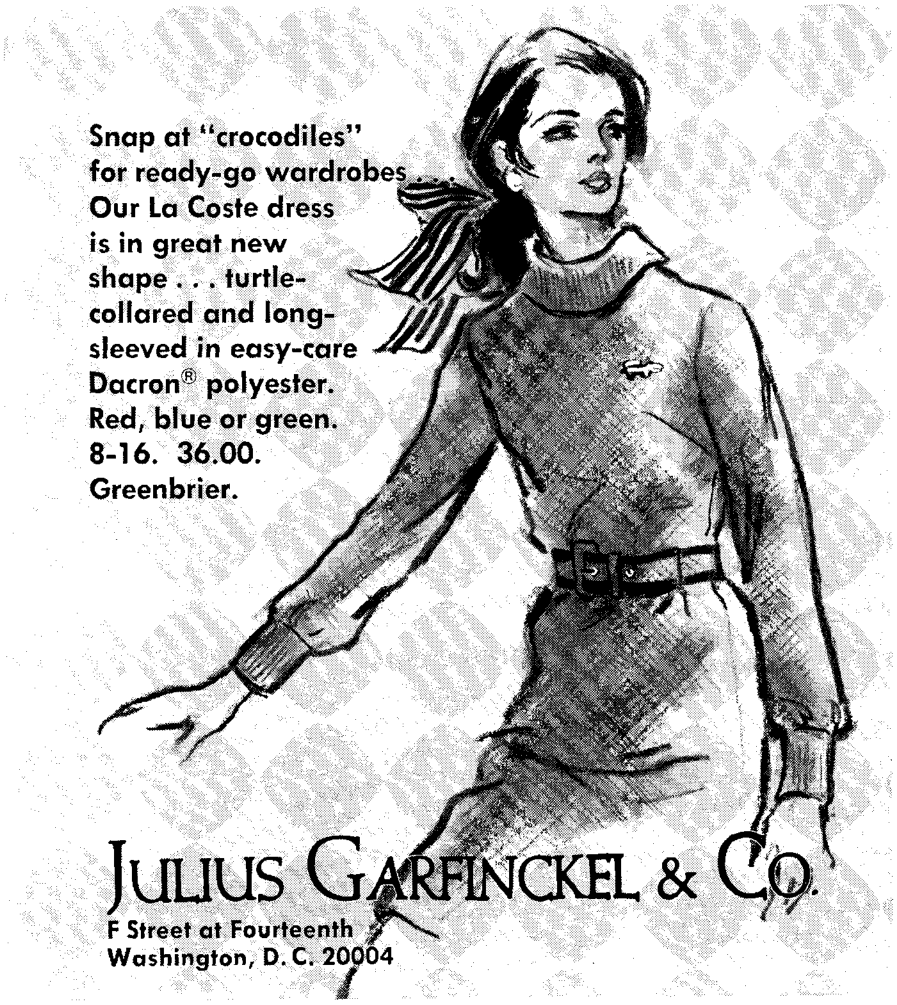

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gressive with the police, and that could have been the only danger.

From Odéon Métro station onward, the Boulevard Saint-Germain has something desolate, ruined about it, as if swept by a very old war, a long time ago. Or like a poor and shabby street no one has time or money to keep clean. Grilles up from around the trees, stop signs and one-way signs lying in the gutter, traffic lights smashed. This odd look of seeming as if it had always been like that. Shops closed, or striking. Outside Hachette, a cardboard streamer hanging from the sixth floor to ground level with one word: "OCCUPATION." I knew that trees had been cut down and that it would shock me, but I had not expected to feel true grief. A lovely tree. They tried to burn it—the leaves are singed. Some of the leaves on the standing trees singed, too. We waited all winter for the leaves, and now they have tried to kill them. Great sections of Rue des Écoles torn up. Agitation around the Sorbonne. Don't go in. H. T., who loathes destruction, suddenly bursts out, "*Ils n'ont jamais connu la misère!*" He was a brilliant scholarship boy from a poorish family, has a reverence for universities, for learning, for the very stones of an old school. School was miraculous. As for the war . . . I daren't answer (because it would be impertinent) that their not having known *la misère* and *la guerre* is the source of their nerve. Think of Canadians marked by the Depression, really affected by it. It made them ambitious but not daring, and certainly not strong. Can't say any of this. Remains of a barricade on Rue Saint-Jacques. These stones are larger, not paving stones, and, anyway, the street isn't torn up. H. T. interested, does rapid tour of immediate neighborhood. I stay there, watch as people pick up stones (several men do this; it seems to be irresistible), make as if to fling, imagine themselves on barricades. All say too heavy to throw. H. T. comes back, says these stones from a building site, obviously brought here by truck. That means the barricade was not, could not have been, "spontaneously" built by students. You need the time, the plan, the gas, the stones, and the truck. *Bon.* Place Maubert like one of those dumps that smolder all the time, with a low fire that you can smell for miles. Blackened garbage, singed trees, a burned car. Don't want to see more. Walk down the Seine. Keep turning my ankles—so many holes in the ground, and so many stray wood, stone, and iron *things.* Nothing has a shape or a name. Along the quai, walking grimly, with a purpose, five young men. Not students, not working-class boys. Helmets, long leather gauntlets, black windbreakers, long, greasy hair under the helmets, faces that look like those faces the police assemble from descriptions given by several witnesses—the lumpy faces you see in a newspaper over "The killer looks like this." Walk with their shoulders hunched forward. One has a *nerf-de-bœuf*—one of those thin, licoricelike blackjacks—at his waist. You can kill with it if you know how. What used to be called *les blousons noirs* during the nineteen-fifties, and then they just disappeared, and I used to tell strangers, "There is little or no juvenile delinquency in France." They seem to be about thirty. The same boys grown up?

The Place Saint-Michel still full of tear gas. Crossing to the fountain, start to sneeze, eyelids smart, tears form. The fountain is like the Cour des Miracles. A man of thirty or so, sandy hair, sandy face, small, one of those one-color men (could be albino but happens to be sand), stands beating with a stick on the metal covering over the lights that light the fountain at night. He beats the three-plus-two rhythm that used to mean "*Al-gé-rie française*" but now stands for "*C-R-S S-S.*" He beats and beats, he can't stop, he grins, he can't, can't stop, he stares at the bridge across the Place (cars and police), he is without any doubt a poor, sick rag of a man. You can't mistake the grin, the repeated action (he could just as easily be sitting rocking), and eyes that look *toward* but not *at*. On the rim of the fountain, sitting, waiting, grinning, men like him. They wear the rather shabby, nondescript suits you see on men in institutions, and for a moment I have the unreal idea that they were being taken from observation to a mental hospital and that their doctor had to leave them there. One of them squawks over and over, "Speech-speech-speech-speech." H. T. pulls me away: "Stop staring at them! Can't you see?" "But they're mad!" "Yes. They're attracted by the violence, the blood. They're waiting for tonight, for something more to happen."

Cohn-Bendit at frontier, met by *sous-prefet*, escorted back to Germany. If he is paranoid (as someone who knows him swears), he must be in heaven. But paranoia is an easy rumor, too. At eight o'clock, de G. speaks. Stare at the screen after he has stopped. Feel again it is like the Kennedy weekend. De G. looks old; nagging child-

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hood memory finally comes up as George Arliss, the actor. He looks like Arliss playing someone distraught, not attending. Is that all? Nothing more? Phone rings: "Did you ever?" "No, never." Only A. J. says, "Well, what else could he say?" Am confused by news—fighting in Lyon (the city) and at the Gare de Lyon. As the announcer predicted this morning, it has been a long day; it merges into another night of radio.

MAY 25

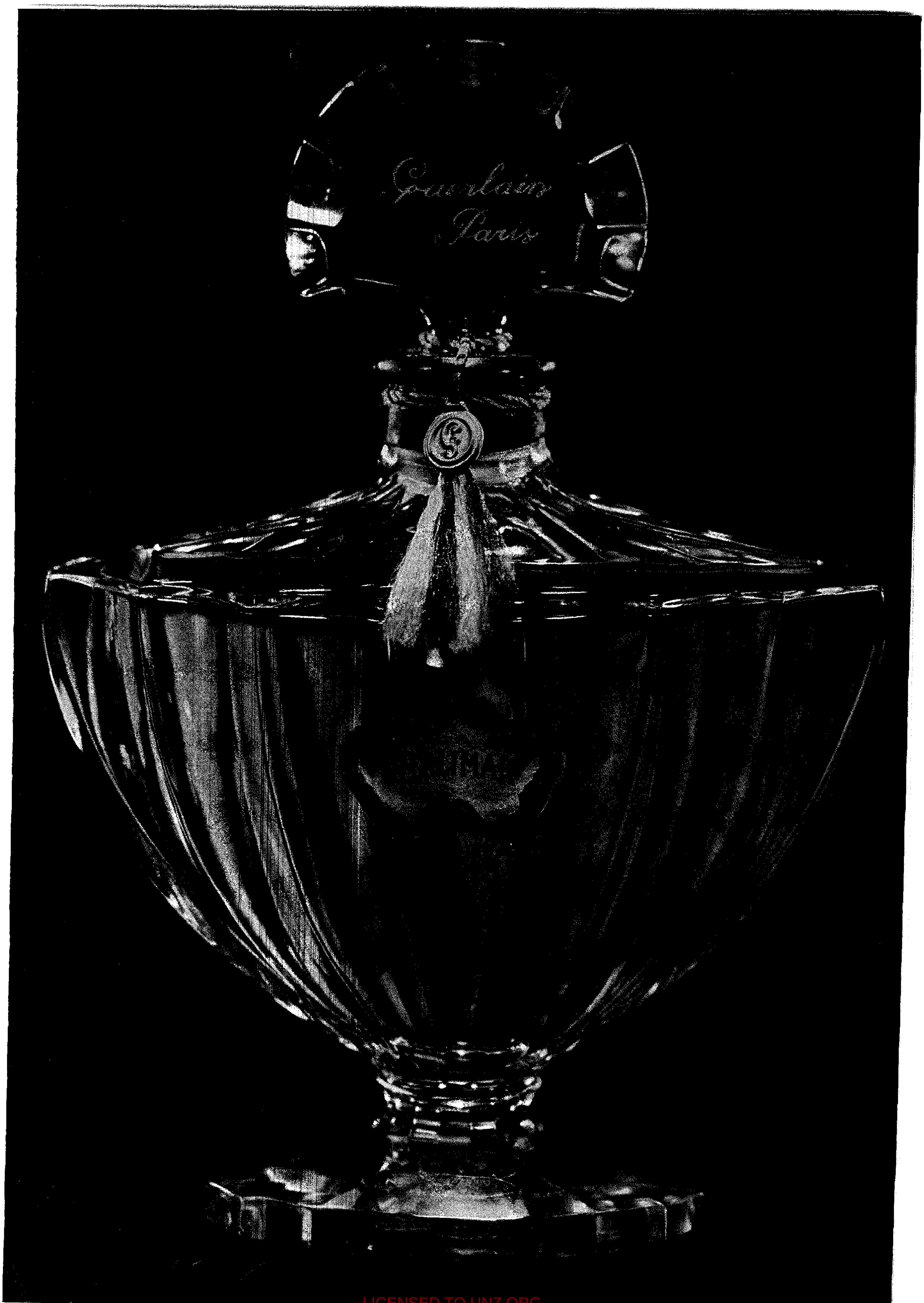
CLOUDY, mild, oppressive. Can't remember which day today is. Listened to the radio until about 3 A.M., when the Minister of the Interior spoke of "*la pègre*" (gangsters) in the same breath as "*les anarchistes.*" Inaccurate, unreal, unfair. Fell asleep and went on dreaming the news.

Ex-Army men astonished at the professional skill of barricade-builders, how quickly they get the barricades up, their choice of materials. Whose idea was it to cut down the beautiful trees everywhere, Right Bank and Left? *Students*? Is it normal for students to carry power saws?

Seem to be about an inch from civil war, ripples spreading. I think of the education of French children: *Il faut que tu sois raisonnable.* But no one is reasonable. The students who set the Bourse on fire knew without hesitation where everything was kept, even ladders to enable them to get up on the roof. They threatened to burn the concierge's daughter alive. Students, who had never been inside a stock exchange in their lives before.

Law students active last night for the first time. Most conservative of *facultés*, they would have nothing to do with the *contestation*. Suddenly have become more than active—positively virulent. They were distinguished yesterday by their dress (they dress for a demonstration as if going somewhere for lunch—anyway, ties), by their rather snobby way of speaking, which they cultivate in order to annoy the plebs, and by their miniskirted girls. In action last night, among the most *enragés*.

Walk in morning rain to Luxembourg Gardens, on an impulse I cannot define. To see uninjured trees? Gates are shut, chained, and padlocked. Behind them the silent trees. Walk all the way around, past the Senate, past the occupied Odéon—its curb a hedge of spilled garbage. This is the fringe of the battleground: more and more spilled *ordures*, a blackened car still running, another car looking as if it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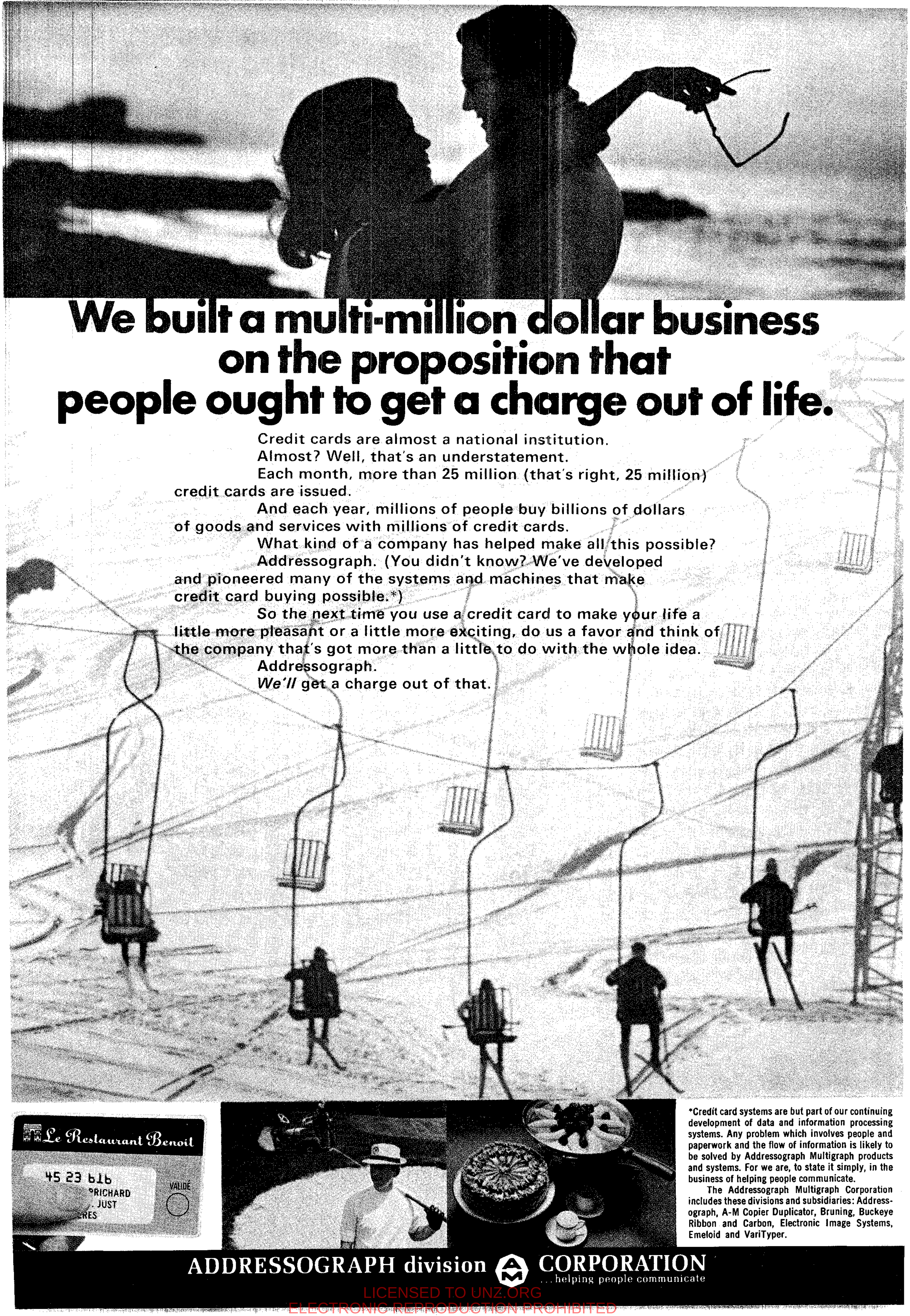

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had been kicked and punched. Something dreamlike about the locked secret garden: green on green, chestnut petals all over the filthy pavement; behind the iron-spike fence a Sisley in the rain, a Corot with the sun gone. A fountain jet still playing. The final unreality—three workmen and a small bright-orange jeeplike thing for transporting rakes and shovels. I believe—I do believe—they were about to sweep the paths and rake the gravel. Anyway, they were in working blues. A man shaking their hands through the grille fence. Traffic lights working. Turn away from the park, walk into broken glass, garbage, upturned road signs. Only one café open—curious brown light over the bar, men reading newspapers as if it were any Saturday. Pons patisserie closed, the café next to it smashed, I think—I look away. This is tear-gas country; the rain keeps the gas close to the ground, and there is no wind. In the middle of the Place, a hole like a bomb crater. People stand silently around it. Woman says to her mother (I think), "*Moi, je suis malade pour les arbres.*" Enormous truck on its side. Charred cars pushed half on each other, like the dead after an accident; the cars look like the *people* you see lying beside the highway after a smash, half sprawled over each other. Something indecent. Partly, not entirely, burned. Like lips drawn back from the teeth of the dead. It reminds me of that. One, a Gordini, stuffed with bags of garbage—to make it burn faster, I suppose. The garbage intact. I sneeze, cry, am blinded, stumble across the street and into the branches of a murdered tree lying across the pavement. I actually stumble into the leaves. Very strange, for it is not a place for grown people; you swing up into leaves as a child. Wreck of Dupont's (the café). Just wrecked. There are perhaps fifty of us, ten with cameras. We all stand weeping, red-eyed; we seem to be mourning the death of the square. Stunned, grieved. How quickly a street becomes mud and garbage! I cannot identify this new ground I am walking on. A pavement of mud, papers, tracts, clay, iron sheeting, piles of stones, bombs (they look like little tuna-fish tins), yet nothing is as definite as that. Weeping, remembering not to rub the eyes (a sort of prickly itching under the lids makes one want to scratch, but the most unpleasant feeling to me is the painful irritation at the inner corner of the eye, that little pink bit), turn down Rue Monsieur le Prince. This end of the street all steps and terraces. Part

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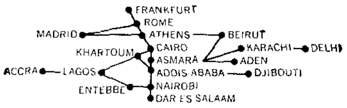

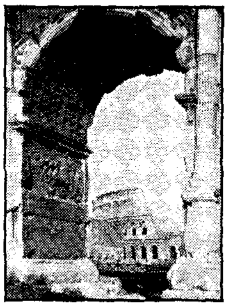

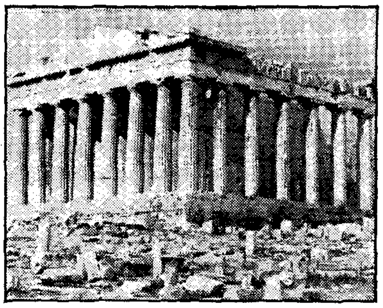

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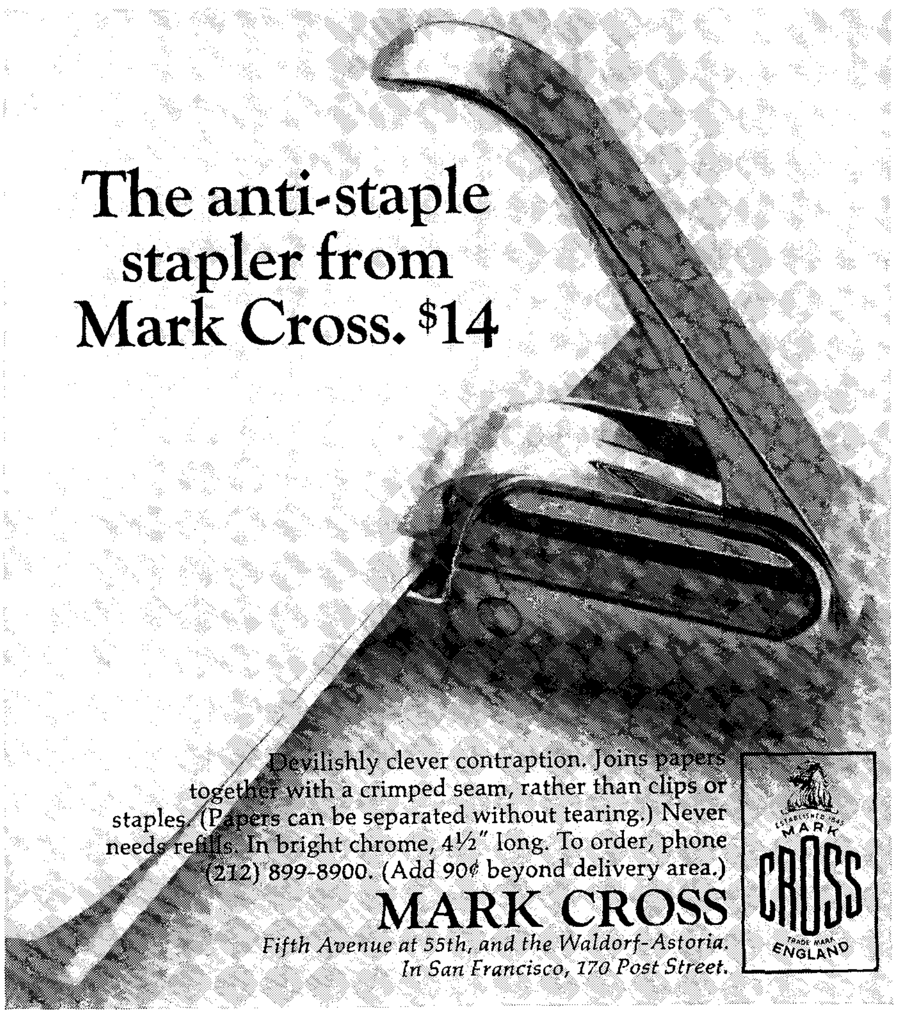

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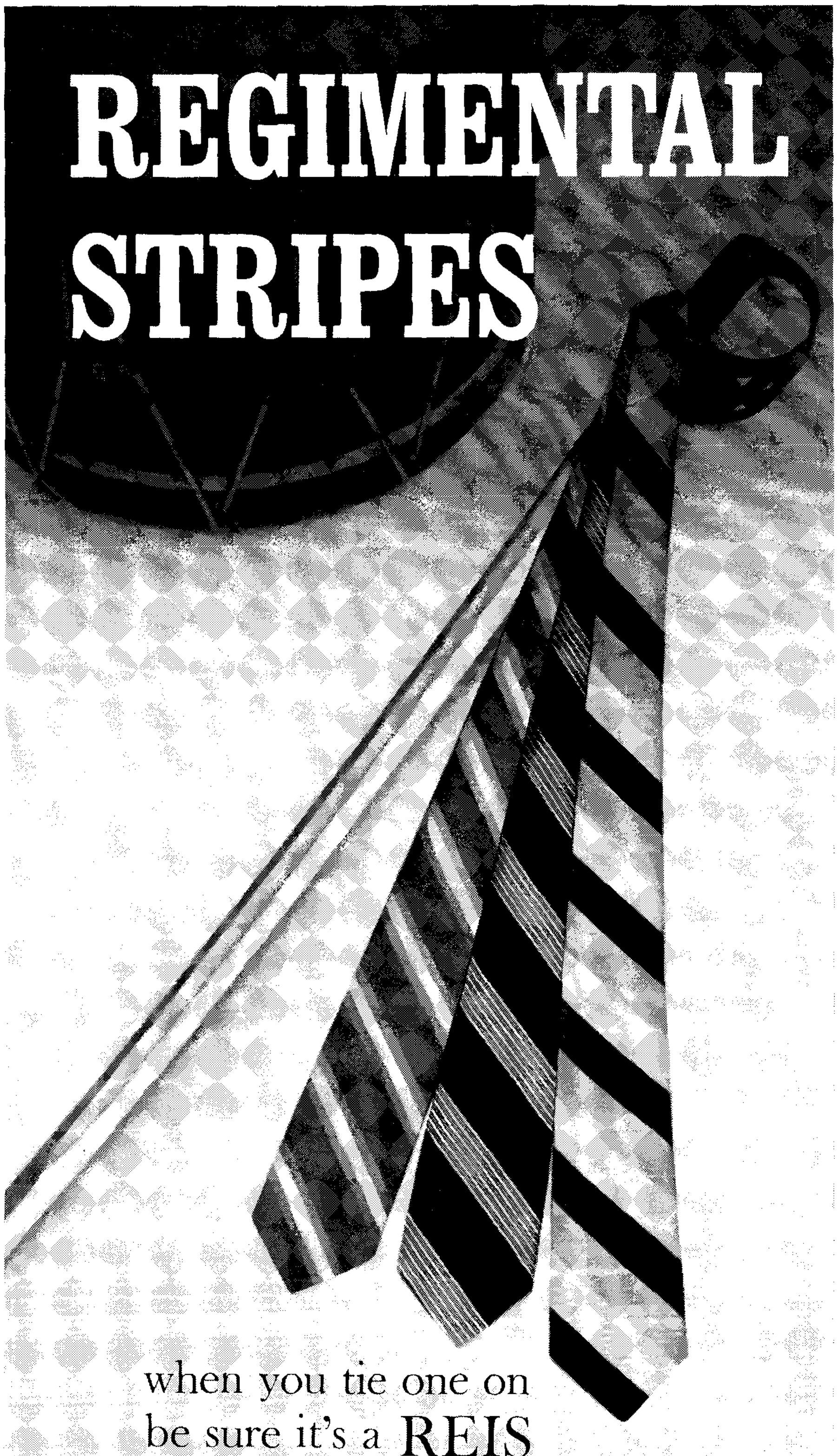
of the iron railings torn up. Barricade of paving stones. In rain, mud, we seem to be skirting a minor precipice. Only steps. I remember A. S., the first time he came out of Warsaw, saying, "You think you will win because you have prettier teacups, but the new young crave ugliness. It is the very ugliness, the material ugliness, that attracts them. You will see." Walking back along Rue de Vaugirard, see slogan on a wall: "LA CULTURE EST L'INVERSION DE LA VIE." Nuts.

Radio, after news of two deaths, one in Lyon, gives us "Douce France." Police cars as far as the eye can see crawl along Boulevard du Montparnasse. Apart from that, Paris as always, in a Sunday-Monday way. Day suddenly goes dark. At eleven-thirty, I turn all the lights on. Phone rings and rings—the tone of the day is disappointment over last night's speech. People were hoping for (1) a curfew to calm everyone down, and (2) garbage collection. This last seems to bother them most. They aren't used to dirty streets, as we are in English-speaking countries. The condition of Paris is sad but not startling to a North American. Concierges have been asked to put everything in large, stout bags distributed by the *mairies* and to keep it in the basements, not outside. Ours is stacked along the wall in the courtyard and looks for all the world like sacks of mail or potatoes or flour. Neat, battened down. Some streets are bad—streets with shops. One realizes now how well the streets are usually kept here—washed and sluiced and swept.

Lunch with A. J. Chez Josephine. First time I have been in a restaurant since the start of "the events." Only four tables besides our own—place usually so packed at lunchtime you need to book. Feel it is wartime and we are all black marketeers. Man beside me looks like one, he really does, drinking very good Beaujolais with ice up to the top of the glass, fussing over his cheese. "*Menu de la révolution*," A. J. says sardonically. *Saucisson, pain, beurre, veau aux morilles, fraises au sucre*, etc. Mme. D., the owner's wife, "offers" two whacking glasses of *poire*. A. J. has brought two tins of Kitekat, picked up on the way. Cat is having a "*crise de désespoir*" and is tearing out all its own fur. Mme. D. takes this to heart, says Kitekat "too strong"—too many vitamins. I think this cat is some sort of refugee. Talk at next table really is black-market—how to get gas for your car at a pump marked by a red cross and reserved for people like G. You drive your car *in* the garage; you pretend you are having something repaired, looked at; the garage man (properly tipped) gives you the petrol in a jerry can, strictly illegal, this without being seen by the C.G.T. inspector who is there to watch that fair is fair. At another table, "the events" are discussed rather as Françoise Sagan is discussed in normal times. M. D. thinking of closing the restaurant. Can't get deliveries; no customers; no laundry, even—these are the last clean tablecloths. Lipp Brasserie using paper, plastic. A. J. very bitter about Cohn-Bendit. Sighs, says, "*Quel dommage, ce juif.*" "What?" "*Ce juif qui parle allemand.*" I tease, "And you a Catholic!" Yes, but Jewish all the same. I describe the students saying "*Nous sommes tous des juifs allemands.*" A. J. says, "If you had been here in the war, during the Occupation, and if you had been Jewish, and if you had been a Resistant, you would be less *exaltée* about the French." A. J. can't forgive Cohn-Bendit's father, because he chose to go back to Germany: "He wasn't *rancunier*. Well, I am." Think A. J.'s feeling not a matter of being Jewish but a matter of generations. Jews of that generation wish Cohn-Bendit weren't making himself so damned conspicuous; non-Jews of that generation say, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce petit juif* [or *allemand*]?" But to the kids it simply has no meaning, and that is why I continue to be *exaltée* (in silence). Voices float out: "*Donc ils font l'amour à trois?*" "*Parfaitement. Et avant avec encore une autre. Elle en avait marre, elle s'est suicidée.*" All sounds normal.

Flooded with offers of *liquide*. M. D., Chez Josephine, says he will cash a check "whenever I like," and my *femme de ménage* says that I am to come to her at once if I run short—that her husband keeps the equivalent of about two hundred dollars in cash at all times. As she insists, I say I shall weep. She seems scandalized.

Theme of conversation, over and over: "Would you leave Paris if you could?" "No." Hard for me to realize that, save for the gas shortage, hundreds of thousands of people are not really touched. Think of embassy wife saying, "I'm just not interested." Everyone I know is so involved, so concerned. One of my most conservative friends: "If only the C.P. would take over! *Nous aurions la tranquillité.*" Meaning a very tough law and order, I guess. Read confusing article about something called "talky-walkies," in abandoned newspaper on bench. Have



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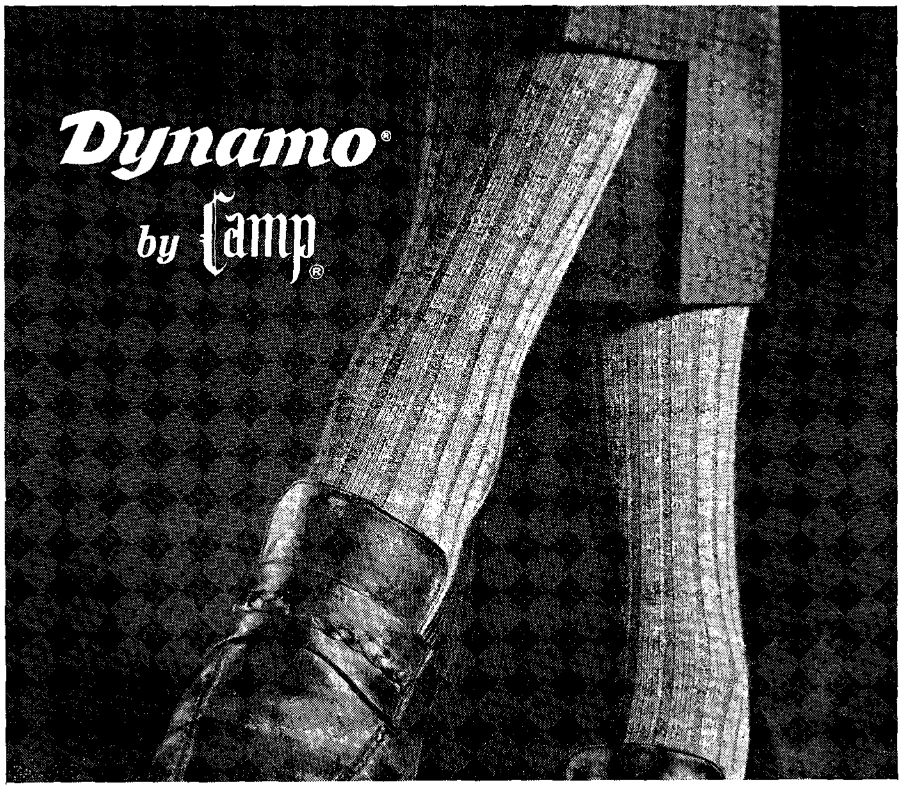

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no shame about scavenging papers. They say no magazines will appear next week. Schools still on strike, and today Anne-Marie's little boy finally refused to be locked up. She can't take him to work, so he was passed from hand to hand. I volunteered to take him for a walk as I searched for *Le Monde*. He trotted along, in his teal-blue corduroy velvet *costume Mao* and his soft Chelsea boots—very elegant. Blond Norman child, a bit small for seven. Dark eyes. Plays with a tape measure. I offer conversation about the weather (cool). In front of a toy display, he comes to a halt. His approach is "I suppose I have enough cars." "Which one are you looking at?" A red jeep with a yellow driver, all plastic, in a plastic bag. "What if I got it for you?" "*Je veux bien.*" My mind labels it thirty-five cents, but it is about a dollar-thirty, and trashy. He says, "I use these cars for catching *bêtes.*" *I* think he means insects, have vision of cockroaches, beetles. But no. "Lions, camels," he says. A mini-safari. As we part, he says, with a French shrug, "*Merci quand-même, eh?*" That is how he will talk to women when he is thirty.

When you see a knot of people on the street now, you know that newspapers are being sold—piled on the ground, sometimes even on a chair. Search for *Le Monde*. Stop a number of people walking along reading it, but each person always says, "It was the last copy." Find a pile of papers and a boy selling them near the Bon Marché, which has that strange Monday aspect of being shut up.

Lay in modest hoard—two one-half pounds of coffee, and extra batteries for the transistor, which is very hard-worked. I can understand now why people panic over food. Mme. D., the wife of the owner of Chez Josephine, said of the hoarders, "My husband and I laughed at them, but now we begin to wonder if they weren't the intelligent ones." Shopping in the Primistère chain store across the street from Josephine, I see that the shelves of canned goods are empty again—only the prices are left. Third time since Monday the stock has been cleaned out. Nobody buys anything fresh—tomatoes, lettuces untouched. The yogurt and cottage-cheese people on strike—last lot there, in the cold counter. I discover the first impulse to stock—to take countless yogurts, just in case. In case what? Idiotic. Later, I learned that the Basque restaurant along the street will close next week if the strike hasn't ended. The wife of the man in the

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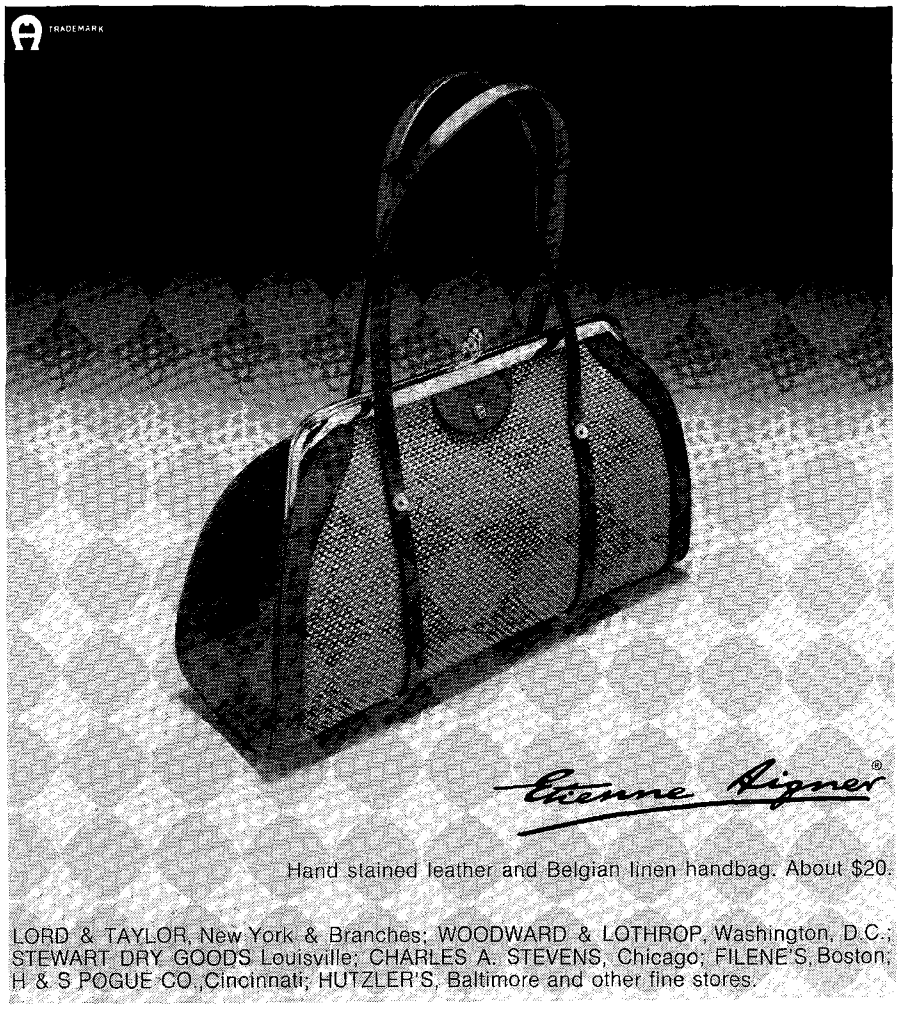

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shoe shop (she carrying what seems to be a ton of bread) says that they may close, too, that de G. has let them down, that she hopes I haven't worn my new shoes in the rain.

Fouchet's statement in the middle of the night last night: "In spite of our sympathy with the students . . ." M. L.'s comment: "Giving sympathy with a bulldozer!"

Pharmacy in the Latin Quarter. Man and two women (owners of the place?) sit huddled on three chairs. I ask for eye lotion, because I am bothered by the gas in the streets. Remembering a warning I've read, I say, "Something neutral, not dangerous with tear gas." All three stare at me with *fear* and *hostility*. It is an animal expression. I suddenly realize they think I have been setting fire to cars. I want to say to them, "Why don't you speak up? Why don't you say you hate all this, if you do hate it?" No, they are like dark little animals.

No theatres, no TV, except for the news, and newsmen will probably strike tomorrow; movies may strike next. People driven to reading books (no magazines, either). Driven to reading. God, what a fate! Women more patient, I notice. But inactivity is driving all the men I know off their rockers. E. walked through tear gas and felled trees to buy a Bach record for me at Gibert's. The shop had looked wrecked to me. They must still be doing business inside. Z. down to reading nothing but *Le Monde* and anything she can find about the Commune. Feel claustrophobic; queer cravings—for, for instance, Offenbach (another France?), for Italian poetry (because of claustrophobia, and Italy not France?). Discover I can no longer read it without a dictionary. Gone.

Sit down with pencil and try to make sense of the organized groups called "commandos." Who are trained in armed combat and street fighting? Parachutists. Who know about Molotov cocktails? The O.A.S. did. What clandestine training camps have we heard about in France? The mercenaries'. Matching ingredients, to me. Take my theories down the street to Jacqueline's bookshop. She says her friends have come to same conclusions: extreme right but not intellectuals—no, the bullies, the toughs. The nothing-at-all boys who like being paid (or promised) and like hitting people. Floods of book-buying customers. During the first week of the *contestation*, people came in asking for "something to explain the situation." After that, detective novels. A woman comes in and says, "Something with sun in it—*j'ai besoin de soleil.*" I sit there reading a translation of Painter's "Gide," and finally am so deep in it I buy it. Jacqueline gives me hilarious account of how the Writers' Union (new) invaded and occupied the Hôtel de Massa and established a "permanent discussion"—as if they needed special quarters for that! She and G. P. and some bewildered students crept out while they (the writers) were still analyzing "from the point of view of various perspectives" every phrase they intended to put in their *déclaration.* Some were Catholics, some Communists, some Marxist-Leninists, some nothing much. She says they must still be talking.

H. T. calls from the Select, comes round, tells me about last night. In Les Halles, the new *manifestants* overturning crates of food, fruit, smashing, spilling. Truck drivers who had brought the food in, trying to maneuver among broken crates, vegetables, "students," finally threaten to run them over. Describes scene out of purgatory: *manifestants*, helmeted, wading in cherries out of crates they've overturned, picking up handfuls, pressing the fruit to their mouths, juice running; stained, spitting; and they are joined by the whores of the quarter, who had lately been driven underground by the police. "Students?" he says. "Impossible. Workers? I saw the real workers in Les Halles." When a tree was cut down on the Right Bank, everyone clapped and cheered. He saw bystanders who laughed and thought it was funny. Parisians don't deserve their beautiful city, he said. Let them all go and live in Roubaix and Lille. Perhaps its beauty was imposed on them. Etc.

Latin Quarter quiet now. Students have a good *service d'ordre;* they are sending away all the tourists and sightseers, holding hands, forming chains, blocking off the side streets, so that the Army can clean up the mess, and so that unnecessary elements won't hang about.

From the children's nursery in the Sorbonne comes a dramatic call for milk and bread. There is plenty of milk and bread in Paris, though their quarter may have run out. You feel they (the parents) are inventing a false siege, imagining they are in the siege of Leningrad. First they create the psychosis, then they create the physical conditions, as if it were part of something needed. I rang up F. W., who is a step from the Sorbonne, who is a granddaughter of a former Rector and

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whose mother was actually born in the Sorbonne, and who has two babies of her own. Plenty of bread and milk in the quarter. Confirms my theory of siege psychos's. Apart from that, her whole family on the side of the students, against the present Rector; some of them marched May 13th, including her father, a sick man. Her husband night and day at O.R.T.F., on the Reorganization Committee, striking. She part of the teachers' strike. No complaints. Says she has been so nauseated since the hoarding began that her husband thought she was pregnant.

Europe I uses as a signal a recording—American, I imagine—of "Where the Rainbow Ends," someone whistling. A nostalgic, persistent kind of tune. It accompanies, in my mind, burning rubbish in the streets and sad fallen trees.

Find I am asking all my friends: Can you (1) eat, (2) read, (3) work, (4) listen to music? No, no, no, and no, in most cases. In music, I can't stand anything but the pop between news bulletins. Gilbert Bécaud singing "Quand les Cerisiers Refleuriront," or the Sinatras we are suddenly flooded with. When I was sixteen, a rather pompous writer said to me, "When bombs fall on New York, I will listen to Mozart." It infuriated me then. Remembering it now, I'd like to say, "I doubt if you could. I just doubt it."

Everyone sick about the trees. The wife of my *marchand de couleurs* in tears.
—Mavis Gallant

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

"Either we get off the raft of apathy around which we play as swimmers in life, or the raft will sink us."—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

Apathy's no good for a raft. Styrofoam's the thing.

•

Question 14 on page 174 (and the answers to this question on page 182, which are incorrect) should be deleted. The question is too complicated for an introductory book of this kind.—*Erratum in "Statistical Reasoning in Psychology," by R. S. Rodger.*

And as for those answers!

•

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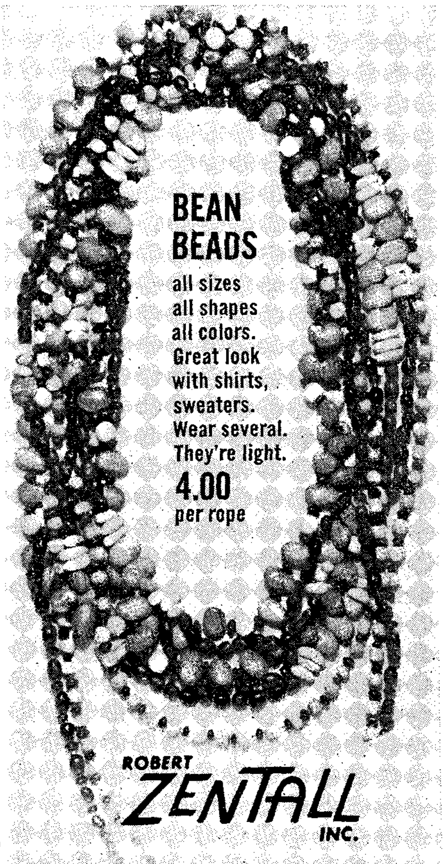

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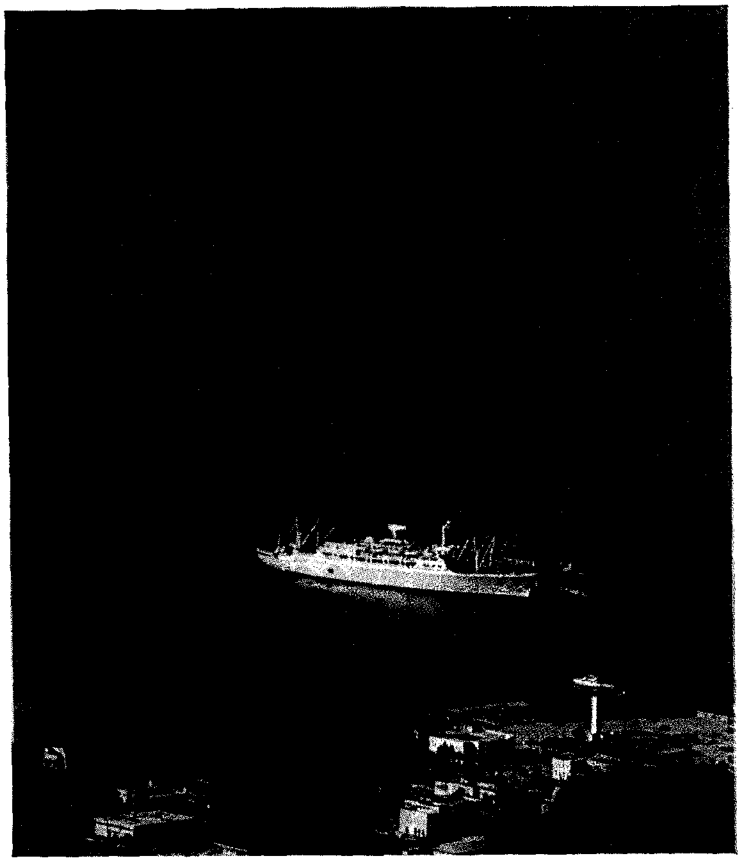

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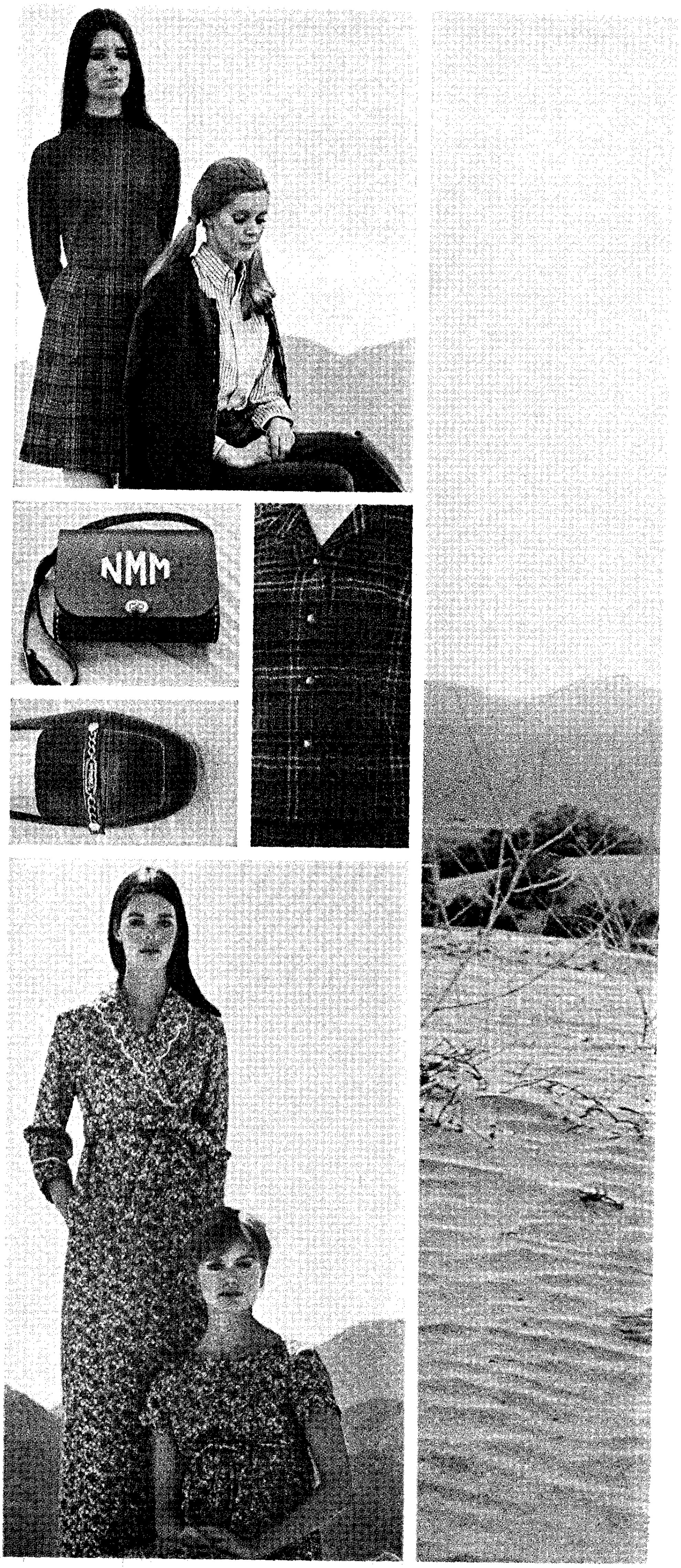

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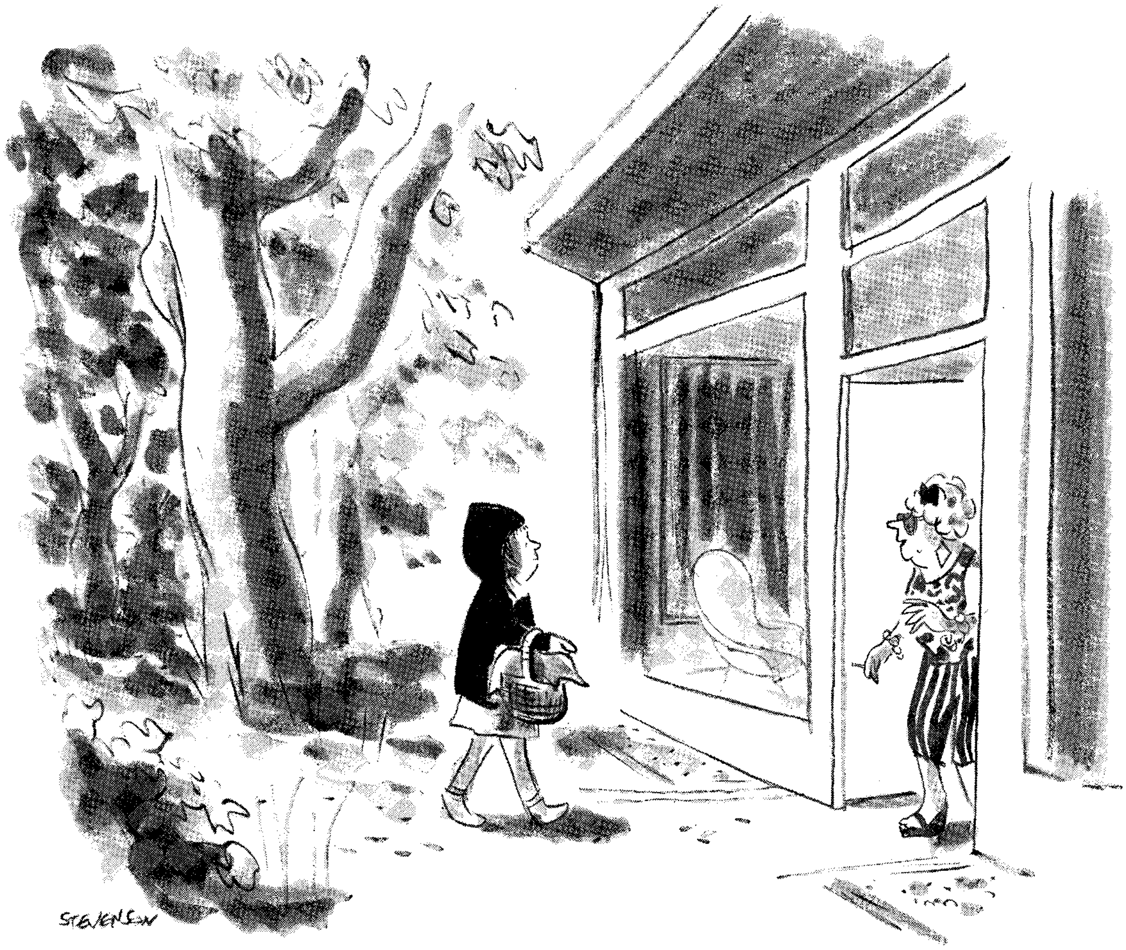
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THEATRE EAST, where "The Fourth Wall" opened the current season, is a long, rectangular room in the basement of a little playhouse on East Sixtieth Street. The audience sits in a semicircle around the stage, which is backed by a closet filled with whatever costumes and props may be needed for the improvisations and set pieces that make up the show. The performers are three young men and two young women, all of limited experience but with some comic ingenuity; their names are Kent Broadhurst, James Manis, Bette-Jane Raphael, Jeremy Stevens, and Marcia Wallace. Mr. Stevens, who has had more professional training than his colleagues, triples as director, part-time compère, and actor. The evening gets off to a feeble start with a speech in which he tells us that the company's aim is to break down the fourth wall—the invisible one between stage and audience that we keep hearing so much about these days, and that is surely the most pregnable wall imaginable. On opening night, the first few numbers, while lively enough, didn't seem to have much to do with acting, and I wondered whether the whole production might not have been more appropriately covered by the Night Life branch of our service. Also, the connection between some of the suggestions (names of people and places) from the audience and the actual improvisations got pretty tenuous, as if some well-rehearsed routines were being hastily applied to present circumstances. Other suggestions sounded like plants, whether they were or not. Of course, this was all on opening night, when the company would naturally need all the protection it could get. Other evenings, other programs, so you will be taking potluck if you go.

The five players seemed quite unprepossessing to me at first, but after a while I began to enjoy them enjoying themselves and to feel some excitement when what appeared to be just nebulous fooling around suddenly came into focus as a funny scene. For me, the high point of the evening was a set piece that takes place at the Aquarium concerning a guard who is rather overdevoted to the fish under his protection ("They're *worth* it") and is also on the make for a Radcliffe girl taking notes for some ichthyological project or other. It must be said that there are many tries at comedy that don't come off, but just as many do. Whether "The Fourth Wall" is theatre or not is, as I said, anybody's guess, but parts of it are certainly entertaining.

"THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE," a musical that opened last week at the Bouwerie Lane, is a disaster (though a trivial one), mostly, I think, because the late Edward Eager, responsible for the script and lyrics, and Tony Tanner, the director, do not seem to have much in common with Max Beerbohm. Sir Max's story—one of the least of his works, for my money—has the ring of a private joke on Oscar Wilde. Told in a mock-Wilde manner, it is about a wicked Regency buck named Lord George Hell, who reforms so thoroughly after one month of marriage to a chaste young actress named Jenny Mere that his ravaged, dissolute face becomes as virtuous as the mask he has had made to conceal it. What makes the story bearable—and also, I should think, resistant to adaptation—is, of course, the ironic presence of Beerbohm himself, commenting on the action ("An hour later they were married according to the simple rites of a dear little registry-office in Covent Garden"). His teasing, deprecating style is worlds away



"Wow, dearie, did you miss the action! A wolf was bugging me, so I gave him a shot of Mace, karated him, and called the fuzz."

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from the hokey, non-comic, noisy travesty that takes place at the Bouwerie Lane. At times, things get so bouncy onstage that I expected the audience to rise to its feet and sing the anthem of some rustic Alma Mater. Among the few worthy contributors to the production are James Bredt, whose music, even bellowed at top lung, sounds more tuneful than most Off Broadway scores, and Michael Horen, Deidre Carter, and Jules Fisher, who designed the scenery, costumes, and lighting, respectively. Incidentally, it struck me, rereading the story, that, satire or not, the character of Jenny Mere, with her fetching little ways, sounds quite a lot like everybody's description of the first Mrs. Beerbohm, whom the author met several years after he wrote "The Happy Hypocrite."

—Edith Oliver

•

THE WELL

Under the stone sky the water
waits
with all its songs inside it
the immortal
it sang once
it will sing again
the days
walk across the stone in heaven
unseen as planets at noon
while the water
watches the same night

Echoes come in like swallows
calling to it
it answers without moving
but in echoes
not in its voice
they do not say what it is
only where

It is a city to which many travellers
came with clear minds
having left everything even
heaven
to sit in the dark praying as one silence
for the resurrection

—W. S. Merwin

•

Bryan, Tex. (UPI)—When a radio station opened on the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College campus in 1918, the Federal Communications Commission approved call letters that combined a name with some school spirit. Station WTAT says its letters came from the phrase, "Watch the Aggies Win."—*The Times.*

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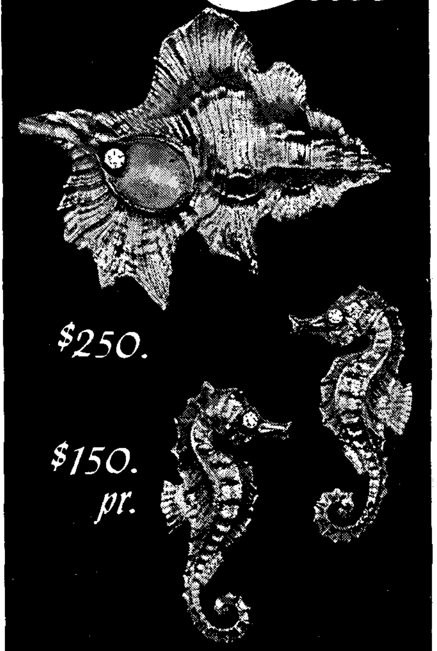

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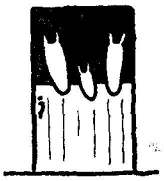

LAST weekend, the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment tried for a triple with its two-year-olds—in the Arlington-Washington Futurity at Chicago with unbeaten King Emperor, in the Matron Stakes at Aqueduct with Irradiate, and in the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City with Beau Brummel. If they'd brought it off, they would have made racing history—and, incidentally, picked up $294,870 in prize money—but the beasts all finished second.

I didn't see the Arlington-Washington Futurity this year, but, from the reports of those who did, it was as merry a scramble for its seven furlongs as you might expect when eighteen runners go for a purse of $385,350. The winner was a colt with the name of Strong Strong (now, I ask you!), who was last out of the starting gate and, after a powerful effort and a little bit of luck, wore King Emperor down in the last hundred yards and beat him by a nose. Night Invader, a length and a half away, was third. As soon as Baeza, who rode King Emperor, could weigh in, he lodged a claim of foul against the winner (customary practice in all the Arlington Futurities I've seen), which was disallowed. According to the chart, King Emperor was away well and was three lengths in front with only a furlong to go, but the pace had been lickety-split up to that point—the quarter having been run in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:44⅘, and six furlongs in 1:09⅖—and he couldn't keep it up. (The time for the full distance was 1:22⅘.) As you know, King Emperor is by Bold Ruler, whose sons like six furlongs better than seven. Strong Strong, by Traffic Judge out of War Star, had won only twice and earned $9,105 in eleven starts prior to last Saturday; he made up for it to Samuel Steiner and Bill Resseguet, Jr., his owners, with a jackpot of $212,850.

Offhand, I'd say that Max Hirsch, who is now eighty-eight years old, has saddled a winner of almost every major stakes race east of the Mississippi. He added the Matron to his list when Gallant Bloom, whom he trains for King Ranch, made every post a winning one in this major event for fillies at the Big A a couple of hours before the race in Chicago. Nine lengths behind her, the Wheatley Stable's Irradiate took second place comfortably from Queen's Double. Show Off, the favorite, was fourth. Though Gallant Bloom, who had won a division of the National Stallion Stakes late in June, scored impressively, the performance of Irradiate, a charming gray filly by Ribot out of High Voltage, was worth remembering, particularly for the longer races to come. Away slowly, she was a bad last going down the backstretch, and was still sixth two furlongs from home, but she came streaking along the rails and was fairly flying past the others at the finish. At Atlantic City later that afternoon, Tearing Around lived up to his name in the World's Playground Stakes. Sweeping around the leaders in the last quarter, he won going away by a couple of lengths from Ogden M. Phipps's Beau Brummel (who was the favorite), North Flight, and a dozen other runners. Ed Neloy, who trains the Wheatley Stable and the Phipps horses, has had happier days.

THERE has been so much going on here, there, and everywhere, beginning with the holiday weekend, that I can't pretend to have kept up with all of it. The most notable happening, of course, was the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day, in which Damascus, odds-on in the betting, obligingly won by a length and a half from More Scents. It was a supremely exciting race, fought out by two top-class horses, but I thought it was far from the best that Damascus has run. Granted that he was giving More Scents twenty pounds—and that's no light concession—he was under extreme pressure through the last quarter of the mile and a furlong. More Scents, winner of the Fall Highweight Handicap, had taken the lead from the start and was still going strong when Baeza brought Damascus up to challenge on the turn for home, and it was nip and tuck from there until he got his head in front in about the last fifty yards. Fort Drum was third, eight lengths farther away. The time was 1:48⅖.

I've always felt that only a horse's trainer should decide the nature of his preparation and when and where he should run, but I can't help thinking that John Nerud missed a big step forward in Dr. Fager's bid for Horse of the Year honors by not sending him against Damascus in the Aqueduct Stakes. The big bay colt, fresh from

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his amazing mile in 1:32⅕ at Arlington, was never in better form, and the distance of the race would have been just his cup of tea. Hedevar, the stablemate of Damascus, and his "prompter," as they say at the trots, would have been in there to set as fast an early pace as he could to upset Dr. Fager, as he did in the Brooklyn Handicap, but I doubt if he could have got away with it this time. As a matter of fact, Hedevar ran next day at a mile and finished third in fairly slow time. What's more to the point, the only races in which Dr. Fager and Damascus would be likely to meet again this season are at a mile and a half, and that distance favors Damascus.

NO doubt something like this has happened before, but it is still worth noting that back in 1949 Nell K. won the Gazelle Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, and the other Saturday at Aqueduct her granddaughter Another Nell (there's probably wishful thinking in the name) won the fixture in fine style. Altogether, it was a family affair, for Another Nell is owned by Bruce Norris, and Nell K. was owned by his brother Jim, the country's leading boxing promoter a decade ago. You may also recall that Nell K. was a full sister of Jamie K., who ran second to Native Dancer in the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Another lively number for the sex at Aqueduct last week was the Maskette Handicap, in which Amerigo Lady beat Serene Queen by a head, with Green Glade third. It was a prep for the Beldame Stakes this weekend. I regret to report that, for reasons best known to her stable, Dark Mirage will not start in the Beldame.

—Audax Minor

•

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with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Robert Donat and Binnie Barnes. Just as fresh . . . now as it was when it was filmed on location 425 years ago in Tudor, England.—*Adv. in the Princeton (N.J.) Town Topics.*

Even today, Tudor is the quaintest little place.

•

If any one thing bothers him, it would appear to be questions concerning his age. After the mustachioed editor admitted to being a Union County native, a reporter asked him how many years he had resided there. "All my life," came the witty reply.
—*Publishers' Auxiliary.*

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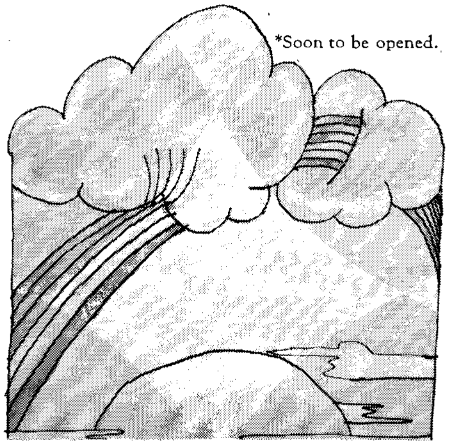

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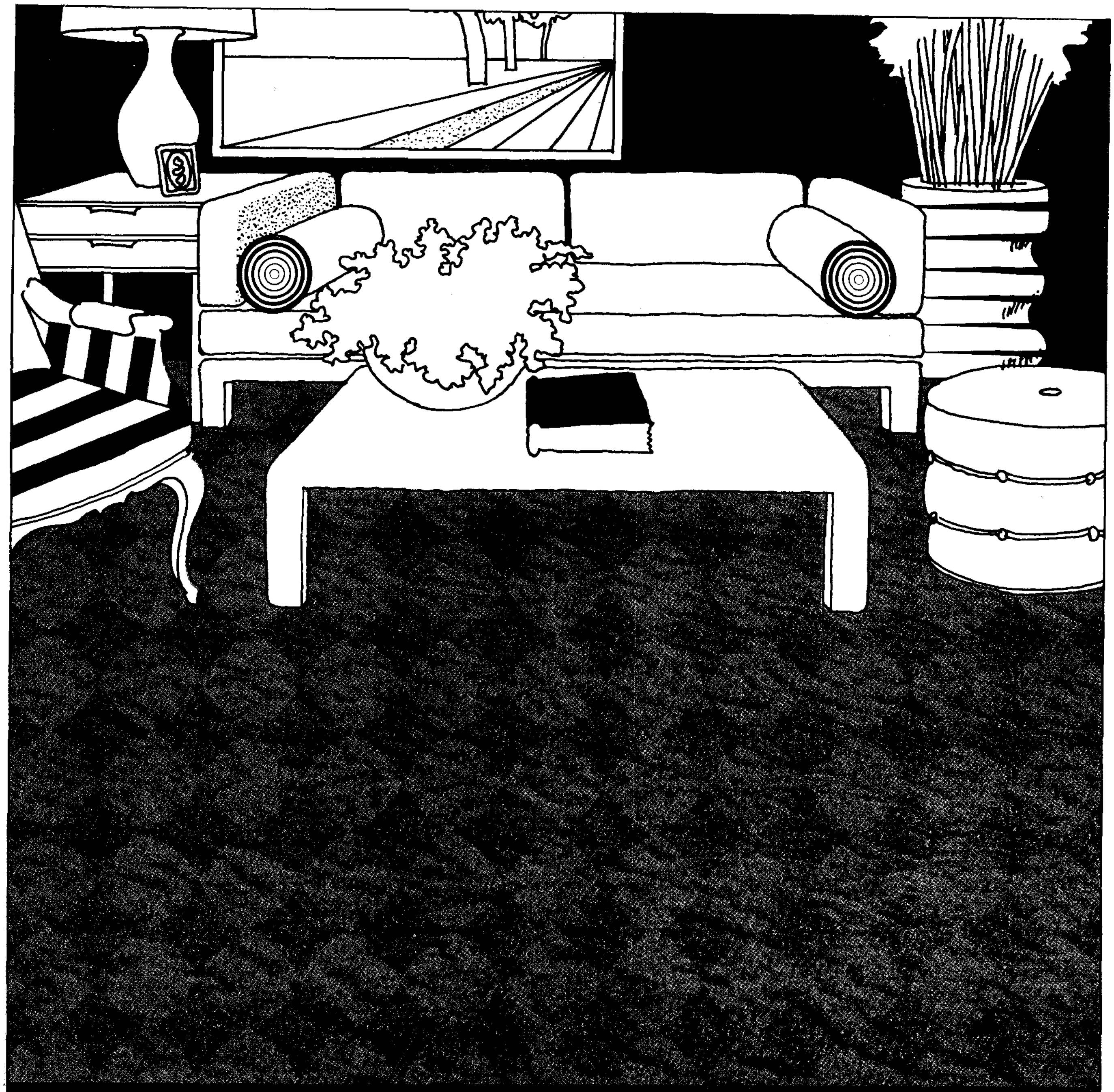

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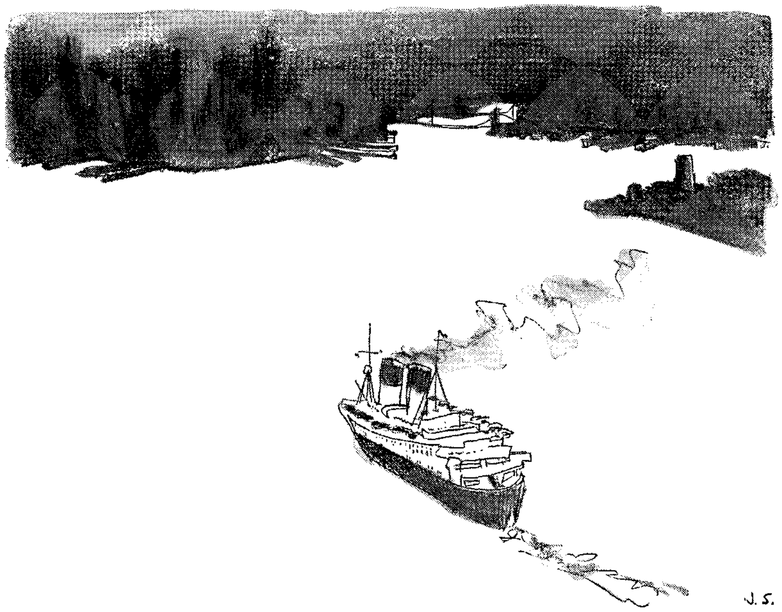
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SANDY HOOK PILOTS

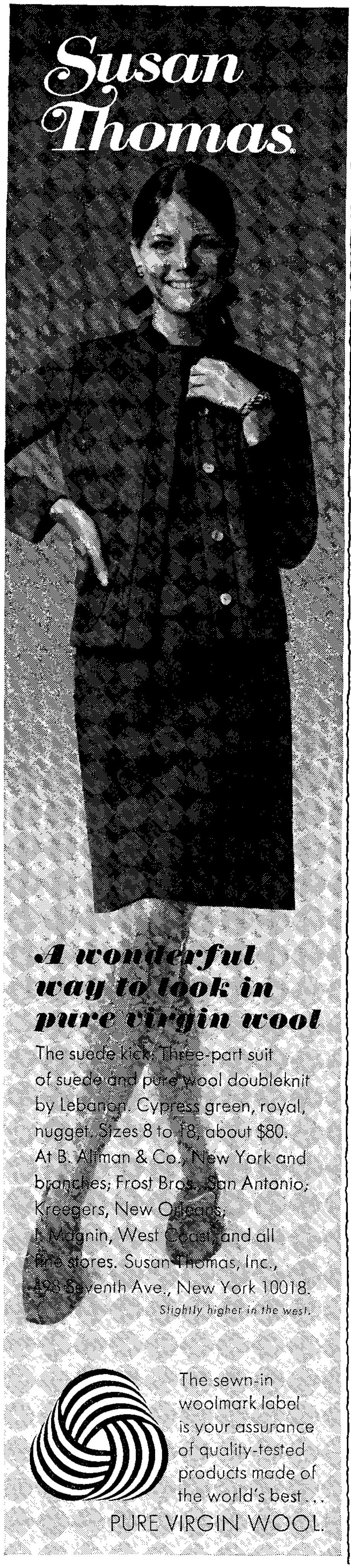


SOMETIMES, when the wind is right, the strong, hoarse sound of a ship's whistle penetrates into midtown Manhattan, over the din of clogged traffic, diesel horns, and sirens. To me the ship's sound is a pleasant one, calm and self-assured, and I am glad when I hear it. The whistles of ships and harbor craft aren't heard very often these days, however; ship and tugboat men are using more restraint, because some people have complained about the noise. This restraint is a symptom of something more general that has been happening in the harbor. New York is one of the largest and busiest ports in the world. It has the best natural deepwater harbor on the East Coast, and for years it was the major link between the inland United States and the ports of Europe. In the nineteenth century, the city grew up around the waterfront. The bowsprits of the square-riggers that carried cargo to and from the city jutted all the way across South Street, in lower Manhattan, when the ships tied up along the East River, and a thicket of masts and spars higher than the buildings rose into the sky. Over the last several decades, however, the waterfront has become less important to the life of the city. People and business have been moving inland, leaving along the shore a ring of unused piers, sheds, warehouses, and empty lots. Behind these, there is constant activity in the harbor, but most people never see it, and seem to have little use for it—much less for commuting across the rivers by ferryboat. Every time a bridge or a tunnel has opened in recent years, a ferry line has closed, and the harbor, once a part of daily life, has become that much more remote from it. Now, where once there were more than forty public routes, only the Staten Island Ferry remains.

To many people the passing of the ferries is a relief, but I feel differently about it; to me it represents an end to the growth of interest and involvement in seafaring. I like the comings and goings of ships, and I've spent time on different kinds, going along to different parts of New York Harbor with their pilots and learning various things, like what their whistles mean. (They are signals, and not, as some of those who dislike them seem to feel, mere expressions of exuberance.) I've watched men doing a number of jobs in the harbor, and in my opinion one of the most interesting is that of a pilot. To me—and to many seafaring men, and to the pilots themselves—a pilot has a life that is ideal, since it allows him to do his seafaring near home. He is not afflicted with the lure of seas and ports he has never seen. He lacks a ship of his own, but he is master of a place and every vessel that comes to it. Few ship captains handle their own ships as expertly as the pilots handle all ships that come their way, and few men, ship captains or not, have such a detailed knowledge of wind, weather, and current. Instead of the monotony of long passages, the pilot has constant variety in his harbor and in the ships visiting it. He is the first person to meet a ship as she comes into port, and the last to see her off as she departs.

There are two sorts of pilots working in New York Harbor. One is the docking pilot, who boards a large ship near her pier and, commanding one or more tugs by radio from the ship's bridge, brings her into her dock—and who, again using tugs, moves her from her dock out into the open water of the harbor. Docking pilots usually work for one of the many towing companies in the city, and they may belong to one of the several pilot associations, which charge docking fees in addition to the fees that the shipping lines must pay to the towboat companies. The other sort of pilot is the bar pilot, and he is a member of either the United New York Sandy Hook Pilots Association or the United New Jersey Sandy Hook Pilots Association. Bar pilots bring a ship up the channels that lead from the sea, through the harbor, and up near her pier, where the docking pilots take over; and they take over from the docking pilots after the ship has left her pier and guide her out to sea again. I have gone back and forth a few times with Sandy Hook pilots, and a while back I went out with one of them while he brought the Queen Elizabeth from open water into New York Bay and up the Hudson River. Beforehand, I had a talk with Captain George Seeth, who is a retired Sandy Hook pilot and a friend of mine, about the work pilots do.

Captain Seeth spent nearly fifty years in the pilot service as apprentice and pilot, and his career, which began in 1906, when sailing ships were common in New York Harbor, and continued until after the huge tankers began to appear, following the Second World War, covered most of the time the Sandy Hook Associations have been in existence. His father was a pilot, he had two brothers and both of them were pilots, and his son and a son of one of his brothers are pilots. He also has a grandson, now in the Coast Guard, who is expected to start pilot apprenticeship when his tour of duty is over. There are families in New York and New Jersey that have been piloting longer than the Seeths, but few of them have been so well represented. George Seeth's years as a pilot were eventful. "Candidly, I've been lucky," he says. "A lot of pilots are happy to get their ship in and go home without anything happening. I never was. I'm taking after my father to a certain extent in that; he was adventurous, too. I wanted things to happen, and they did. When something was happening in or near this harbor, I seemed to be there." Captain Seeth sometimes tells of pilot-



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ing during a three-month period in 1923, when, because of a change in the administration of immigration laws, admission procedures became temporarily chaotic. Steamship companies would bring shiploads of immigrants far in excess of the quotas to the three-mile limit, and there, just outside United States waters, all the immigrant ships would anchor and wait. At one minute after midnight on the first of each month, the ships could weigh anchor and enter American waters. The pilots in charge of the ships raced to the quarantine station, on Staten Island, for the first passengers to reach the station were the ones admitted to the country; when the quota had been filled, the rest had to be taken back to the ports they had sailed from. It was a dismal responsibility for the pilots, particularly since the speed that was urged on them for the sake of victory compounded their normal risks. Captain Seeth was also a pilot during both World Wars, and from 1941 to 1945 he owned all the boats used by the Sandy Hook pilots—a fleet of nine. In 1941, the pilots all became part of the Coast Guard, and their boats had to go into the service with them. As guild members, the Sandy Hook pilots owned their boats jointly—they still do—but the Coast Guard had a regulation permitting it to take boats only from individual owners, so the pilots sold all their boats to Captain Seeth for a dollar. He thereupon handed them over to the Coast Guard. After the war, the Coast Guard gave them back to him; he returned them to the guilds and got his dollar back.

Captain Seeth and his wife live in an apartment in Greenwich Village and have a summer house on the north shore of Long Island. The Captain is a small man with a fringe of white hair around his head. His eyes are brown, and they seem to bulge with impatient curiosity. His remarks are definite, concise, and emphatic, and they are spoken in a vigorous, hoarse, high-pitched voice. I called on him at his apartment one day a while back, and as he ushered me in, my eye was caught by a painting on one wall of the living room. It showed a pilot schooner under full sail in a fresh breeze, and I asked about her.

"That's the Edward F. Williams," he said. "She went ashore on Sandy Hook in the blizzard of '88. Nine boats went ashore, and three were lost, in that storm. It probably had more to do with the founding of the United Sandy Hook Pilots than any other thing. It was better to be a group when there

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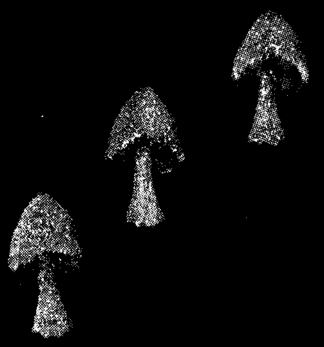

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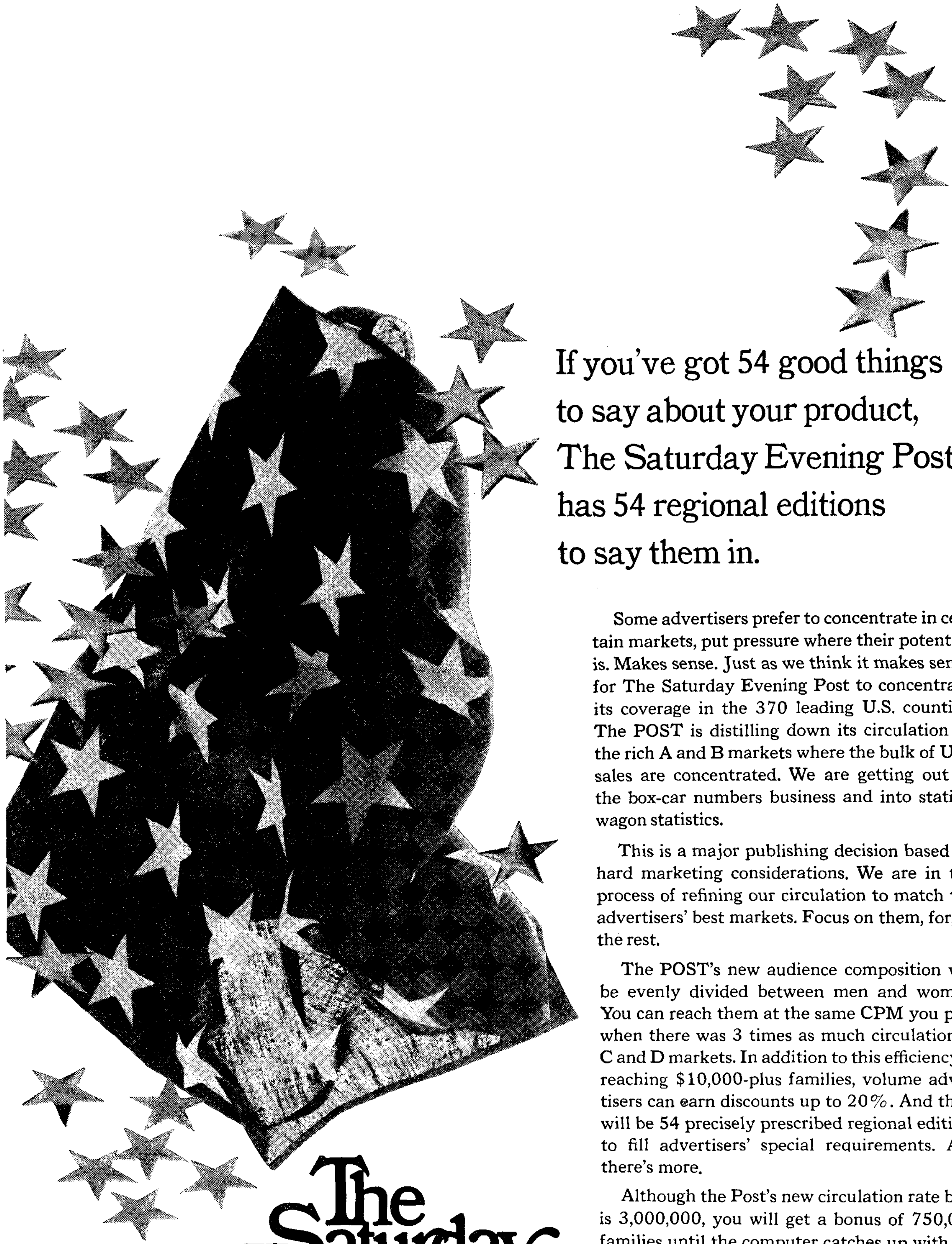

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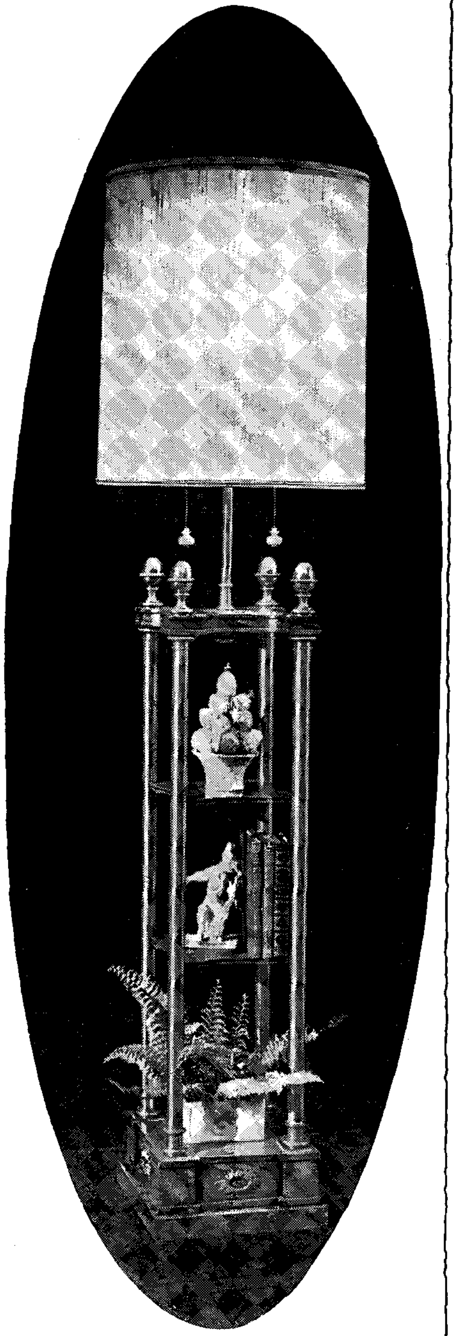

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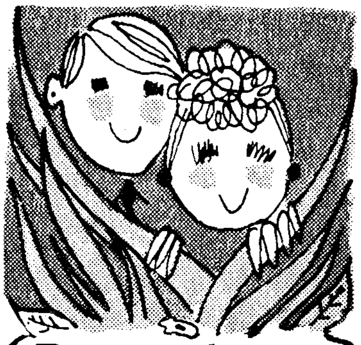
were losses of that kind. Even if the men survived the wreck, the loss of the boat was more than just those few men could afford, and more often than not they had to give up piloting."

We sat down at a table next to a window that overlooked an eastbound street, and Captain Seeth pushed aside some papers he had been working on (much of his time today is spent writing histories of steamships and addressing various organizations). He pointed out a steady stream of ship-company trucks passing by, and said, "They're going by all day and all night, coming from around the Chelsea piers. You can't hear the whistles of the ships over there just now, because the wind isn't right, but when it shifts around we hear them. I always know how the weather's going to be, because as soon as the wind starts to change, we start hearing whistles off the river."

The Captain settled back in his chair. "To be a pilot, you've got to have an intimate knowledge of the weather and what it does to different parts of the harbor—regardless of what the tide tables say, or any of that," he said. "When there's a heavy east wind, it just about kills the ebb in the North River. Northwest kills the flood. When the ebb is starting at the edge of the river, you'll still have flood in the middle, and when there's ebb in the middle it'll still be flood fifteen feet down. In early May, with the freshets, there's no flood at all—just a slackening of the ebb. And any time of year, a rainstorm upstate can delay the flood as much as an hour." He waited while I absorbed this, and added emphatically, his thoughts already travelling in a new direction, "You know, there isn't a pilot has had his license ten years could pass that pilot test. It's become a part of you, and you know without thinking. You don't have time to think anyhow. A pilot doesn't think: How many miles is it to the next buoy and how long will it take the ship with the tide halfway to flood to get there? You just know it. It's like having a built-in computer. I've done things I couldn't have figured out how to do if I were sitting down thinking about it. You get a certain instinct that tells you a whole lot that instruments never show; a change of a degree or so tells you if you're getting tide on one bow or the other."

Captain Seeth hitched his chair toward the table, leaned closer, and went on, "A lot of people think a pilot is just a lot of local knowledge walking around, but if that were true, radar, sonar, and good charts would be near to putting us out of business. You



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couldn't do without knowing the area, but it's skill handling ships that is your meal ticket. That's how my father got to be a New York pilot. He was born in Denmark, and he was helmsman on a German bark once when a pilot from New York was travelling on her. The New York man told him, 'If you ever need a job, come to me. We need men with the feel of a ship.' Well, months later, after my father had been sick in a hospital in Brooklyn and been left behind by his ship, they met again, and he started as an apprentice. I was brought up on boats from babyhood. First I had a sailing canoe, then I graduated to another sailboat. Pilots' sons usually have an inbred feeling, but, candidly, if I had a son who wasn't the right material I'd rather not see him go into the service. At the moment, about all the apprentices have been in the Coast Guard, as my grandson is now, and that's good experience. My father said to me when I was getting my license that if you can't beat the ship's captain in a situation you're no good to him. I always remembered that. It was good advice, and I made it my business to learn everything I could about screws and engines. The designers have done some pretty queer things over the years. Even if they hadn't, no two ships would be alike, even two sister ships built from identical plans—one of them might turn easier to port, for instance. They all have personalities.

"The first big ship I took in after I had my full license was the Arabic. I was pretty young, and when I came aboard the captain said, 'How's Captain Conners?' 'He's fine,' I said. Well, Captain Conners had been retired for fifteen years. You see, this captain thought I looked too young to pilot his ship, but when he found I knew Captain Conners, he figured I was all right. And I did know him, because he was a friend of my father's. Soon after that, I was taking out another big ship, the Empress of Australia. She had three screws. Only a few ships ever have had, but she was one of them. They'd take off the middle one when she was going out on cruises; it cut down on her speed, but it also cut down the fuel bills. Most pilots didn't like her at all. They said she wouldn't do this and wouldn't do that. She was just different, though—and you had to know which way she was rigged, because you had to handle her differently each way. That first time I took her out, she had all three screws working. We got her out to the Narrows, and the captain said to me, 'We've lost our steering.' The ship wasn't answering

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her helm. So I said, 'We'll go left into Gravesend Bay and anchor.' Well, the captain said, 'You can't do it with this ship.' 'We will do it,' I said. I put her on the starboard screw and backed and filled, and we went into Gravesend Bay and anchored, and they got the steering fixed. Then we went out and it happened again, halfway down the channel, and I turned her to starboard this time, because there was East Bank right to port of us. After the trouble was over, the captain said, 'If they told me it had happened I wouldn't believe it.' But that's what a pilot's for.

"There was another ship, the old Duilio. Most ships' screws turn outward, but two of hers—she had four—were in-turning. She was supposed to be unmanageable, and she was if you handled her like an ordinary ship with outturning screws. Some pilots wouldn't touch her, if they could help it. But I wanted to learn about her, and when she'd come in, someone would say, 'Well, George, here's your ship.' And I'd trade off with them. One time, I had to hold her dead in the water off Governors Island—one of the most difficult things I ever did. That's hard enough with any ship, particularly if you have any wind or current, and we did. I think with her the screws made the job easier, but, you see, I knew about in-turning screws.

"I'll give you an example of how emergencies come up and what you can do for a captain that he couldn't do himself. A few years ago, I was going down the harbor on the Caronia. It was blowing a gale from the northeast and snowing. We had radar then, but just having radar doesn't solve all your problems. As we approached Craven Shoal, the radar showed the buoy about fifteen degrees off the starboard bow, and that course would have cleared the buoy with plenty of room. The radar didn't do us any good closer than a quarter of a mile, and the wind and tide set me down so far in just that quarter of a mile that when we sighted the buoy through the snow it was almost dead ahead. If I'd tried to go the right way—*out*side the buoy—we'd have got the mooring chain fouled in the prop. I knew I had to swing *in*side and immediately give full ahead. As soon as the bow was clear I had to swing back again and then straighten out to keep the stern clear. And that's what we did. I knew the exact shape of that shoal, and I knew there was that much room for this particular ship to pass through inside the buoy, and I knew what that ship would do under those circumstances. If

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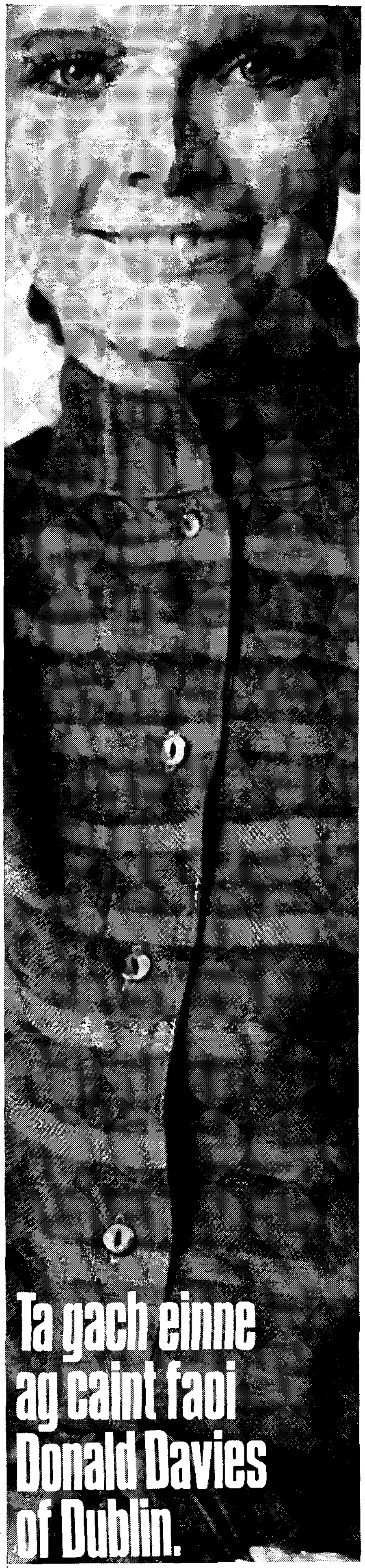
"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed by Shannon Rodgers.


Ta gach einne ag caint faoi Donald Davies of Dublin.

*Donald Davies of Dublin is a cult. 673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp.* For nearest store write 417 Fifth Ave. New York 10016.

I hadn't, I would never have been able to do it. And if I had waited one second to think about it, it would have been too late. Now, that used all the different kinds of knowledge I had."

Captain Seeth sat back and watched me. I said it sounded as if it had been a hair-raising experience, and he shrugged and went on, "I've been very lucky. Time and again, I've missed by such a small fraction of an inch . . ." He searched for words for a moment, and then started anew. "Pilots are fatalists—they believe there's a power that helps them out. I know damned well I've done things no human can do. I was coming up once in the old Nieuw Amsterdam. We left quarantine in a fog. You couldn't see anything, but I expected it to clear, and I decided we could go on up, and we went ahead very slowly. As we came up to Liberty, something told me to anchor, and I told the captain, 'We'll have to anchor.' He thought I was crazy. He said, 'Anchor! I didn't think we should have *left* anchor!' 'Well,' I said, 'we'll have to anchor now.' We dropped the hook, and half an hour or an hour later it began to clear and we saw the light of the torch on Liberty. Then, as it cleared more, we saw there was a long tow of barges behind a tug, anchored, on our starboard side. There was another tow of barges along the port side, and another dead ahead. We'd sailed right up that slot, and if we'd gone any farther we'd have been in trouble. But all we had to do then was back down and go on up to the pier. We hadn't seen anything earlier or heard anything; the tugs were way on up at the head of the tows. Something just told me we had to anchor."

Captain Seeth went on to talk of another fog, on a day when he was taking the liner Majestic out, and of what the word "emergency" means to a pilot. "It was a midnight sailing, and when we were opposite quarantine, the captain and I both turned and looked back at the lights of Manhattan," he said. "Just five hundred yards farther on, we were in a fog so thick you couldn't see the bow of the ship from the bridge. The tide was behind us. Next thing, we heard a ship ahead. The captain wanted to go full speed astern, and if we had they would have plowed into our side, because we were going right across their bow. I went full ahead and hard right and cleared, but I could have shaken hands with the men on the other bridge. If you have time to think about something, it's not

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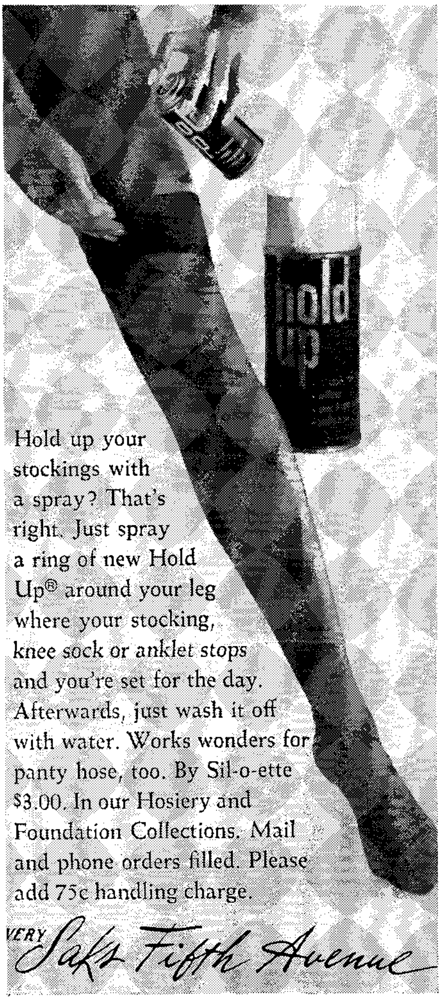

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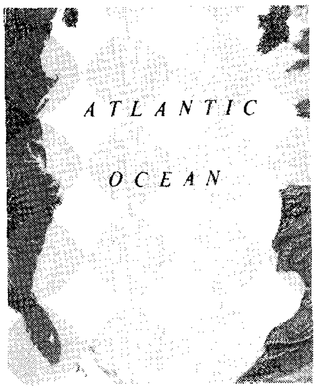

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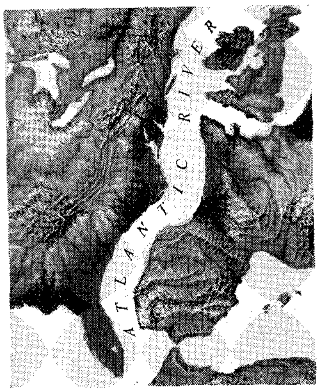

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a real emergency. You have to do the right thing without thinking."

THE use of pilots is compulsory in most large ports and waterways of the world, including New York Harbor. Under New York State law, all ships in foreign trade or under a foreign flag must carry a pilot when entering and leaving New York Harbor and while moving between points within the harbor. Coasting vessels are exempted if an officer on board has a federal license to navigate in these waters. The duties of the bar pilot in New York Harbor are the sole prerogative of the men who belong to one of the two Sandy Hook pilots' associations. There are ninety-three New York Sandy Hook pilots and fifty-one New Jersey Sandy Hook pilots, and there is no distinction by state between their duties. In both groups, the pilots nominate and train their apprentices and regulate their pay system; the shipping lines pay the Associations, which, in turn, pay each pilot, by shares, according to the grade of his license. All property, including boats, is owned coöperatively and held in the name of the Associations. A bar pilot is licensed by his state and the Coast Guard, and, regardless of his rank, his performance is overseen and annually reviewed by the New York State Board of Commissioners of Pilots or by the Board of Pilotage Commissioners for New Jersey. The fees that the ship companies pay to the Associations are established by state law, the basic charge for bringing a ship into or out of the harbor now being $10 per foot of the ship's draft—which is to say, the deeper a ship rides in the water, the more she pays for pilotage. The other pilot groups in New York, associated with some of the tugboat companies, are responsible to fewer regulatory bodies than the Sandy Hook pilots, but their docking masters—who always work with tugs—are no less expert at docking and undocking ships than the Sandy Hook pilots are at navigating the harbor. The two jobs are naturally complementary, and within the harbor they frequently overlap. The docking pilot works his way up through the ranks from deckhand on tugs before being designated an apprentice pilot. The Sandy Hook pilot begins on a pilot boat as a spare boy, or provisional apprentice, and is usually accepted as an articled apprentice in two or three years, after which he performs a series of jobs that require increasing skill. Apprenticeship lasts five or six

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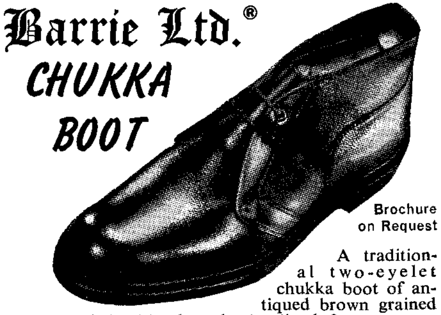

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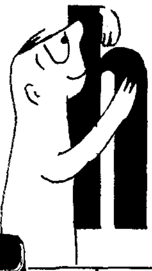

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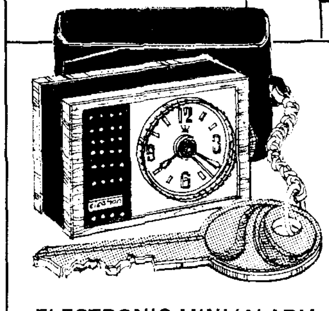

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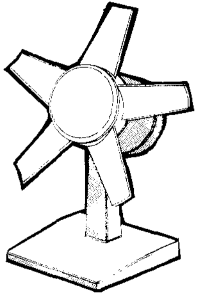

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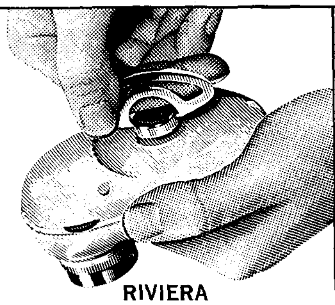

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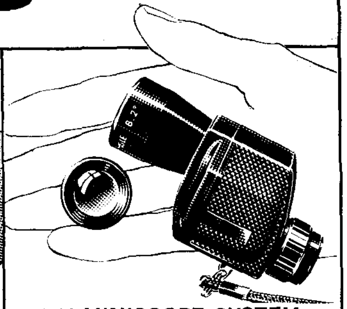

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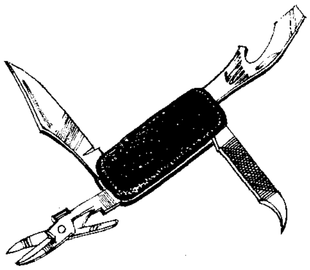

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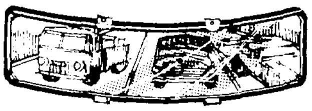

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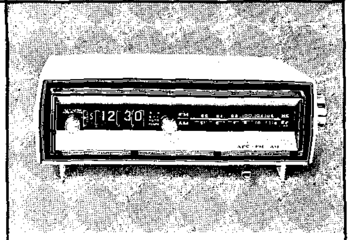

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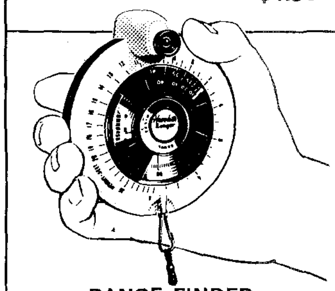

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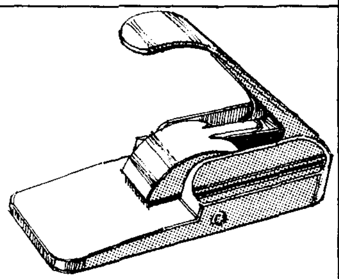

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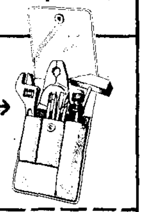

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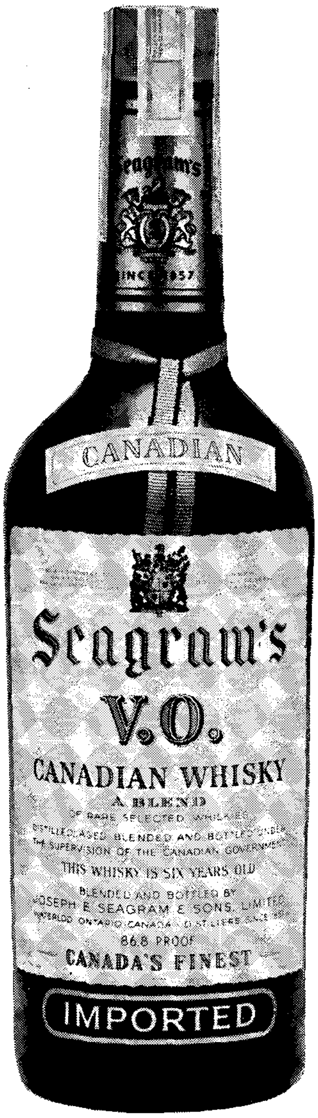

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of a total of fourteen or fifteen years that it takes a man to become a full, or branch, pilot. (The term "branch pilot" dates from the sixteenth century. Trinity House, the corporation chartered in 1514 by Henry VIII to promote shipping, awarded a certificate known as a "branch" to pilots who passed its examination.) When the pilot has received his branch, he is able to take any ship—the largest liners, aircraft carriers, huge, sluggish tankers—to and from any part of New York Harbor.

Though the details of apprenticeship for Sandy Hook pilots have gradually changed somewhat, the essentials have remained the same for nearly two centuries. Even before the present Associations were formed, the apprenticeship was strict, as an agreement between a very early nineteenth-century pilot and his bonded apprentice shows:

> Witnesseth, that John Kelso, now aged sixteen years, hath put himself and by these presents by and with the consent of Henry Kelso, his father, by his sealing and delivering, hath put himself and by these presents doth voluntarily and of his own free will and accord put himself apprentice to John Funck of the City of New York, to learn the art, trade and mystery of a pilot, for the piloting of vessels to and from the City of New York by Sandy Hooke and after the manner of an apprentice to serve from the day of the date hereof, for and during the and until the full end and term of five years, next ensuing, during which time the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere readily obey; he shall do no damage to his master, nor see it done by others without letting or giving notice thereof to his said master . . . he shall not commit matrimony within the said term and at cards, dice, or any unlawful game he shall not play, whereby his master shall have damage, with his own goods, nor the goods of others, without license from his said master. He shall neither buy nor sell; he shall not absent himself day or night from his master's service without leave, nor haunt ale houses, taverns or playhouses; but in all things shall behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do, within the said term. And said master shall use the utmost of his endeavor to teach or cause to be taught or instructed the said apprentice in the trade and mystery of a pilot for the piloting of vessels to and from the City of New York, by Sandy Hooke, and during the said term of five years shall pay to said apprentice the sum of seven dollars per month until the said apprentice shall be appointed boatkeeper, after which he shall pay him the wages usually allowed to boatkeepers. And for the true performance of all and singular the covenants and agreements aforesaid, said parties bind themselves each unto the other firmly by these presents. In witness whereof the said parties have, interchangeably, set their hands and seals hereunto this eighth day of August in the

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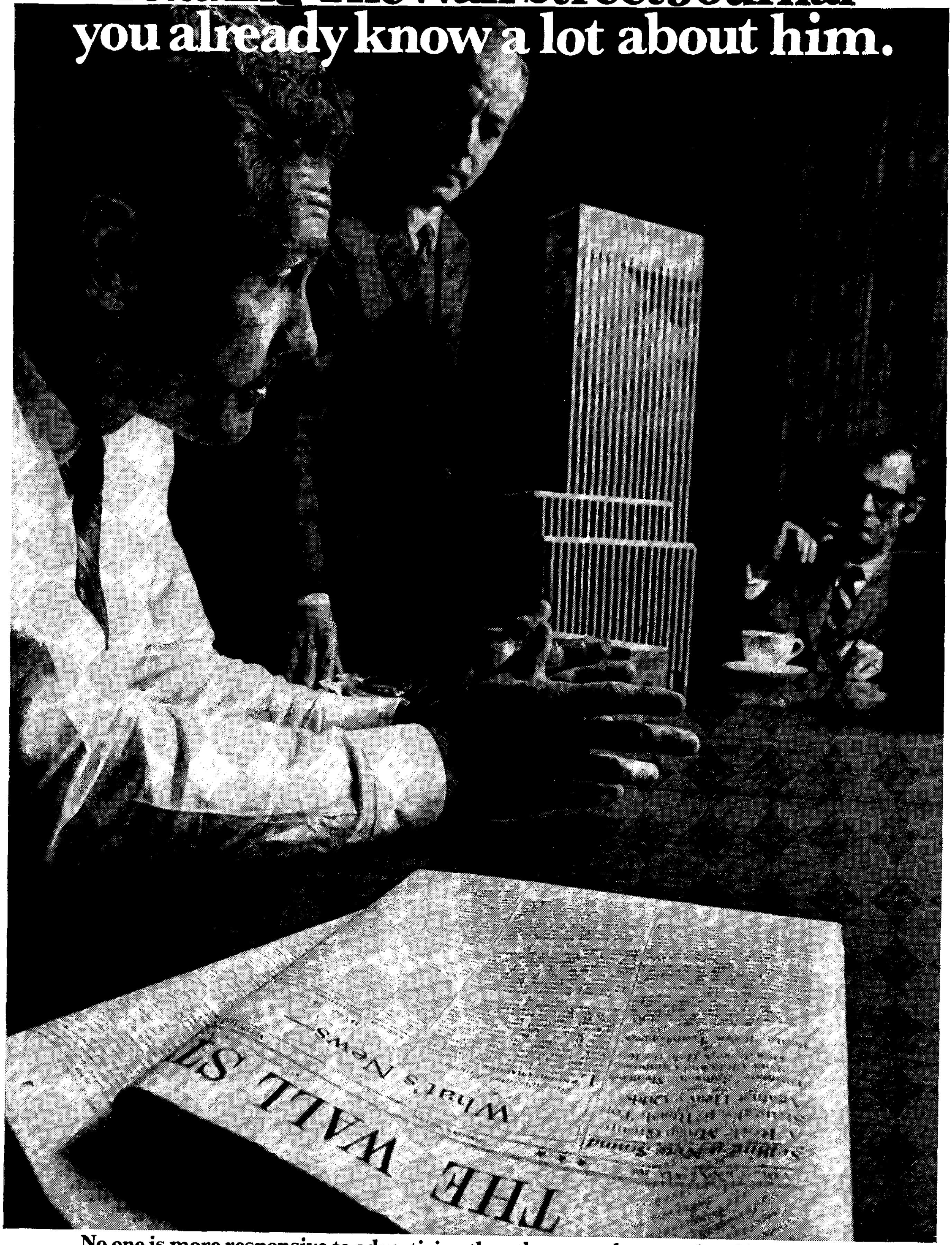
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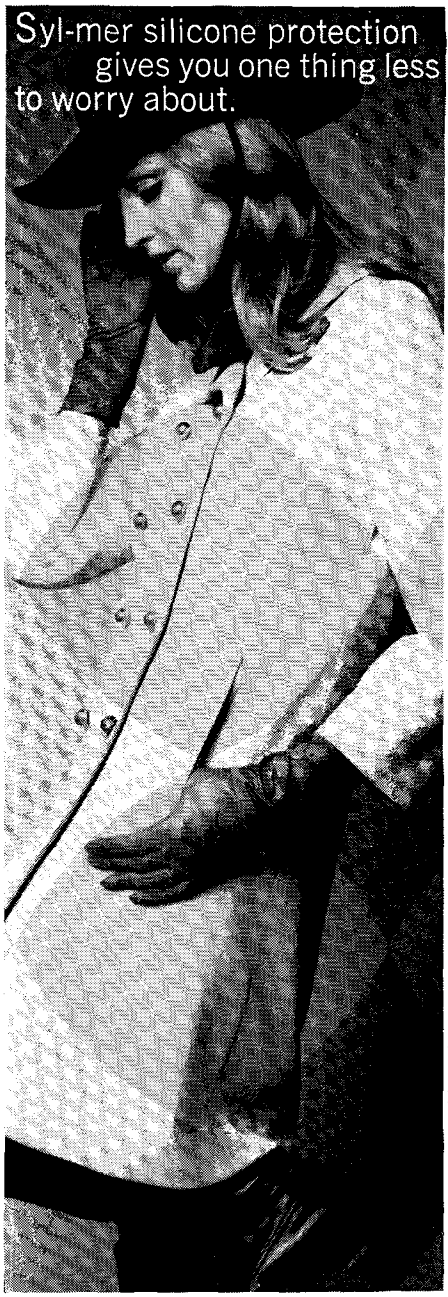

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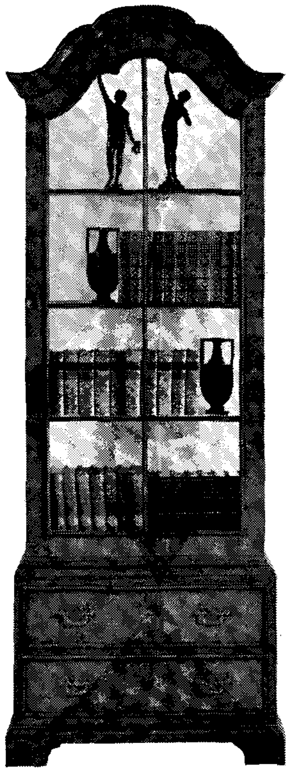
Since John Kelso was bound, wages for apprentice pilots have risen to sixty dollars a week, and though apprentices are no longer sworn against committing matrimony, they still refrain from doing so—no doubt out of the natural prudence that becomes a pilot. Drinking on duty remains forbidden to apprentices (few pilots drink), and they may not smoke in a pilot's presence. The opportunities for haunting playhouses are not broad at Sandy Hook, and, anyway, there are precious few hours of the week that an apprentice spends off a boat or a ship. A Sandy Hook apprentice forswears much that other young men look kindly on. He has little time for movies or dances; he sees little of his friends and shares few of their experiences; if he has any girl friends, they are probably girls he has known for a long time; and his contemporaries are likely to earn two or three times as much a week as he does. The apprentices are philosophical about what they miss, because they know that while they are forgoing pleasure they are gaining knowledge and skill.

An applicant for apprenticeship must have a high-school degree, and he must have satisfied his military obligation. (Many apprentices have served in the Coast Guard.) He must be sponsored by a Sandy Hook pilot, who attests to his character, and while the apprentice learns from everyone on the station boat, he is the special charge of his sponsor. (Each pilot may sponsor only one apprentice at a time.) He must pass muster physically, sharp eyes being an indispensable asset, and he must possess certain not wholly definable qualities of mind, which can be detected by a sponsor but not, apparently, by any aptitude test. No length of apprenticeship or experience will make a man a pilot if he has no feeling for boat-handling. Similarly, no man unversed in boats, whatever feelings lie latent within him, is apt to be proposed for apprenticeship. Temperament is also important. Anger and self-righteousness do not become a pilot; there is no room for one who is unstrung by other men's failings or for one who insists on his right of way while accidents impend. In the end, most of what an apprentice learns he has had to observe and conclude for himself; there are no textbooks for pilots.

Even a young man who seems to



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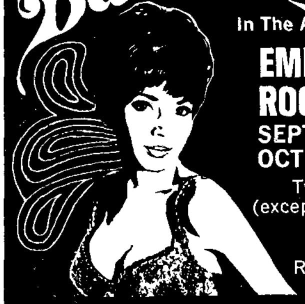

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meet all the qualifications for apprenticeship may have a considerable wait before he can be appointed; the number of pilots remains fairly constant, and only when there is a vacancy in their ranks or when harbor traffic warrants an increase in their numbers can an apprentice move up and a new candidate be appointed. After his appointment, the apprentice spends all his days on a station boat off Sandy Hook, where pilots board arriving ships or leave departing ones. He works as a deckhand, and while doing so he is expected to pick up valuable information from what he sees going on around him. After two or three years, he is appointed an articled apprentice and moves into other jobs—boat-handler, mate, and, finally, a captain of the station boat. At one time, apprentices had the duty of rowing a pilot to or from his ship in a small boat known as a yawl, but during the Second World War the yawls were replaced with power launches, and now the apprentices run these. Although the yawls put the apprentices on intimate terms with wind and sea, they did not provide experience in handling engines, as the launches do. Moreover, the launches are safer and more reliable in rough seas. Still, some of the older pilots say that things have got soft since their apprentice days, and that there is no substitute for the old training with oar and sail.

To get each of his promotions on the station boat the apprentice must pass a standard Coast Guard examination and acquire the appropriate seaman's certificate—for able-bodied seaman, mate, and master. Getting the master's license—in the case of Sandy Hook pilots it is for "Limited Master of Coastwise Vessels"—involves an examination that lasts six days and covers every aspect of seamanship, including weather and rules and mechanics. After a stint of about nine months as a captain of the station boat, the apprentice spends eight months doing nothing but going up and down all parts of the harbor on one ship after another with one pilot after another—"riding ships," as the pilots call it. As soon as he leaves one ship, he is ready to board the next. Occasionally, he eats and, if he thinks of it, he gets a nap. Finally, there is the state examination, given by the Board of Commissioners of Pilots, and, once the apprentice is ready for that, he should be able to navigate the whole harbor with his eyes closed, in any kind of ship. The New York State pilots' examination lasts three and a half days and is divided into three parts. In the

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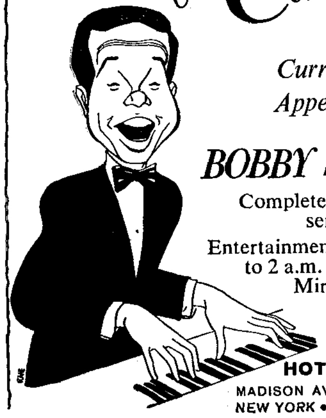

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first part, which takes two days, the apprentice is presented with hypothetical situations involving such things as navigation rules, compass compensation, the recognition of navigational lights, and proper anchoring, and he writes his recommendations for resolving them. On the third day, he is asked to draw—to scale and from memory—several sections of the harbor, and his charts must include all depths of water, heights of land, landmarks, buoys, lights, and other features of the area. In effect, he must have in his mind a topographical map of the bottom of the harbor and of the harbor's rivers, kills, creeks, and inlets. Then, before the third stage of the examination, one commissioner reviews his answers. In the third stage, the applicant appears before all the commissioners, who question him about any points on which he might have been weak in the two earlier stages. Though the commissioners say the examination is as hard as they can make it, few men ever fail. The new pilot is said to have his twenty-foot license, because he is restricted initially to piloting ships that draw twenty feet of water or less. He is licensed as a sixth-grade pilot, and will ordinarily remain at that grade for a year, during which he is supposed to pilot at least two hundred ships. Then, if his record is satisfactory, he moves up a grade a year until he becomes a branch pilot—from fourteen to fifteen years after he began as a spare boy.

Few professions require so long a training period, and it is doubtful that any organization today would dare establish so hard an apprenticeship, but, despite the time and the difficulties, it is rare for anyone who starts out to become a pilot to give up the ambition. Ship-handling is in the bones of such men. They pass their love of ships and the sea on to their sons, and today a number of the Sandy Hook pilots are the sons of pilots. (Two pairs of fathers and sons are serving concurrently.) Sons also follow their fathers in other pilot groups, and in the past there have been suits against some associations elsewhere in the country, the plaintiffs charging nepotism and other forms of bias. The defendants have always won, however, the courts ruling that the special and local knowledge vital to piloting probably could not be obtained without some discrimination. During the Second World War, the New York pilots were hard-pressed to meet the demands imposed on them by huge military convoys. On one day, for instance, four hundred ships needed pilots—the

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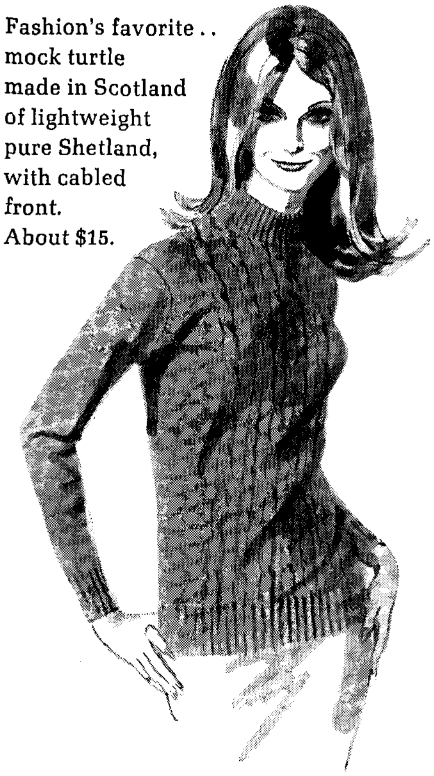

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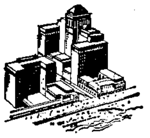

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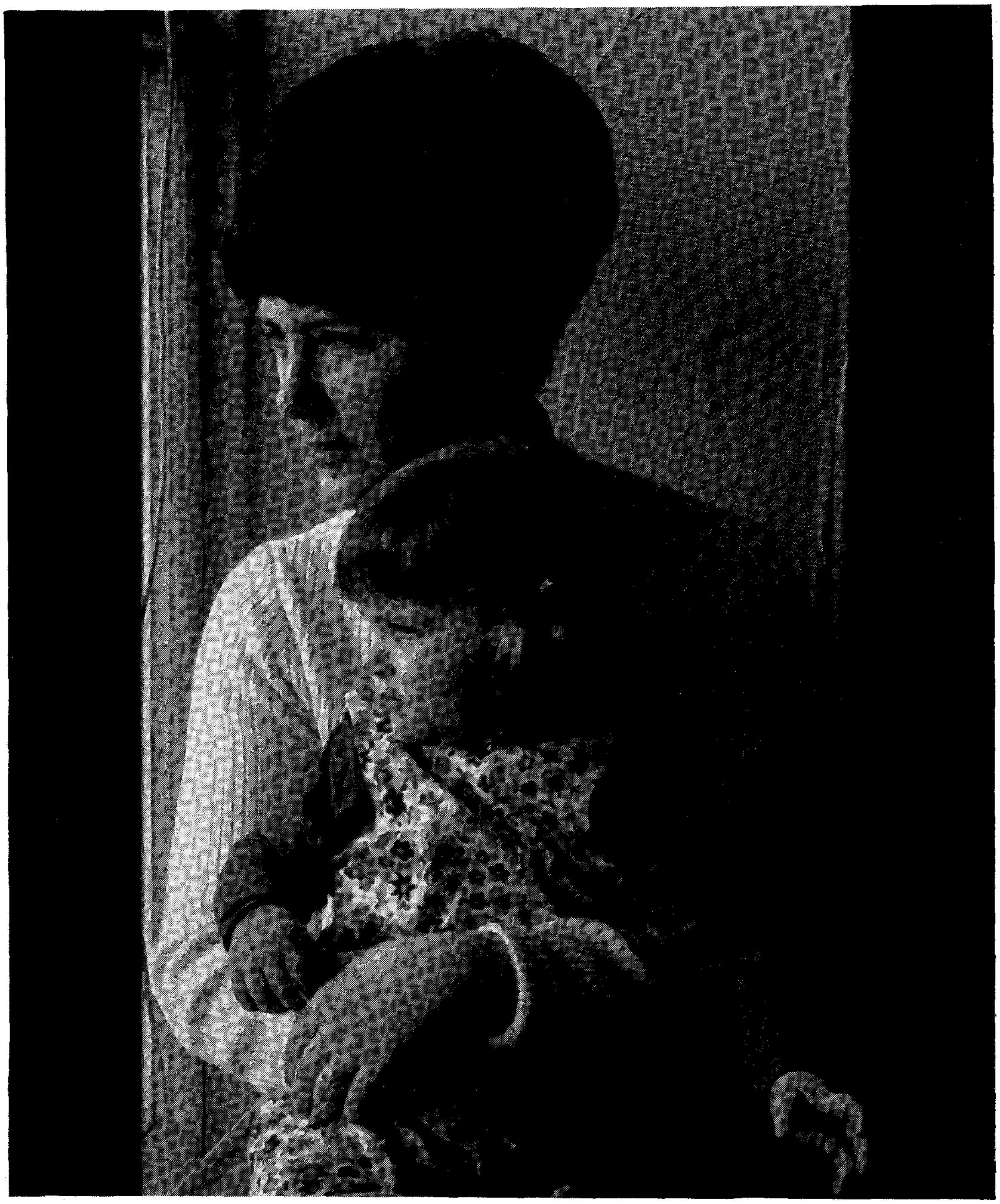

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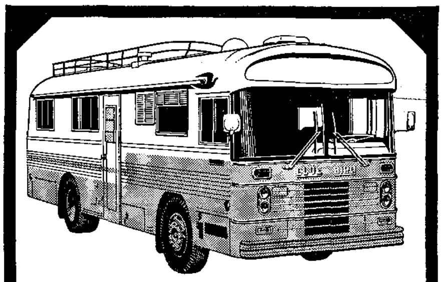
demand of an average week, in peacetime—and some men piloted as many as four ships that day. Immediate relief was required, and bringing the apprentices along faster was not enough, so another attempt was made to swell the rolls. Some pilots were brought up from Jacksonville, Florida, in the hope that their experience in Florida waters would enable them to master New York Harbor quickly, but after a week of riding ships with local men they all gave up in despair and returned home, leaving the New York pilots to cope with the situation alone. Piloting apparently does not transplant.

THE precision found in piloting today appears to be a comparatively recent development in seafaring. Until a few hundred years ago, a pilot would come aboard a ship outside the harbor with a weighted line called a "lead line" and would plumb the channels all the way in as the ship crept to her dock. Evidently, the pilots' local knowledge was sufficient to insure their employment but not to let them throw away the lead lines. The word "pilot" was used pretty loosely in the past, anyway, often referring to almost anyone who directed a ship in any manner. Biblical and other early sources usually mean the helmsman when they mention a pilot, but past sea empires did have consultant pilots as well. Roman law sensibly required shipmasters to employ pilots when their services were appropriate or to be responsible for any damage involving their ships. Pilotage did not die out with Pax Romana, and in 1549 an Englishman named William Thomas wrote in a "Historie of Italie" that in Mediterranean waters "When any shippe cometh in, she taketh fyrst pilottes to sounde the waie." Of the waters of France a hundred years later, another Englishman, James Howell, reported, in his "Familiar Letters," "Ther are Pylots, that in small Shallops, are ready to steer all ships that passe." French law established fines to be paid to the pilot by shipmasters who lied about the draft of their vessels to save on pilot fees.

Methods in piloting, like other aspects of seafaring, have changed slowly. The first, and perhaps the last, major innovation in piloting came about in the eighteenth century, when a Dutchman named Frans Naerebout, who was born in Gees, in 1749, proposed to do his piloting without the slow confirmations by lead line and to rely instead on his knowledge of the bars and channels in a harbor. Naerebout is



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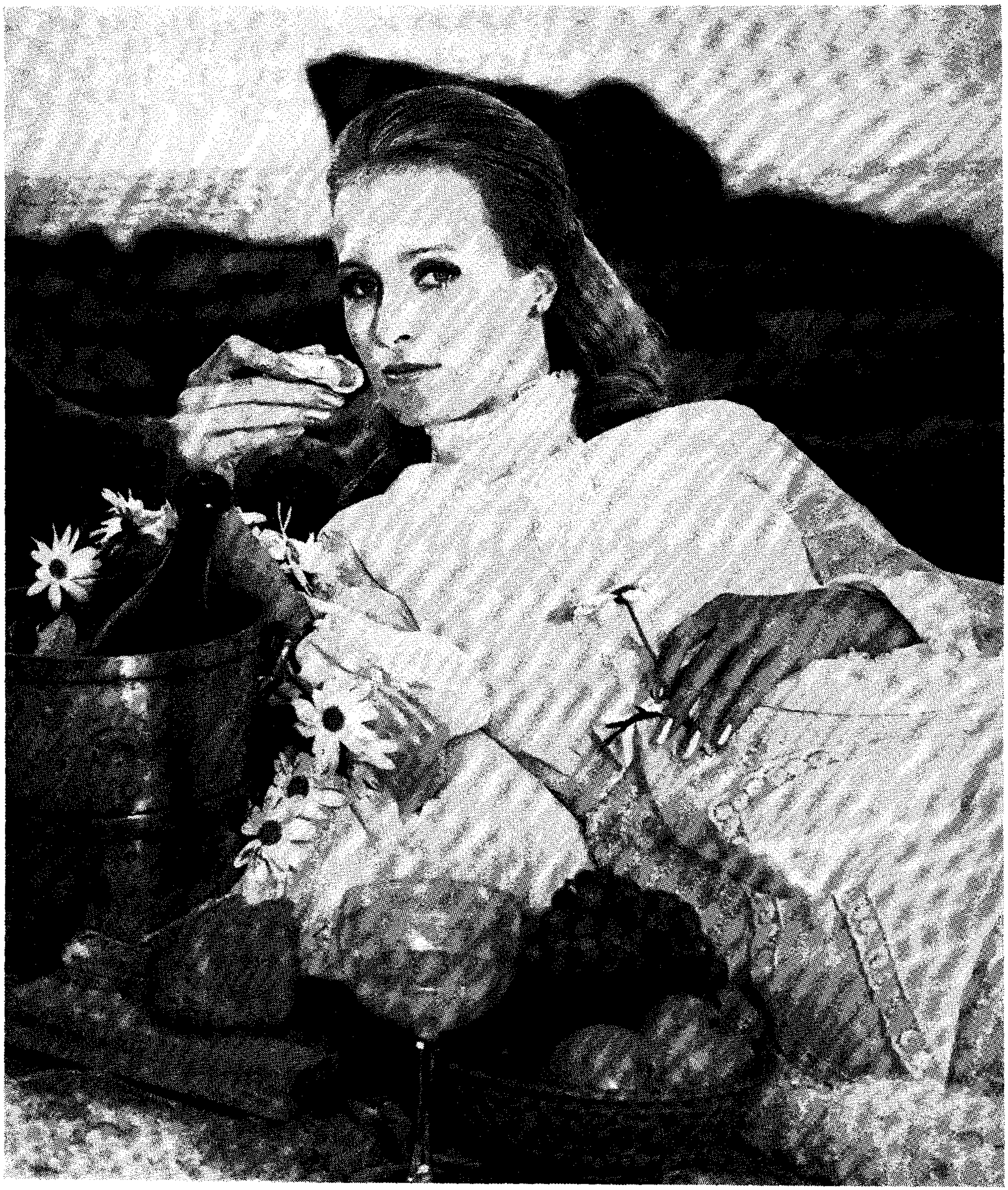

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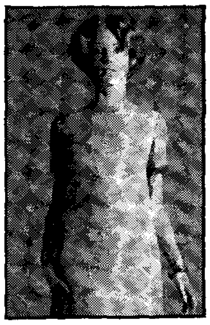

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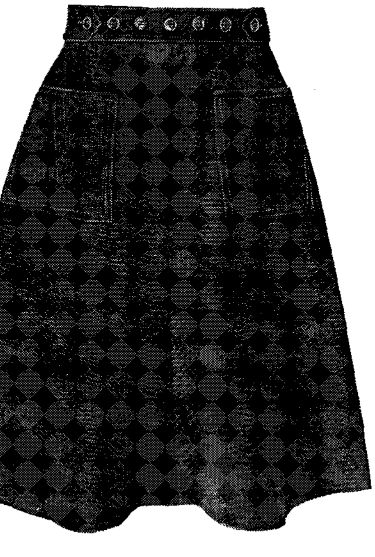
credited with having been the first modern pilot, for since his time it has become standard practice for pilots to carry in their heads precise information about local submarine topography. The British offered vast sums for Naerebout's services during the Napoleonic Wars, but he ignored the offers. A statue at Vlissingen, The Netherlands, and a fund for the relatives of Dutch seamen commemorate him.

When the English colonists began making their way to America, there were already men here who could serve them as pilots; Basques, Bretons, and Portuguese had all fished the Atlantic waters, and knew the coast and the harbors intimately. In 1620, the Mayflower immigrants were told of a better harbor than Plymouth by their pilots, the brothers John and James Seaward, but their advice was ignored. Two years later, William Bradford, the Plymouth Colony's Governor, employed an Indian named Squanto to pilot his ship Swan around the elbow of Cape Cod—a place, Bradford wrote later, of "deangerous shoulds and roring breakers." Squanto's memory, apparently, didn't coincide precisely with the current position of the "shoulds." After a hazardous journey, Bradford reached Chatham, his destination, unharmed, and Squanto returned to shore duty, as an interpreter. What happened is hardly surprising, since the Indian had spent the past few years in Europe. It was perhaps experiences like this one that made pilots hold on to their lead lines until Naerebout's time. The fathers of Plymouth Colony subsequently exhibited an exemplary concern about pilotage, and authorized a pilot for Boston Harbor as early as 1633. The job seems to have been a part-time one, for when the first lighthouse was built for Boston Harbor, in 1716, the city's pilot was made lightkeeper. The incumbent was entitled to half the fee earned by anyone who did piloting while he himself was busy keeping the light. In providing for its pilots' support, and also in anticipating problems, Massachusetts showed a foresight that was not exhibited in some other states. An act passed in 1783 established a pilot service for the entire state, and required each pilot "to have Branches or Warrants, and to be under oath and enter into bonds of £1000 for the due performance of the trust reposed in him."

In matters of pilotage, the Colonial legislators in New York were less provident than the Puritans, and for many years they seemed to expect service without expense. In 1694, after a

The Talbots



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storm clogged the entrance to the harbor, the legislators did pass an act that aimed at establishing a pilot service: "Whereas by the late Easterly storm there were severall banks thrown off at the South of the Harbour at Sandy Hook whereby entry was rendered very difficult and dangerous to all vessels bound for this Port . . . there shall be four men . . . who shall constantly attend at some convenient place near the Hook with a boat to give all aid and assistance to all vessels bound for this Port which they are oblig'd to pilot up as far as the Narrows." The act established the pilots' fees at six shillings a foot of draft for a ship or a three-masted vessel and five shillings for a "barkentyne" or a ketch. Those fees failed to attract a pilot corps, however, and after twenty-four years the legislature made another attempt. It passed a law forbidding unauthorized pilots to operate off Sandy Hook, and granted warrants to two men. Then, apparently exhausted by these labors, the legislature rested, and not until after New York had attained independence from the British did its lawmakers act on the matter of pilotage again. Then they reenacted approximately the same regulations they had established under the Crown, but when the new state appointed a pilot it did so in ringing terms:

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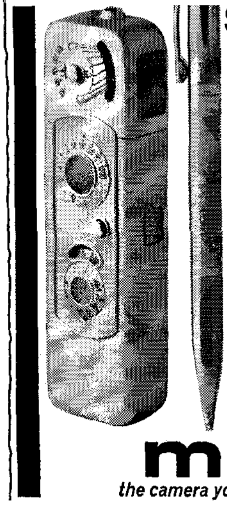

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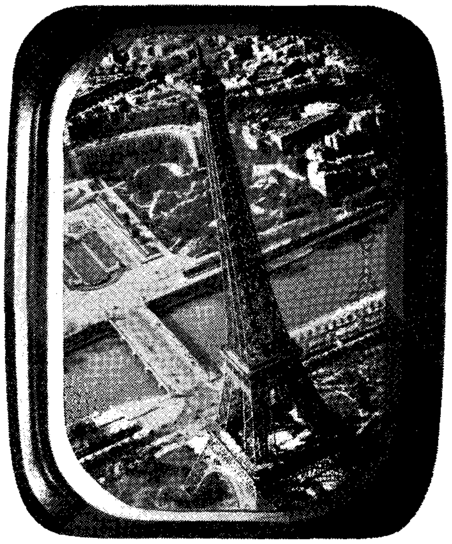

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by and with the advice and consent of our Consul of appointment of our City of New York the 22nd day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four and of our independence the eighth.

Unfortunately, where Massachusetts had demanded a bond of its pilots, the new State of New York required no such safeguard.

The "severall banks" that clogged the harbor mouth after the late easterly storm back in 1694 only added to the navigation problems already posed by Sandy Hook Bar, a shallow strip of land guarding the entrance to New York Harbor. When Henry Hudson came upon the harbor, in 1609, the bar was what he first encountered; it took him three days to find his way through. The entrance to New York Harbor is formed by two long spits of land—Sandy Hook, jutting north from the coast of New Jersey, and Rockaway Point, extending west from the Long Island shore. From both, low, sandy shores slope gradually out to sea, rising occasionally in shoals and making navigation hazardous. At the mouth of almost every river and estuary in the world there is a bar, usually formed of sediment washed downstream. Sandy Hook Bar, which spreads out below the mouth of the Hudson at the Narrows, has been formed by ocean currents that have been sweeping along the coast since the ice age, carrying sand with them and gradually filling the opening between Rockaway and Sandy Hook. In the bar, the meandering tides and currents cut winding channels—Gedney Channel, Swash Channel, and Fourteen Foot Channel among them. Pilots once chose their channel according to the state of the tide, the current, and—in the days of sail—the wind. Navigating under sail in the twisting channels and the restricted waters of the harbor could be a harrowing job, but the natural channels served well enough until a hundred years ago, when steamships, which were longer, wider, and lower in the water than wooden sailing ships, began to come into use. As early as 1860, the celebrated Great Eastern, which drew twenty-seven feet, was compelled to wait seven hours for high tide in order to get in to New York, and then had to do considerable shifting of her cargo to make her ride evenly. By 1890, Main Ship Channel had been dredged to thirty feet, but within a few years, as steamers generally began to exceed seventeen thousand tons, a deeper channel was needed. Several bills concerned with the subject were introduced in Congress, and in 1899

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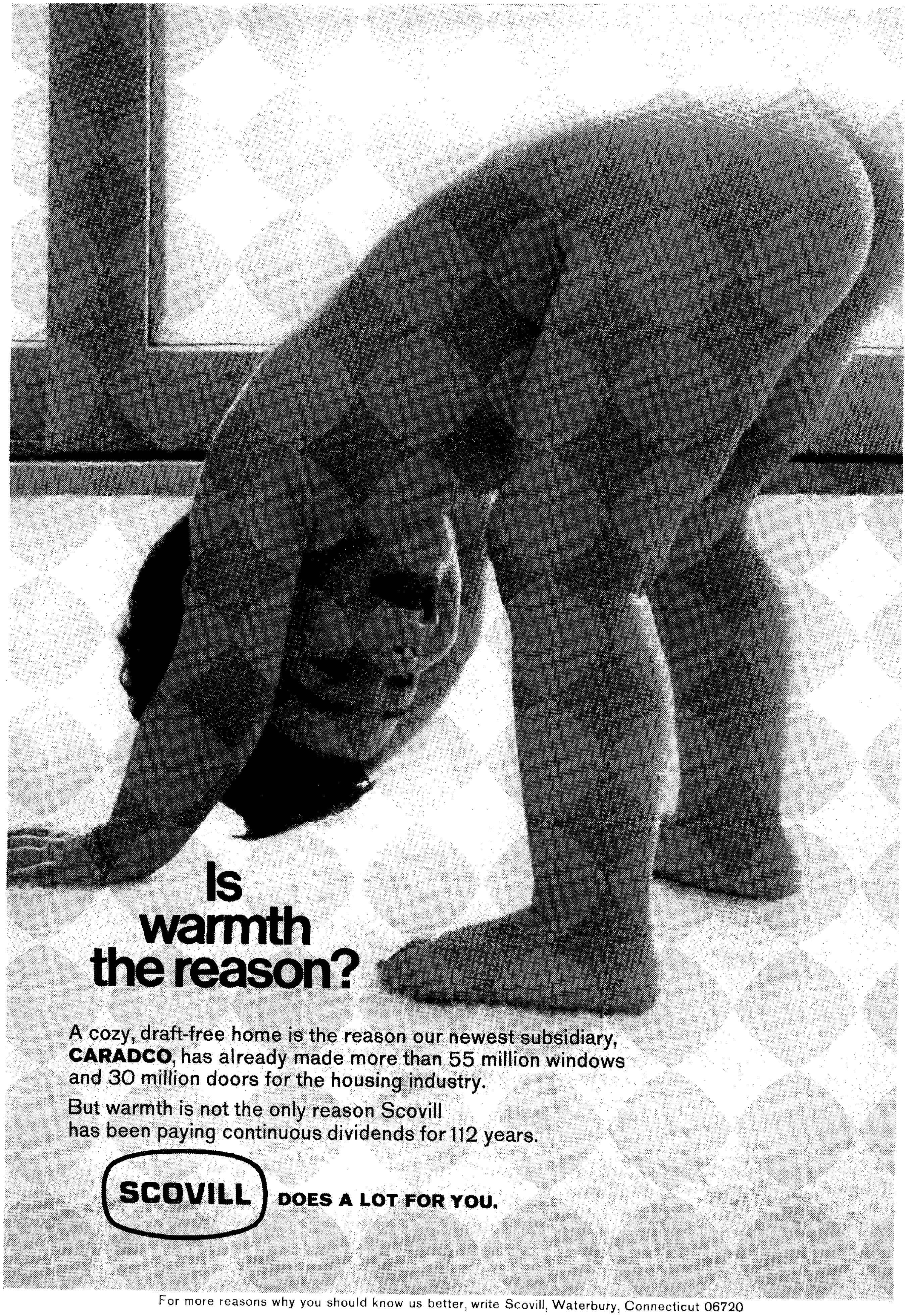

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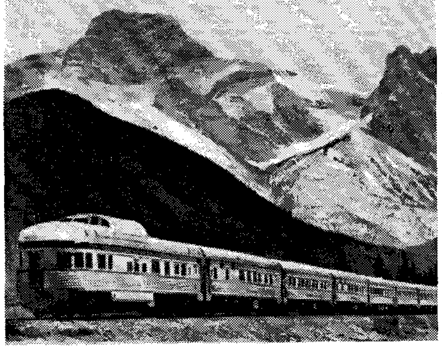

one was passed. It provided for a channel forty feet deep (it has since been dredged to forty-five) and two thousand feet wide. The enlarged channel was to be named Ambrose, after John Wolf Ambrose, a Brooklyn physician and civil engineer, who had urged a dredged channel and had made a survey and an estimate for one, and in 1901 dredging was begun in what had been East Channel. The new channel, which was completed in 1914, cut four miles off the main ship route, and until a few years ago it was deep enough for the largest ships, even at low tide. In 1908, a lightship was stationed at sea to mark the channel entrance; last year the ship was replaced by Ambrose Light Tower.

Until the channel was completed, ships had waited at the Hook for high tide—as some tankers bound up the Kills today wait off Staten Island. Although Sandy Hook Bar was usually a hindrance to all seamen, it did prove helpful on occasion. During the wars with France, the bar protected British ships from a stronger French fleet, whose ships were too heavy to cross the bar, and, later, American ships were kept safe from better-armed but heavier and clumsier British vessels, which dared not attempt the bar. During the War of 1812, when the British naval blockade cut off maritime commerce, the pilots of New York Harbor turned to privateering. Of the five pilot boats operating in the harbor in 1812, four were converted to privateers for running the blockade to prey on British shipping. (The other also ran it once, sailing to Göteborg, Sweden, to warn American shipmasters there about the presence of the British vessels.) Under the protection of Sandy Hook Bar, a trade sprang up along the shallows near shore. Light coasting ships skirting the Staten Island and Jersey shores could round the bar in full view—but out of range—of the British men-of-war, and then head safely down the coastal waterway past the blockade. The British eventually brought a heavily armed light-draft cutter of their own to New York and gave chase, capturing a few of the American ships. For a while, the American vessels stayed at their piers. Then a man named Johnson, who was a Sandy Hook pilot, disguised a pilot boat as a coaster. He rounded up fifty armed men and hid them in the cabin and forepeak, filled his decks with cattle, and sailed for New Jersey. The British cutter, whose crew rarely saw fresh meat, lost no time intercepting him inside the Hook. Johnson struck

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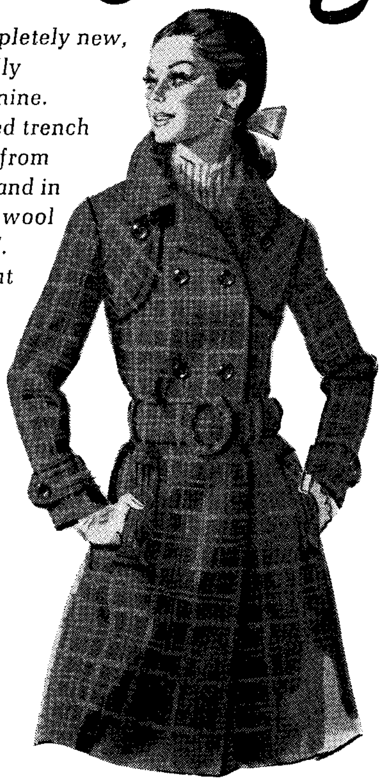

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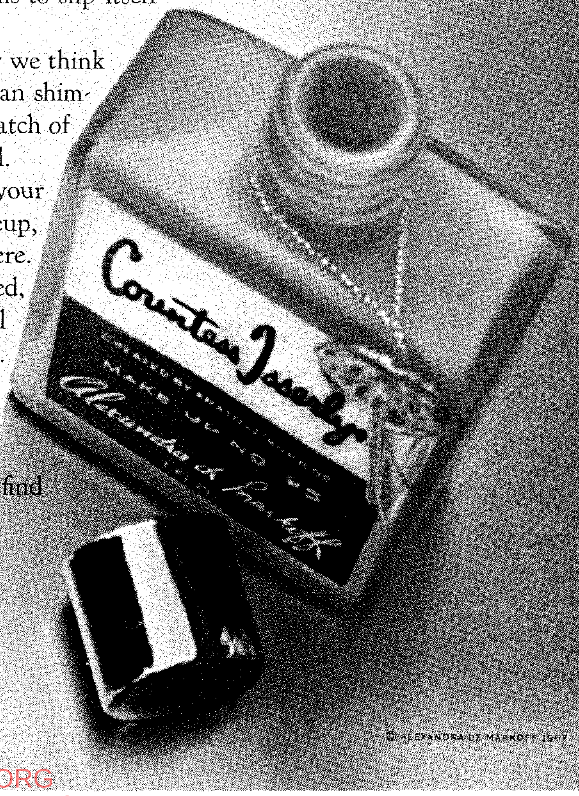
We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff



At Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin & Co.

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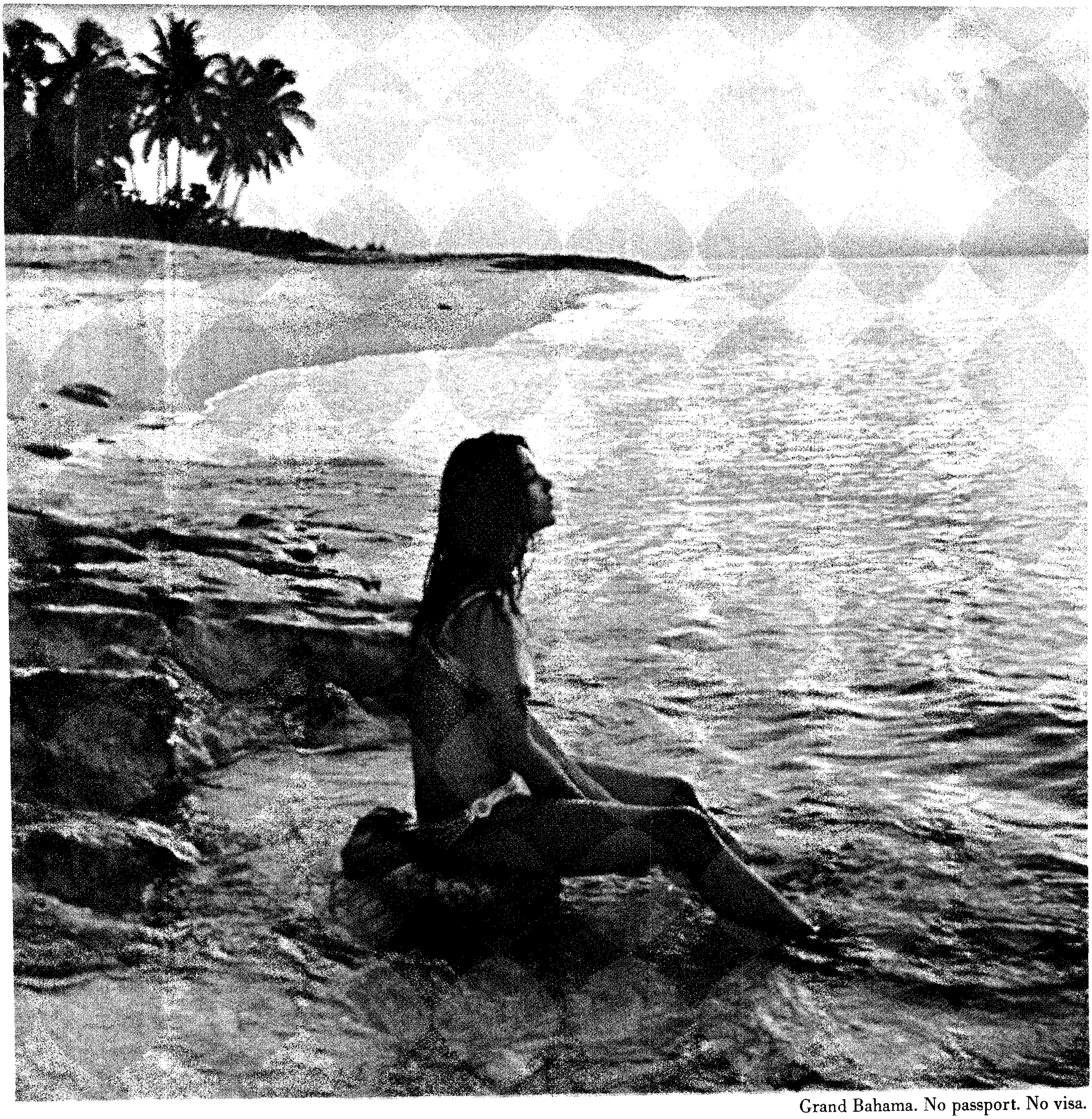

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After the War of 1812, the pilot's branch became a political gift, and pilotage fell into a decline in New York Harbor. If the weather was bad, there might be no pilot boat waiting at Sandy Hook when ships came in, and signal rockets from waiting ships might go unanswered. Twice during the winter of 1836, immigrant ships arrived at Sandy Hook in a southeast gale, to find no pilot boat on station. In each case, the ship tacked back and forth off Sandy Hook for the rest of the night, sending up distress signals, and although the signals were widely seen on shore, no pilot went out to the ship. In each case, too, the storm did not abate when daylight came, no pilot came out, and both ships—the Mexico and the Bristol—went aground and broke up off Rockaway, with a loss of more than two hundred lives in each accident. In 1837, in response to public indignation over the accidents, the Governor of New York appointed a Board of Pilot Commissioners, which then licensed all existing pilots and their deputies. The State of New Jersey, however, set up a pilotage system of its own, and required an examination for would-be pilots. There were thus two pilot services in the harbor competing for ships, and some shipmasters, preferring one over the other, might wait days for a pilot from the favored service to appear. In 1845, a group of New York City marine underwriters, also dissatisfied with the state's conduct of pilotage, established a third pilot service, in competition with the two others. This was the most effective move possible against the state, since the underwriters could refuse insurance to a ship whose pilot service they did not approve of. New York State soon responded by suspending all its pilotage laws and pressed Congress for a law forbidding any state—but particularly New Jersey—to make pilotage compulsory. Congress, however, took no action. New York's period of shabby pilotage finally ended in 1854, when a shipmaster bound for the city refused all pilot services and cracked his ship up off the Jersey coast. The ship sank, and all four hundred persons aboard drowned. Once again, there was public outcry. The state established compulsory pilotage and gave official control of pilotage to the underwriters' pilot group, which soon brought under its control all the pilots operating out of New York. The pres-

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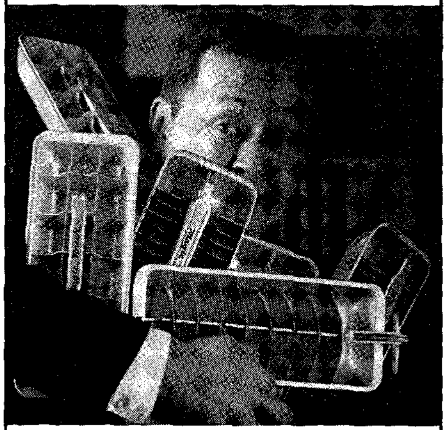
ent New York Board of Commissioners of Pilots is virtually the same as the board that the underwriters set up to oversee its pilot group. The board originally had five members, but since 1959, when, at the request of Hudson River pilots, its authority was extended to the Hudson River, there have been six. By tradition, three of the commissioners are seafaring men, and these three are appointed by the New York City Board of Underwriters. The other three, usually men of maritime background, are appointed by the New York City Chamber of Commerce. The board selects spare boys from the list of applicants nominated by the pilots, and it watches over them as they rise through grades of apprenticeship; it examines and licenses them as pilots and determines their progress from sixth grade to branch pilot. Each pilot, whatever his grade, must appear before the board once a year for a review of his record and with proof that he has recently passed an eye examination. When a pilot reaches the age of sixty-five, the board reduces his license to second grade, and reviews it annually thereafter, until he reaches the mandatory retirement age, which is seventy. (Pilots entering the service in the future will be retired at sixty-five.) The board also reviews all accidents and misconduct and assesses penalties.

After the state invested the underwriters' board as a state pilot commission, all the pilots in New York were in equal favor with shipmasters, and for half a century, until they merged, in 1895, to form the Sandy Hook Association, there was keen rivalry, between both men and boats, for the ships that came in. By that time, piloting in New York had become a perpetual schooner race. With pilots competing for ships, there were always more than a dozen pilot boats sailing out of New York, each with four or more pilots aboard. The boats frequently raced to an incoming ship, and the first man on her deck not only took her in and received the fee but also took her out again. Frequently, as many as half a dozen boats would head for the same ship, and pilots often went out seven hundred miles—as far east as Sable Island, Nova Scotia—in search of an incoming ship. The races were sometimes very close. In May, 1890, the liner S.S. Rhine was approached by three pilot boats two hundred miles east of Sandy Hook. The boats—the Bennett, the Blunt, and the Williams—were crowding on every sail they had, but none of them could gain a clear advantage. The boats reached the liner not a



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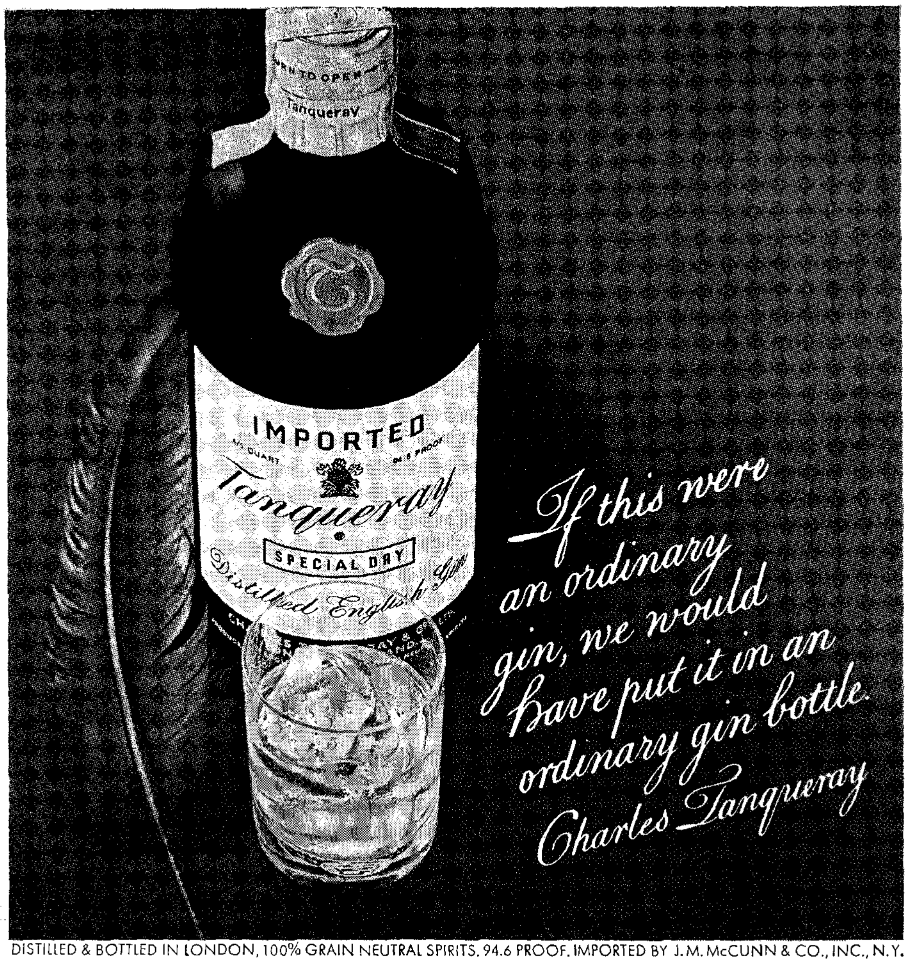
length apart, and the Bennett contrived to get her man on board first by shooting between the ship and the other boats as they luffed up to launch their yawls. Occasionally, it happened that two pilots would board a ship simultaneously from opposite sides. One pilot who lost a race to a ship noticed that the winner was going up the ship's ladder a bit slowly. He ran from his yawl across the rival yawl, climbed over the pilot on the ladder, and arrived on deck the winner.

If all the competition did nothing else, it resulted in the building of faster boats and in the development of fine seamanship. The New York pilot schooners and the designers and shipyards responsible for them were known in Europe long before the clippers appeared and long after their day was over. The design of the schooner America—which raced the best ships of her class in England for the cup now named after her—owed a great deal to the experience that her designer and her builders had had in turning out successful pilot boats. The most obvious of these prototypes was the pilot boat Mary Taylor, which was built in 1849, two years before the America. Both the Mary Taylor and the America were conspicuous for their sharp bows. For centuries, ships had been built bluff-bowed and tapering to the stern, embodying what was referred to as the cod's-head-and-mackerel-tail design. When the Mary Taylor was launched, some nautical men maintained that she was too sharp forward to be seaworthy, but she weathered everything until November, 1863, when a military transport under steam ran her down and she sank. A later pilot boat, the G. F. Steers, designed by George Steers, who also designed the Mary Taylor and the America, was most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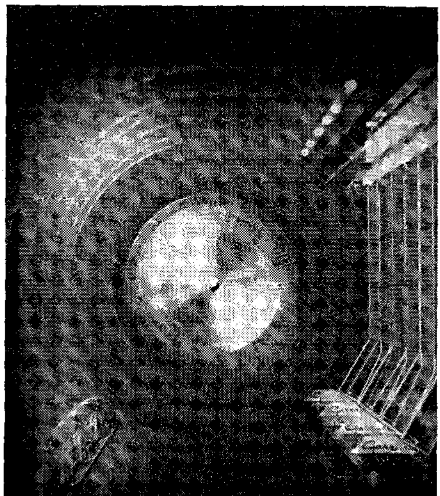

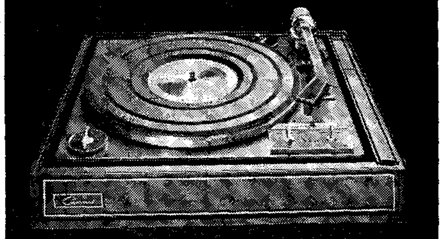

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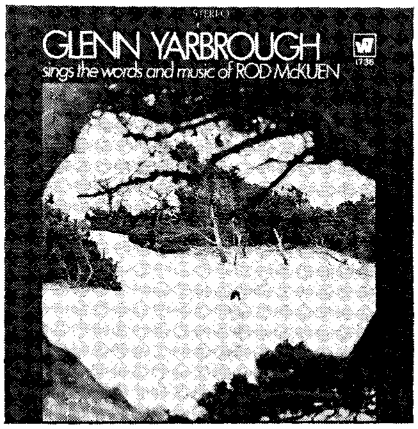
often described as a smaller version of the America, and, being especially fast, she became the prototype of pilot boats built during the remainder of the century.

As steamships became common, they began running down pilot boats—which were still under sail—in large numbers. Consequently, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, pilots lost many more of their own vessels than of other people's. Collisions were uncommon between sailing ships. When there was fog, there was usually no wind, and, as for storms, they hampered all sailing vessels equally. But steamships largely ignored the wind and kept moving. Sometimes a steamship, throttles open, would materialize out of fog or snow off Sandy Hook, and, before the pilot boat could trim her sails, would plow into her. More often than not, when this happened, men were lost—sometimes all the men aboard the pilot boat. The first pilot boat to be run down by a steamship was the Jacob A. Westervelt, which, like the G. F. Steers, was an especially fast boat and served as a model for later ones. She was run down in 1858, two hundred and seventy miles east of Sandy Hook, by the British steamer Saxonia, with the loss of one pilot. One particularly well-known instance took place in 1883 and involved the steamer Alaska, of the Guion Line. She was about to take on a pilot on a stormy winter morning off Fire Island, and the yawl in which the pilot had been rowed over to her was maneuvering in her lee toward the Jacob's ladder hanging down her side. Ahead of the Alaska, the pilot boat Columbia waited to pick up the yawl. The Columbia, with three reefs in her mainsail, was awash to her lee rail, and her decks, hatches, and rigging were encrusted with ice. Suddenly, for no reason that subsequent inquiry could establish, the liner moved ahead, under power, swamping the yawl beside her and, a moment later, slicing through the pilot boat. All hands aboard the Columbia—four pilots, four seamen, and the cook—were lost. The Columbia, as it happened, had been hit a couple of years before by the liner Rotterdam. Shortly before she was hit, she had been standing by when the Rotterdam collided with the steamer Lepanto, and she had been taken in precautionary tow by the crippled Lepanto as the steamer made her way to port. The previous year, moreover, her yawl had been swamped by a wave while she was putting a pilot on the Guion Line steamer Arizona, in another winter



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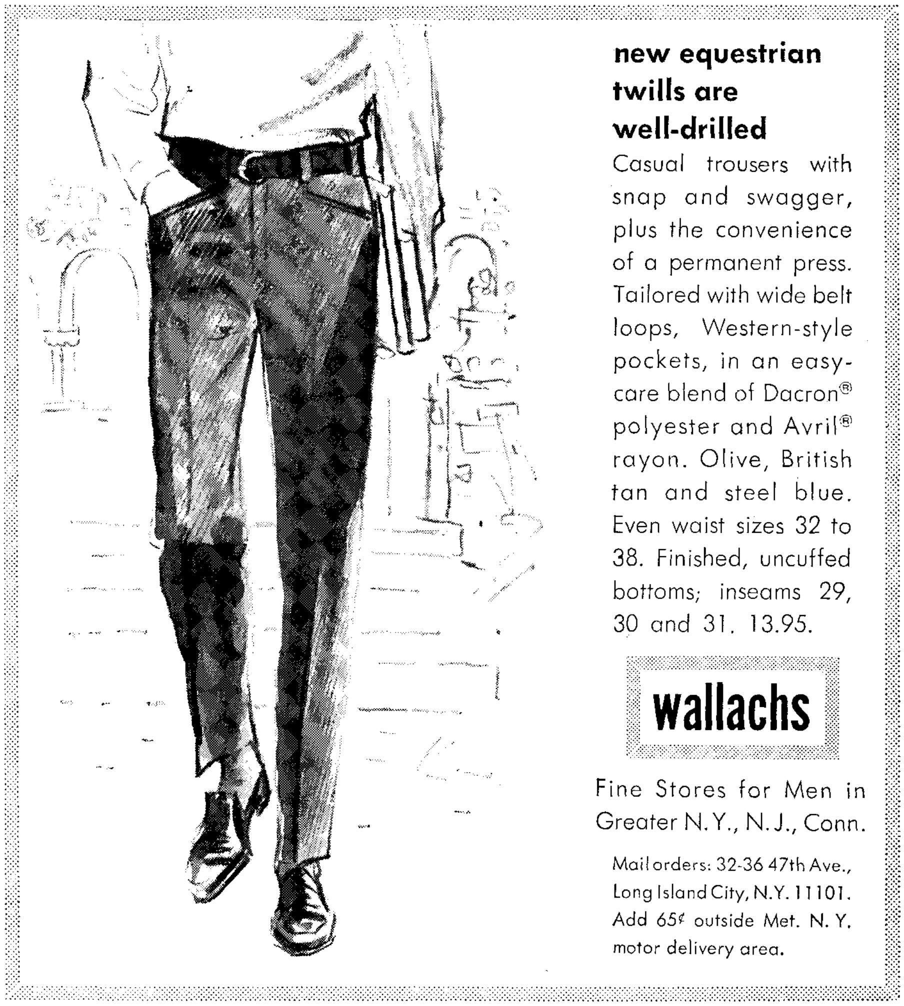
storm. A second yawl had gone to the aid of the men in the first, and it, too, had been swamped, leaving only the cook and the boatkeeper to maneuver the schooner in the foul weather. These two had sailed her on to Newport, arriving a few days later, with the vessel's flag at half-mast. There they learned that all the men who had been aboard the yawls were safe, the Arizona having stood by until they could be picked up from the water.

Some vessels ran down pilot boats and did not stop to help their victims. In the middle of a clear, quiet autumn night in 1885, off Abescon, the Mary and Catherine—a schooner dispassionately named for the pilot's first and second wives—was run down and sunk by the British steamer Haverton. It may be that the men on watch aboard the Haverton were all in a deep sleep. At any rate, the jolt of the collision did not disturb them, and the ship steamed imperturbably on. The men aboard the pilot boat took to the yawls, and were picked up at daybreak by the pilot boat James Gordon Bennett. The fate of some pilot boats and the men aboard them was never known; they simply failed to return. Sometimes when steamers collided, as the Lepanto and the Rotterdam did, the pilots could be of help. In one such accident, a yawl from the pilot boat New York was at the ladder of the outbound Fort Victoria, waiting to take the pilot off, when the men in the yawl saw the liner Algonquin coming out of the fog. The yawl quickly backed off, leaving the pilot on board. The Algonquin hit the Fort Victoria right at the ladder, and she began to sink. The New York's yawls were able to take everyone off the Fort Victoria before she went down. As the ship rolled over, the pilot and the captain climbed out through the bridge window, walked down the side, and stepped off the bilge keel into one of the yawls. The number of pilots lost was lessened when, shortly after the Sandy Hook organization was formed, the pilots converted from sail to steam. Still, losses did continue. One steam pilot boat—the first of two to be named the New Jersey—was run down on station in 1914 and was never raised. I have been told by one Sandy Hook pilot that since the coming of steamships, not a single boat has been retired from pilot service in New York without having been run down and sunk at least once.

While seafaring will always be dangerous, many hazards have been eliminated from the pilot's life since the days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when boats went down almost regularly; replacing the wooden yawls with steel motor launches, for instance, has made a big difference. Yet there remains at least one traditional occupational hazard—what the pilots call "being carried." Although the motor launches make it easier to get a pilot from boat to ship or from ship to boat, it is sometimes too risky in a winter storm for even a motor launch to take the pilot off a ship he has just brought out of the harbor. (The pilots will board an incoming ship in anything short of a hurricane.) If the pilot can't get off the ship, he goes with her to her first port, as a guest of the company; in fact, the company gives him a hundred dollars a week sea pay. In the past, with luck, he could transfer in a few days to an inbound vessel; today the company supplies him with an airline ticket home.

SHORTLY before six one cool morning, I watched from the afterdeck of the New York, the primary station boat of the Sandy Hook pilots, as the Queen Elizabeth passed Ambrose Light on her way into New York Harbor. It was a clear morning, still gray, with sky and sea meeting almost invisibly at the horizon; there was a slight swell off the sea and a faint breeze off the Jersey shore. A bloated red sun separated itself from Long Island while the Elizabeth made a wide turn around the Light and headed northwest toward Ambrose Channel. As she completed her turn, her funnels came into line, and her profile, normally long and graceful, was foreshortened into a compact, upended rectangle. From head-on, she seemed to move faster—to leap toward the station boat lying directly in her path. She grew larger by the moment.

For an incoming vessel, Ambrose Light, stationed about eight miles due south of Rockaway and east of Sandy Hook, is one sure landmark in shoal-ridden waters. The first outpost of New York Harbor, the Light marks the beginning of restricted waters and the approach to the channel. At that point, the rules of inland waterways take precedence over the rules of the road. The converging shores of Long Island and New Jersey come into sight, and between these low stretches of sand is the entrance to the harbor. Ahead are Rockaway Point and Sandy Hook, only five miles apart, and across the opening between them is Sandy Hook Bar. Sea room has become scarce, and the waters are now fraught with shoals—False Hook, Outer Middle

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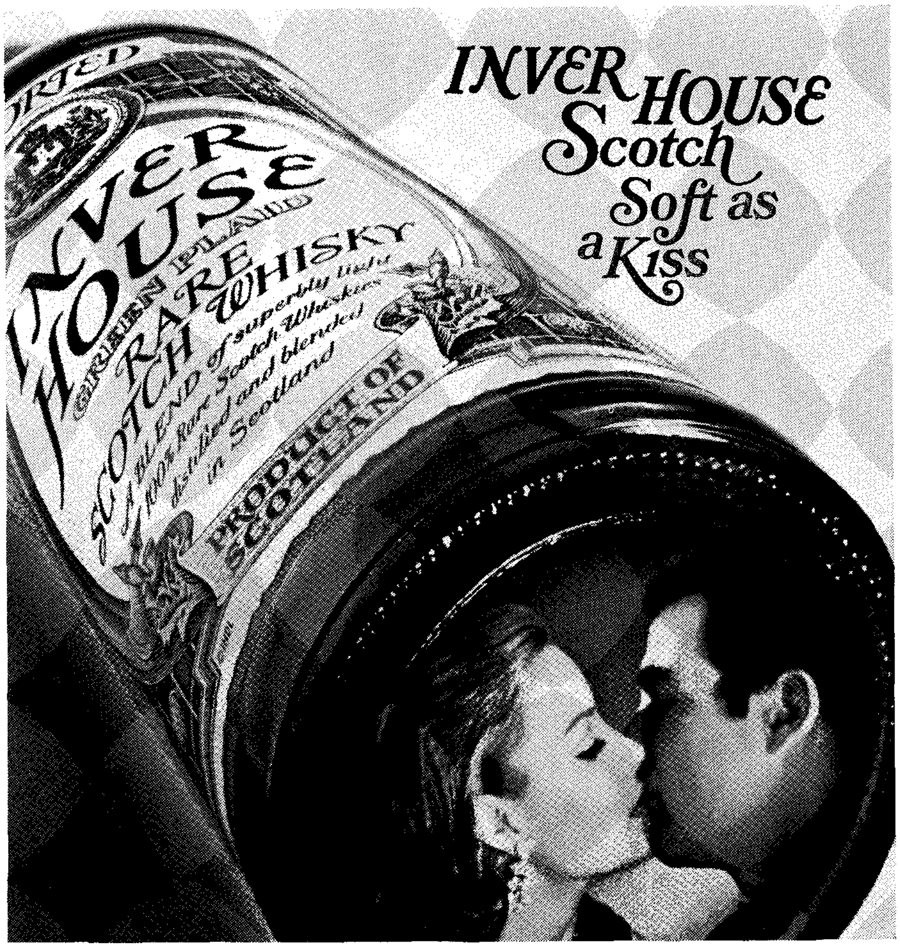
I had gone out to the New York the evening before the Elizabeth was due, making the trip on the Sandy Hook, a boat of ninety feet, which I had boarded at the pilots' pier in Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The pilots use the Sandy Hook as a ferry; she makes two trips a day to the station boat, taking pilots and supplies out and bringing pilots back. In addition to the New York, the pilots maintain an alternate station boat, the New Jersey, which, like the New York, was once the yacht of a manufacturing executive; there are two power launches at the station boat, and there are two more in reserve at Staten Island. When I boarded the Sandy Hook, I found three pilots already there, and one of them told me that the boat would not sail at the scheduled time—eight-thirty—but would wait until eleven o'clock. Bad weather at sea in the past few days had thrown a number of incoming ships off schedule, and these ships would now all be arriving the next morning. The Sandy Hook was waiting until the dozen pilots needed could be tracked down and told to appear.

Such last-minute calls are by no means unusual for Sandy Hook pilots, who may be asked to report for work at any hour. An incoming ship is supposed to report its estimated time of arrival off Sandy Hook a day in advance. The ship radios this information to the station boat, which relays it by radiotelephone to the offices of the Sandy Hook Association, at 6 State Street, in downtown Manhattan. The office maintains what the pilots call a "ladder board," listing the names of the pilots. When a man's name moves to the top of this board, he is assigned to pilot a ship, generally one leaving the harbor. When the pilot reaches the station boat after taking the ship out, his name is posted on another board there,



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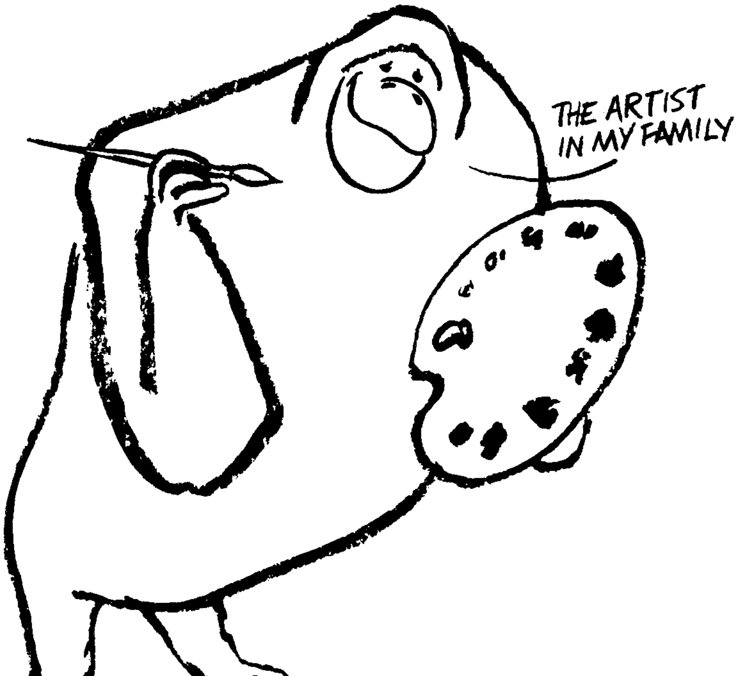
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and when it comes to the top of that board, he takes the next ship to come in sight—unless she is larger than he is licensed to pilot. She may be a tramp steamer or a new liner; her engines may be powerful or not, and they may not do quite the same things they did last time he was aboard her, if he ever was aboard her before; the equipment may be adequate and in working order or it may not; some ships' officers may be coöperative, and some may not; and on some bridges the pilot will be the only one who speaks more than a few vital words of English. Being always on call imposes restrictions on a pilot's life. "You get so you don't even go around the corner for cigarettes when your name's near the top," one pilot told me. The wives of most pilots come to despair of ever going out in the evening with their husbands, even to dinner at a neighbor's, and if neighbors are invited in, the chances are that the pilot will be called away just as he is starting to carve the roast or deal a hand of bridge. In his usual week's work, each pilot expects to make at least two trips into the harbor and two out, and to work on at least one ship over the weekend.

While we waited on the Sandy Hook for the other pilots to appear, the pilots who were already there drank coffee and two of them talked about iceboating. After a while, they all went below to their quarters, and I soon followed them, and went to sleep. When I awoke, around 2 A.M., we had arrived at the station boat off Sandy Hook. It was a calm night, and from the deck I saw the New York, long, low, and bright with lights, lying in the water a boat length away. I joined a cluster of men on the deck of the Sandy Hook, and in a few minutes we all made a short leap to the deck of the New York, holding briefcases or satchels in one hand and, with the other, grasping a length of knotted rope that hung from a bar overhead.

Most of the men who had come out on the Sandy Hook were to pilot ships that would not be in until morning; they went straight below and to bed. A number of other pilots, mainly young men, were already in the lounge, waiting for ships that were due in the next few hours. Some of the younger pilots were chatting with two older pilots, who had their coats and hats on and were about to board ships. In a few minutes, a launch came for them, and they left. An apprentice asked me if I would like some coffee, and I followed him into the pantry and asked about the boat, presently receiving an

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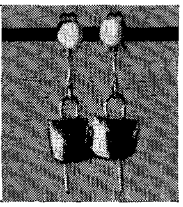

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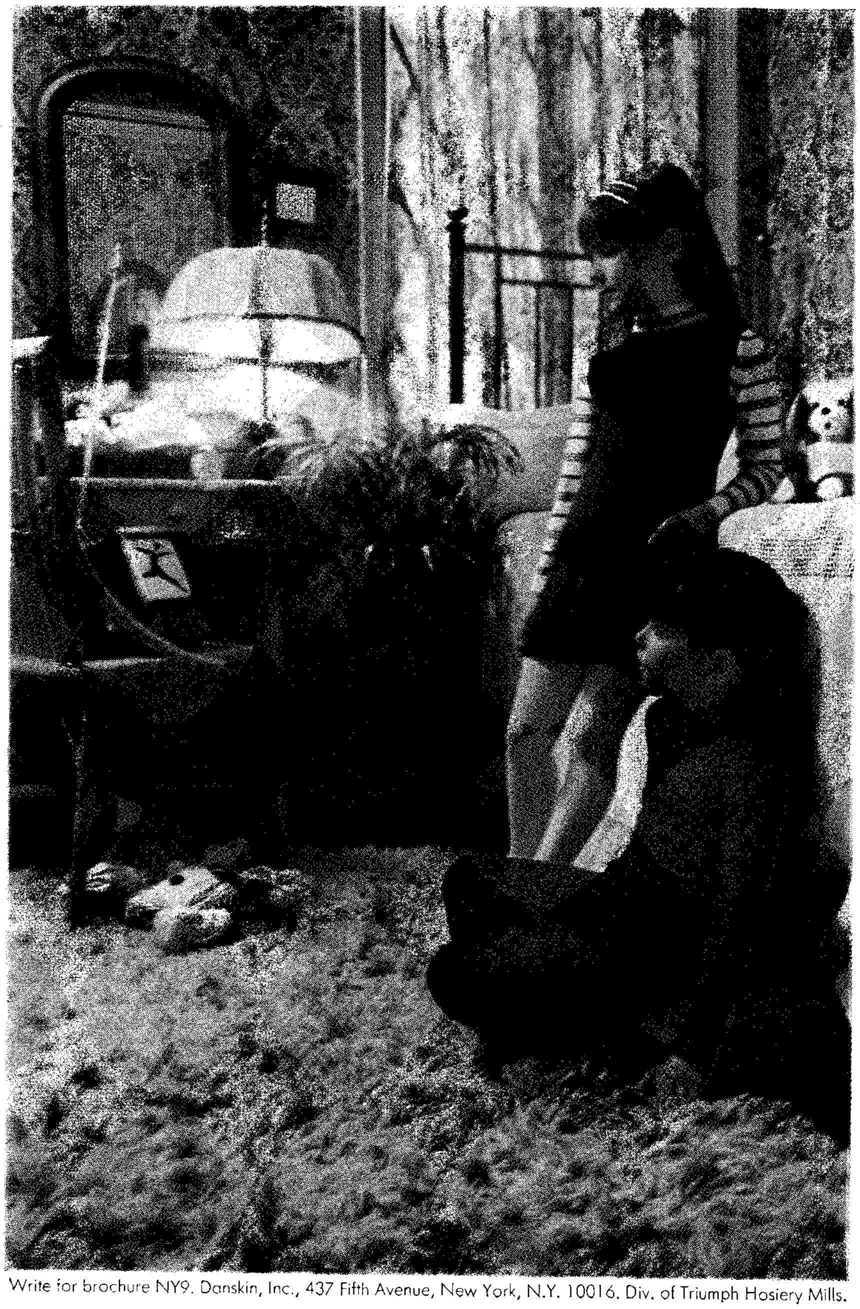

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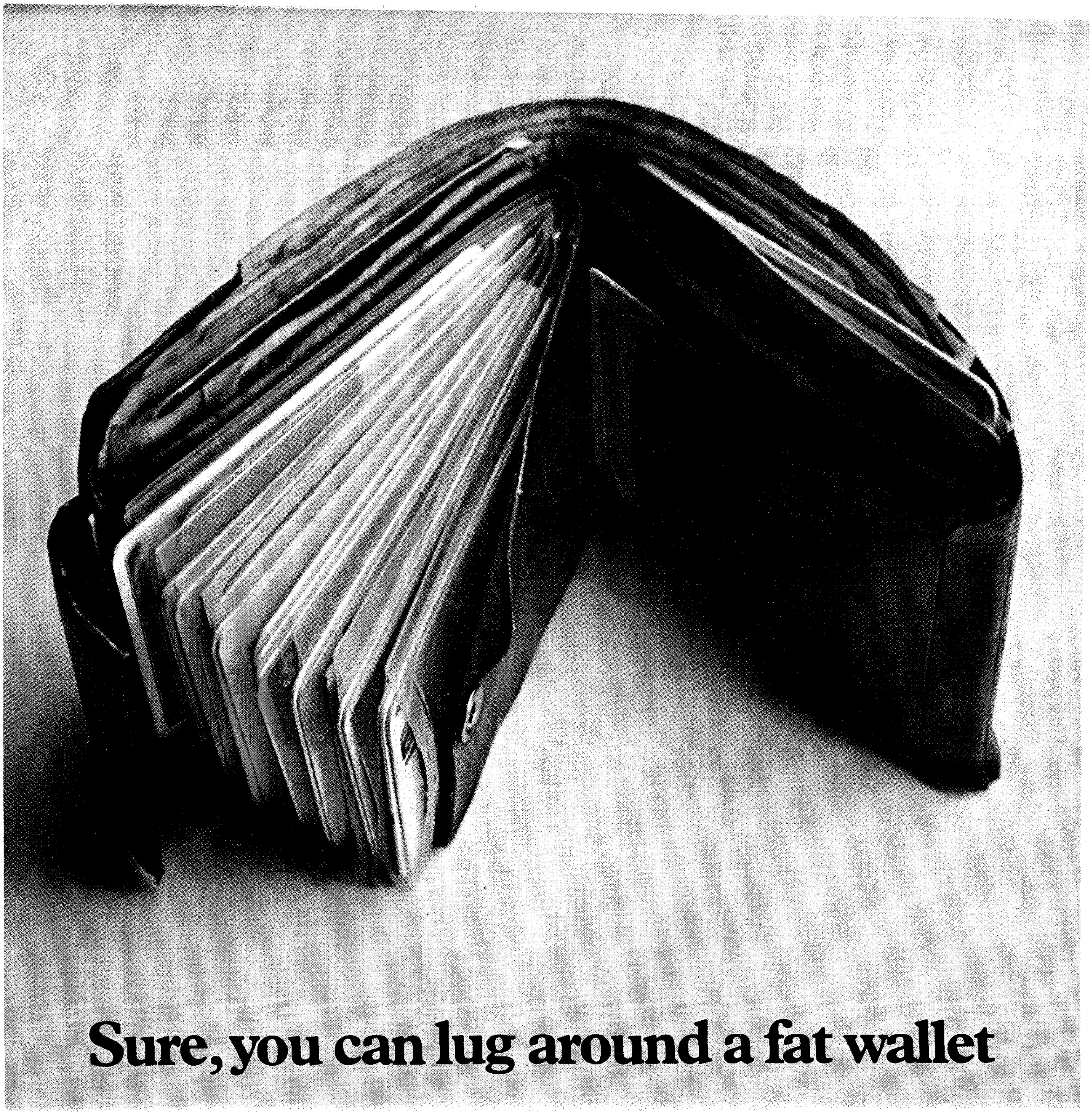
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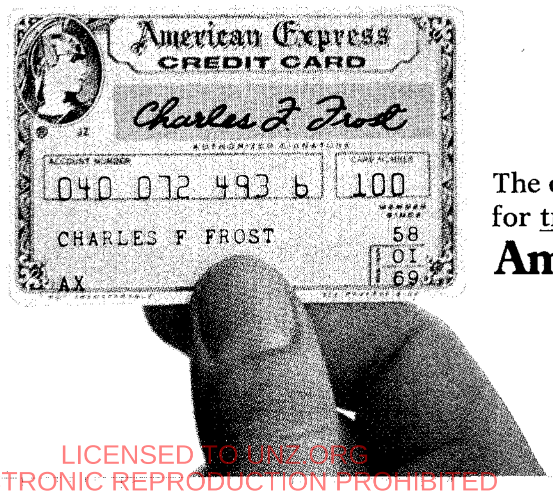
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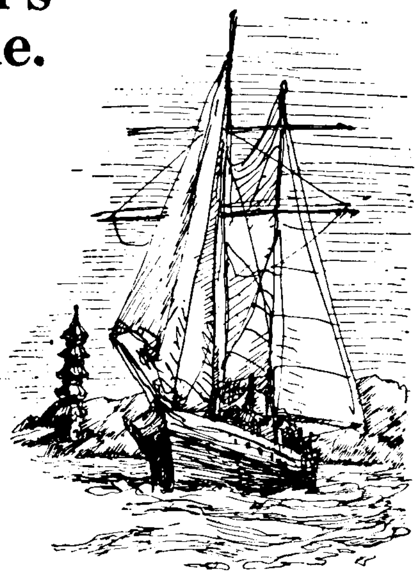
invitation to a guided tour. As we were finishing our coffee, a young pilot called to the apprentice from the lounge. He at once stubbed out his cigarette and went to see what was needed.

Upon his return, the apprentice—who turned out to be the son of a pilot I had met earlier—showed me through a dining and television room, the galley, the crew's quarters and the apprentices' quarters, and, finally, the bridge. The Sandy Hook's bridge was similar to those of most ships except that everyone on it was very young—about college age, it seemed. The captain who was on watch, a thin, very tall young man, was occupied at the moment with a ship that had just come into sight but had not previously reported her arrival. My guide was told to report the new ship to the offices on State Street, and he disappeared into the wireless room off the bridge. When I passed through the lounge again on the way to my berth, the pilots who were still there were talking about house paint.

In the morning, at the time the Queen Elizabeth came in, four other ships were already in sight. Two, both of them cargo ships, were ahead of her in the channel, and the two others were just coming up from the south, their masts and derricks silhouetted against the sky astern of her. Moments before, the Elizabeth had passed Ambrose Light with impressive speed. Water rose white before her bows. Rows of portholes and windows were clearly visible, and along her superstructure a few pale lights still glowed in the morning light. In the lounge of the New York were three pilots in business suits and hats, standing with their backs to the oncoming liner. The oldest, a grizzled, sleepy-looking man in his fifties, was moodily sipping coffee. One of the others asked him, "Are you taking in the Queen, sir?" and he replied, "If I'm awake at the time." In a minute, I followed the three men as they boarded a launch, and only then did the New York stir from the path of the liner. On her side I could now read, in large, chrome-yellow letters about four feet high, the legend "PILOT 1"—her designation as the primary station boat of the New York pilots.

The launch raced toward the Elizabeth, in whose side a small door, some twenty feet above the water, had already been opened. The ship's wash made the launch pitch wildly as it drew close, and as liner and launch came together sheets of water were thrown up



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between them. The pilot who was to take the Elizabeth in, Captain Roy Miller, stood at the rail of the launch, holding a knotted rope that hung from a bar overhead. He wore a light-gray suit and a soft straw hat with a madras band, and he had loosened his tie. A glasses case thrust into his shirt served as a tie clip. A Jacob's ladder hung down the liner's side from the open door, and a sailor held a light line for Captain Miller's attaché case. When the launch was lifted on a wave, Captain Miller stepped to the ladder and climbed nimbly up and into the opening in the ship's side. I followed, somewhat less nimbly. Over an intercom, a man told the bridge, "Pilot on board, sir."

As the New York's launch moved off to put the two other pilots aboard their ships, a junior officer of the Queen Elizabeth conducted Captain Miller to the bridge, through corridors where carpets were being covered with tarpaulins, and the passengers' trunks were being piled. A ship's bridge is a special place, even if the ship is small and the men who run her are less than formal. The wheelhouse is always dark and cool, and at night there is only the small glow of light in the binnacle, illuminating the compass. There is an air of absorption and intense quiet, and the occasional orders of the officer conning the ship and the responses of the quartermasters and the clangs of engine-room telegraphs leap out in the stillness. The Queen Elizabeth's wheelhouse is sixty feet wide and thirty-five deep, and is flanked by bridges each thirty-three feet wide. (The ship is one-fifth of a mile long over all.) At the center of the wheelhouse, extending from floor to ceiling, is a great square column, eight feet on a side; forward of it are three small wheels, one of which is hooked up to an automatic pilot, and behind the column is a shaded alcove containing three radar screens. The Elizabeth has four screws, and for each of these there is an engine-room telegraph—two on the port side of the bridge and two on the starboard side. An order from the bridge is relayed to the engine room by the quartermaster manning the appropriate telegraph. When Captain Miller and I entered, there were six quartermasters on duty—one at the starboard-side telegraphs and one at the port-side telegraphs; one at the wheel, and one behind him at the ready; and two in reserve at the back of the room. At least as many officers, in blue uniforms, stood by. A short, gray-haired man, in

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white from head to toe, crossed the room with long strides. "Ah, good morning, pilot," he said to Captain Miller, with a hospitable, toothy smile. He was Captain Geoffrey Thrippleton Marr, D.S.C., R.D., Master of the Elizabeth and Commodore of the Fleet of the Cunard Steam Ship Company. "Captain," said Captain Miller. Captain Marr ushered him to the front of the bridge, praising the good weather. "Well, our heading is two-ninety-five, half ahead," Captain Marr said, after a minute. "Your launch had trouble getting through the wake before we slowed."

Captain Miller peered forward and ordered full ahead on all engines and a course of two hundred and ninety-seven degrees. The helmsman repeated, "Two-nine-seven," the telegraphs clanged, the engines went to the higher speed, and the helmsman said, "Heading two-nine-seven" as the ship came up to that course.

Captain Miller stood before one of the windows and surveyed the channel. Not far ahead was a light-gray cargo ship, the Santa Cecilia, which had passed while the Elizabeth was at half speed. Captain Miller carefully filled a pipe, held it for a few minutes, and then put it away. Captain Marr turned to me. "We're very glad to have these pilots, you know," he said. "Things can get a bit grim. I remember coming up one time in the Queen Mary in very, very thick fog. It was Christmas. New York was completely closed down. No planes had been in for two days. The pilot was up here. You couldn't even see the bow. I was working the radar myself, and I said, 'We must be coming on that bridge just now'—the Verrazano—when the watch cried out they'd seen it, up there right over our heads. Well, it's quite nerve-racking, not knowing really where you are. It's all very well when you end up somewhere you'd like to be, but you don't know that beforehand, do you? You might find yourself somewhere else, such as among the ships anchored beyond the bridge. And if you get in when the wind is anywhere in the east, it puts the whole Atlantic there—the swell comes in . . ." Captain Marr spread his hands. "Handling ships in harbor is always something you have to watch. There is always something unexpected likely to happen, some wretched little tug wandering about. If I go into a port many times myself, I'd probably be able to manage the ship alone in most conditions. But there isn't much room to work in. This ship coming out with her

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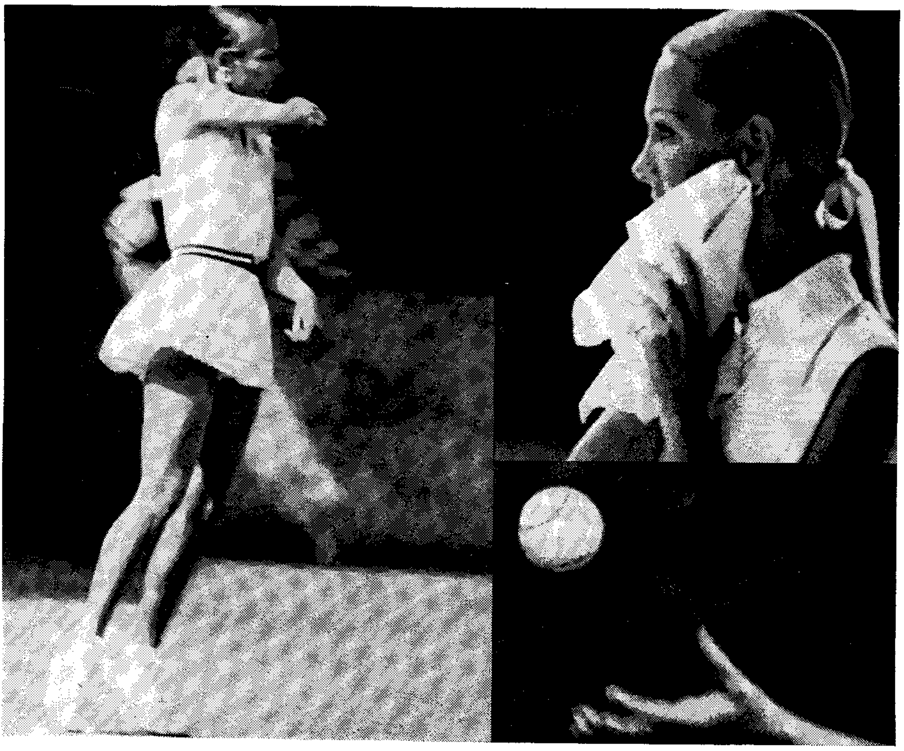

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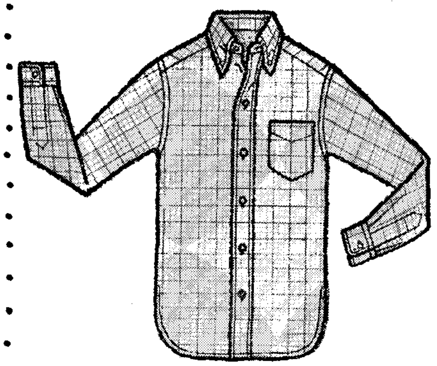

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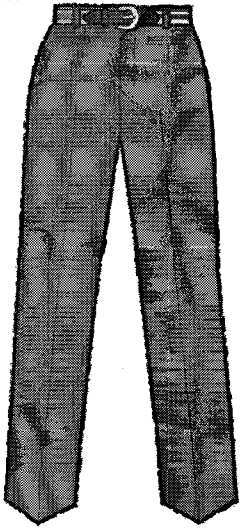

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tanks full often draws over forty feet, and this channel is dredged to—what, pilot? Forty-five feet?"

"Forty-four, at the moment," Captain Miller said, still looking ahead.

"Forty-four feet. And then, as you may know, ships have the tendency at full speed to what we call squat, don't they, pilot? The stern buries itself and the ship actually draws several feet more, so at full draft and full harbor speed, which is about twenty miles an hour, we may have less than a foot between the ship and the bottom. These big ships, also, the faster they go, the worse they steer, and tend to sheer about. You wouldn't want to have to try to avoid anyone."

A large ship can indeed be a clumsy thing; she squats, she sheers, and she veers. If a boat turns up close ahead of her, it is impossible to stop the ship and almost impossible to turn her out of the way. A pilot told me that if a ship as massive as the Queen Elizabeth came up to the Narrows at full speed and shut her engines off there, her momentum would carry her past the Battery, seven miles beyond, at a fair clip. If, at the Narrows, the engines were put full astern, she still would not stop until she was off the ferry terminal in St. George, Staten Island, three miles beyond, and the rudder would be nearly useless for the whole time she was trying to stop. Turning aside, then, would seem the best way to avoid a threatened collision, but, unfortunately, when a ship is put into a hard turn to starboard, say, her stern swings to port. Sheering this way, the ship may go a quarter of a mile or more before the stern clears the original line of motion. And if the ship will squat at high speeds, at low ones the rudder becomes progressively less effective. In crowded harbors and the narrow confines of channels, all these risks and shortcomings must be balanced perfectly.

The Elizabeth moved rapidly up the right side of the channel, which is marked on both sides by buoys set out every half mile—black whistle buoys to port, red bell and gong buoys to starboard. The channel is six miles long, and it makes two twenty-five-degree turns, so that an incoming ship ends up pointing almost due north to the Narrows. In his training, a pilot learns to navigate Ambrose Channel in a thick fog by ear, relying on the ship's whistle and its echoes, and on the clangs and whistles of the buoys. Radar, handy as it is, has not yet proved itself entirely reliable; despite its use, several disastrous crashes have occurred in apparently light fogs, even

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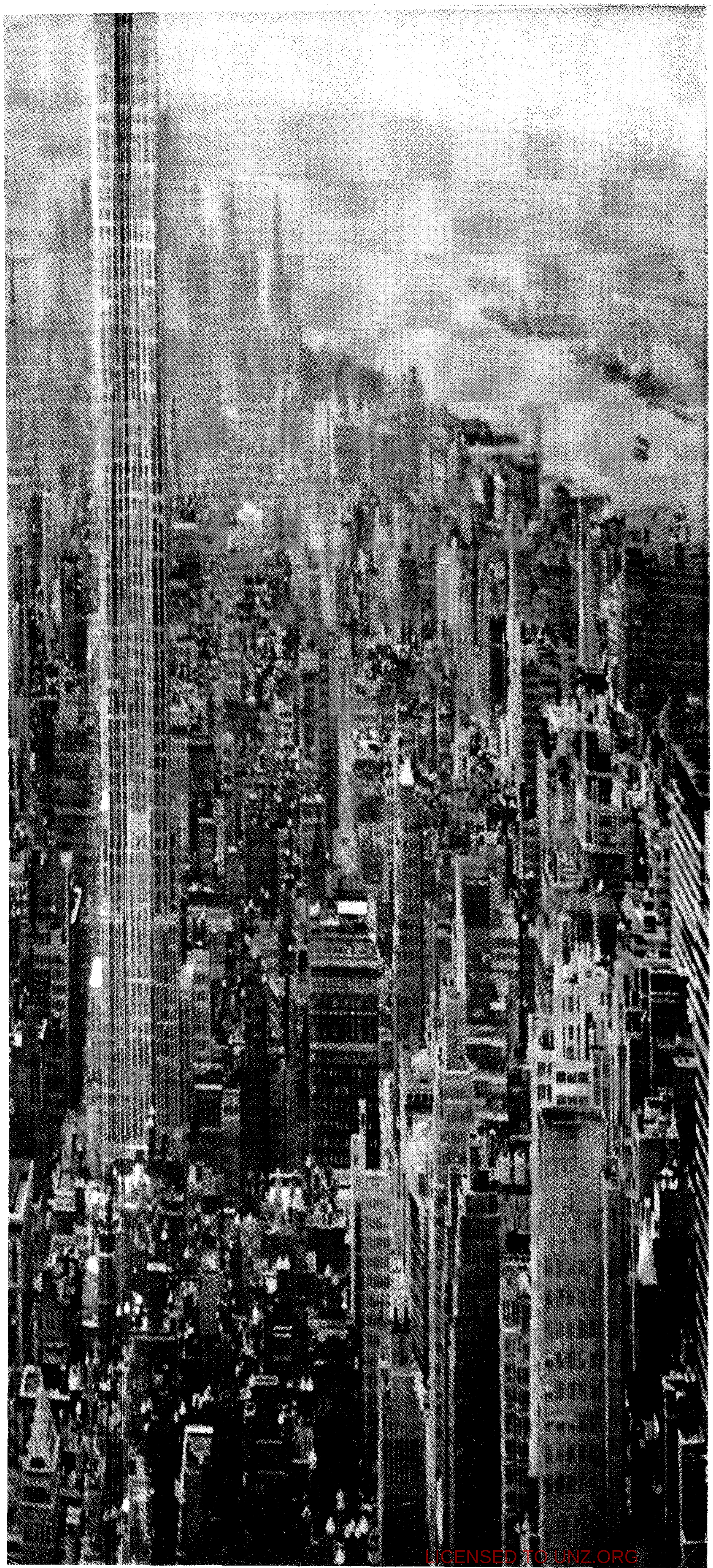

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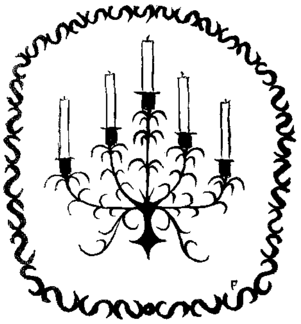
out in open seas. In the restricted quarters of the channel, a very small miscalculation can bring two ships into each other's path, and anticipating or delaying the turns in the channel can bring a ship out onto the shoals of Sandy Hook Bar. Though the dredging and the clear marking of the channel have vastly simplified navigation of the bar, it still poses problems for the man who trusts to charts. Ambrose Channel is dredged periodically, but any channel begins to silt up as soon as dredging stops. A channel that is forty-five feet deep for almost its entire length is useless to a ship drawing forty-three feet if even one small section across it has silted up again to forty-two feet. In Ambrose, the "controlling" depth is now forty-four feet.

West Bank Light was abeam now. The Elizabeth was coming out of the turns halfway up Ambrose Channel and was about to pass the Santa Cecilia. "Port five," the helmsman said, repeating an order that Captain Miller had just given for a five-degree left turn. Captain Miller was still standing at the front of the bridge, peering ahead through a window; he had not moved from his position since he arrived on the bridge. Captain Marr, on the other hand, paced perpetually around the wheelhouse among his officers and out onto the wings of the bridge. Nothing stirred on the decks of the Santa Cecilia as she slipped away to starboard, high in the water, like a cork. "Three-four-seven," said Captain Miller distinctly, giving the course to the helmsman in degrees. By the bridge chronometer the time was six-thirty-two. On deck, a single passenger had been enjoying the view of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge several miles ahead; now he was joined by a second, and soon others wandered out.



Captain Marr stopped beside me. "Have you seen our famous optical illusion as we pass the Narrows Bridge?" he said. "It's particularly good from up here. When the ship comes up under the bridge, it doesn't seem as if the mainmast could possibly clear. Of course, it does; the top of the mast is a hundred and ninety-three feet above the water and the bridge is higher still, even at high tide, but it's extremely convincing. You'll see. Aboard the Queen Mary, it was even more startling, because her mast was quite a bit higher than this ship's. When the bridge was new, our rail used to be packed with people watching the mainmast pass under, and then they'd all run back and watch the *after* mast to see if *it* would make it. I understand the illusion is equally convincing from the bridge; it still looks as if the mast were higher. I must say I think it was most exciting before the bridge was finished; each time we came through, a new section would be up and the gap would be narrower, and one would wonder if next time we'd make it. It doesn't always work that way—illusions have a way of becoming real on you. There's a story about the Caronia. She was on a cruise through the Bosporus. Someone hadn't done his sums correctly. The officer of the watch was up the mast, admiring the illusion, I daresay, as the bridge came nearer. Then she struck. Fortunately, the Caronia has a very stocky mast, a tripod—not very good-looking, in my opinion. Well, this famous optical illusion of ours always looks as if something like that would happen."

Captain Miller, having ordered a compass course of three hundred and forty-five degrees a moment before, ordered the engines at half ahead. The engine-room telegraphs clanged as the order to reduce speed was relayed below.

"What, are they still working on that bulkhead, pilot?" Captain Marr demanded, thinking that Captain Miller had slowed the ship to keep the wash down near pier-construction work on the Narrows Bridge.

"No," Captain Miller replied, "but the wash works the pilings."

"Yes. We'll see the bridge better out here," Captain Marr said to me now, leading the way out to the starboard wing of the ship's bridge.

As we came into the open, I heard the pilot say, "Three-four-seven." We were aimed straight for the center of the Narrows.

The day had become bright, the sea deep blue and sparkling. Clumps of passengers were standing on the decks looking up at the Narrows Bridge. Upper New York Bay had come in view. In the Lower Bay there had been few ships, but now there seemed to be ships everywhere. The harbor was just waking up. I counted twelve ships moving about slowly ahead of us, and four more anchored off Bay Ridge. There

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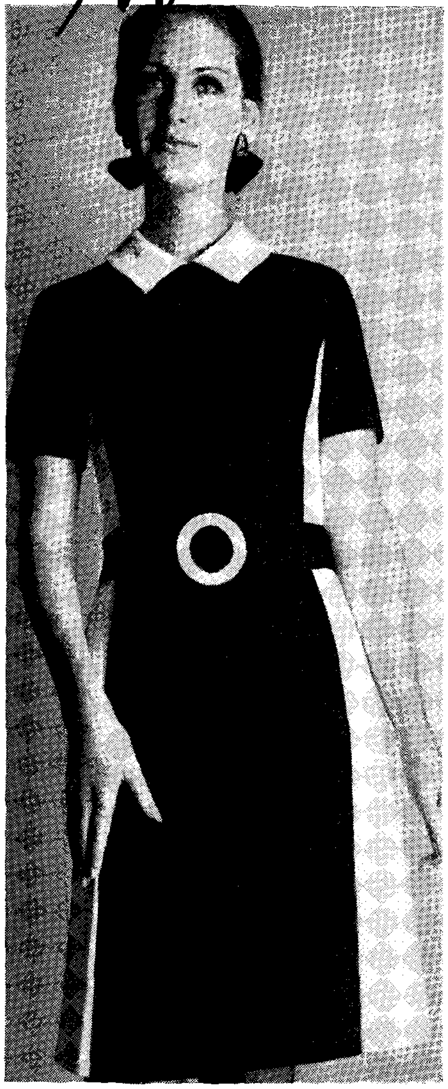

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were also tugs and barges and ferries. The air was clear and it was possible to scan the entire bay: the Brooklyn shore, which was lined with ships; Governors Island; the Battery, its buildings outlined sharply against the sky; the Hoboken piers and the Bayonne terminal; and, finally, Staten Island, which filled more of our view than all the rest.

We were going full ahead again now, and we neared the Narrows Bridge rapidly; it did indeed seem as though the mast would never clear it. The bow went under the bridge, and a large section of mast still stood out above the roadway. Then it was under, moving past the trussed girders supporting the roadway. Captain Marr sighed. The passengers turned their attention to the fate of the second mast.

We were approaching the quarantine station on Staten Island; ships carrying approved doctors no longer have to go through quarantine, but a Coast Guard cutter carrying Immigration and Department of Health officials, and often anyone else who can get permission to ride along, still comes out from Manhattan to meet the ship off the quarantine station. Captain Marr pointed out a small launch off the starboard bow—the cutter.

"Their antics would surprise you," he said. "Instead of positioning themselves—as the pilot launch did—they do what they must consider an admiral's sweep, making a great U-turn, and just as they are alongside they meet their own wash." He snorted, and led the way back into the wheelhouse. A young officer came up to him at the door. "Permission to carry on, sir, please?" the young man said, drawing himself up. Captain Marr nodded assent, and the young man left. Captain Miller had not moved since he put his pipe in his pocket, half an hour earlier. Captain Marr took up a position near him and looked out over the harbor, now bustling with activity.

"Dead slow," Captain Miller said. A small freighter approaching from the direction of St. George attracted Captain Marr's attention. "Can you make out the flag on that vessel?" he said. He continued, as one of the officers turned his binoculars on her, "She's not American. She looks Dutch, I'd say. Wouldn't you? What we call a Dutch scoot in England."

"She's Dutch, sir," the officer said.

"Half ahead," Captain Miller said, raising the speed again.

As the Elizabeth skirted Staten Island, we could see several ships anchored to port. Some ships still anchor

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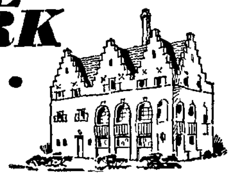


thereabouts for quarantine. Others, such as tankers bound up the Kills or through the Hell Gate, await a favorable tide there and, if they are especially heavily loaded, may pump off oil into lighters. Off the starboard bow, and farther away, off Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, were more tankers and some freighters awaiting berths. The Santa Cecilia came abreast of us and passed, rolling gently.

Captain Miller said, "Full ahead." The ship trembled very slightly as the engines responded.

Having looked about and seen very little nearby that might be a source of trouble, I asked Captain Miller why he had slowed down briefly.

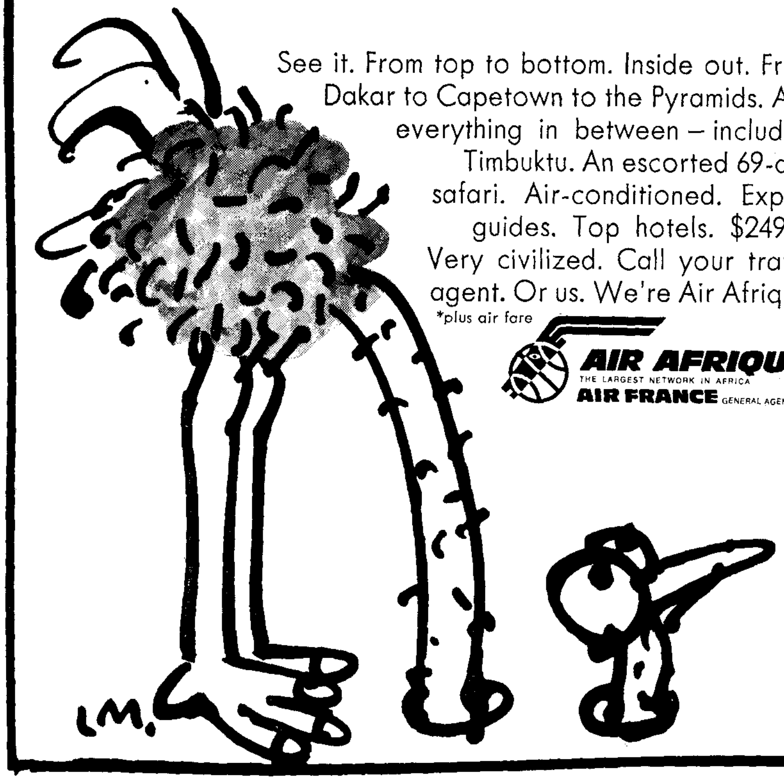
"Passing Red Hook," he said, without turning his head. "There are ships tied up." After a minute, he added, "It's not so much the up and down, but the ships have a tendency to surge and break their lines. Cunard gets the bill." I looked over at the Brooklyn shore, but it was one or two miles away now, and at that distance I couldn't distinguish ships from other shapes on the skyline. After a long pause, Captain Miller turned to me, pointing with his unlit pipe, which he was again holding in his hand. "In a minute, if you look," he said, "that crack in the buildings will open up and you'll be able to see right up Broadway—see the Chrysler Building, too."

The wheelhouse was quiet. But now that we were in the harbor, the whistles, toots, and grunts of other craft at work floated in from outside. From forty to fifty-five ships requiring pilots arrive in New York on an average day—mostly in the early morning—and as many depart. There are also coasting vessels; there are several hundred tugs employed in the area, chiefly by railroad companies, and thousands of car floats, the barges on which the railroads transport loaded cars from, say, New Jersey to Brooklyn; and there are barges, lighters, derricks, dredges, excursion boats, fishing boats, a few ferries, and many pleasure boats.

"Right twenty degrees," Captain Miller said. "Ease to ten." The Queen Elizabeth had passed Staten Island and was making her turn toward Manhattan. "Ease to five," he added, in a minute. "Steady."

The mouth of the Kill van Kull, the waterway that runs north of Staten Island, was to port, and to starboard was the Santa Cecilia, which we were again overtaking. The Battery and the Hudson were straight ahead, Governors Island was ahead to starboard, and Liberty Island was to

Africa. It's wild.



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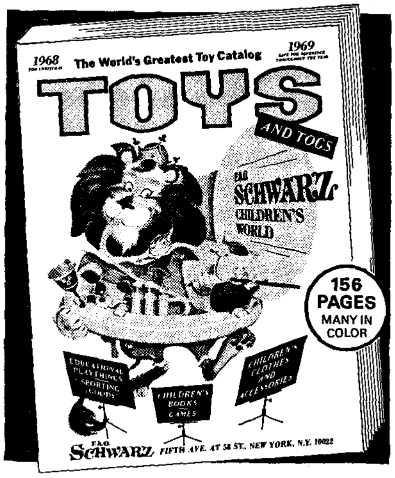
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port. Off Liberty Island in a specially reserved area there were stake boats—permanently moored tugboats to which barges tie up while awaiting a tow. "Oh-two-four," Captain Miller said. A ferry had just put out from St. George. A freighter crossed the liner's bow about a hundred yards ahead, on its way to enter the Kill from the direction of Buttermilk Channel, behind Governors Island. Beyond the freighter, a tug pushing a raft of barges crossed our path.

"Slow ahead," Captain Miller said. A minute later, he raised a hand toward Manhattan. A cleft had opened between the buildings, and I could see the Chrysler Building; then it was gone. The Statue of Liberty was diagonally ahead. A dredge was working off Governors Island.

"Starboard twenty . . . thirty," Captain Miller said. "Ease to ten . . . midships." To me he said, in a low voice, pointing to starboard at a ferry that had put out from Manhattan and was approaching us, "I don't want the ferry there to get the impression I want to pass starboard side to. I want him to see that little swing and keep going."

Some minutes later, the Queen Elizabeth passed the squat, dark brick buildings of Ellis Island, at the mouth of the river, and started on the last few miles of her trip. It was seven-twenty.

Captain Marr said, "There's a ship over there dressed. Anybody know the reason?" A ship decked with flags was nosing in to the Holland-American Line pier at the foot of Canal Street.

"It's the Groote Beer, sir, a student ship," an officer replied.

"Ah, yes, she's an old Victory ship," Captain Marr said. "And there's someone going into the shipyards," he added to me, pointing at a ship off the Jersey shore.

Piers passed quickly as we went up the river. At Pier 64, near Twenty-third Street, Captain Miller said, "Ease to five." Off Pier 66, he said, "Midships." And just after seven-thirty, with the Empire State Building abeam, he said, "Stop." The ship continued moving with no apparent loss of speed. Pier 90, the Elizabeth's berth, is at Fiftieth Street. Captain Marr noted that the liner France was in, at Pier 88, at Forty-eighth Street.

All the officers on the Queen Elizabeth's bridge were scanning the river and the pierheads for tugboats from the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, which were to dock the ship. No Moran tugs were in sight. A radio had been switched on and had picked up a Moran dispatcher, but he

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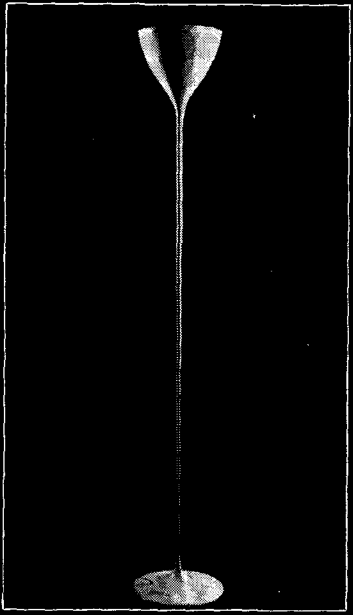

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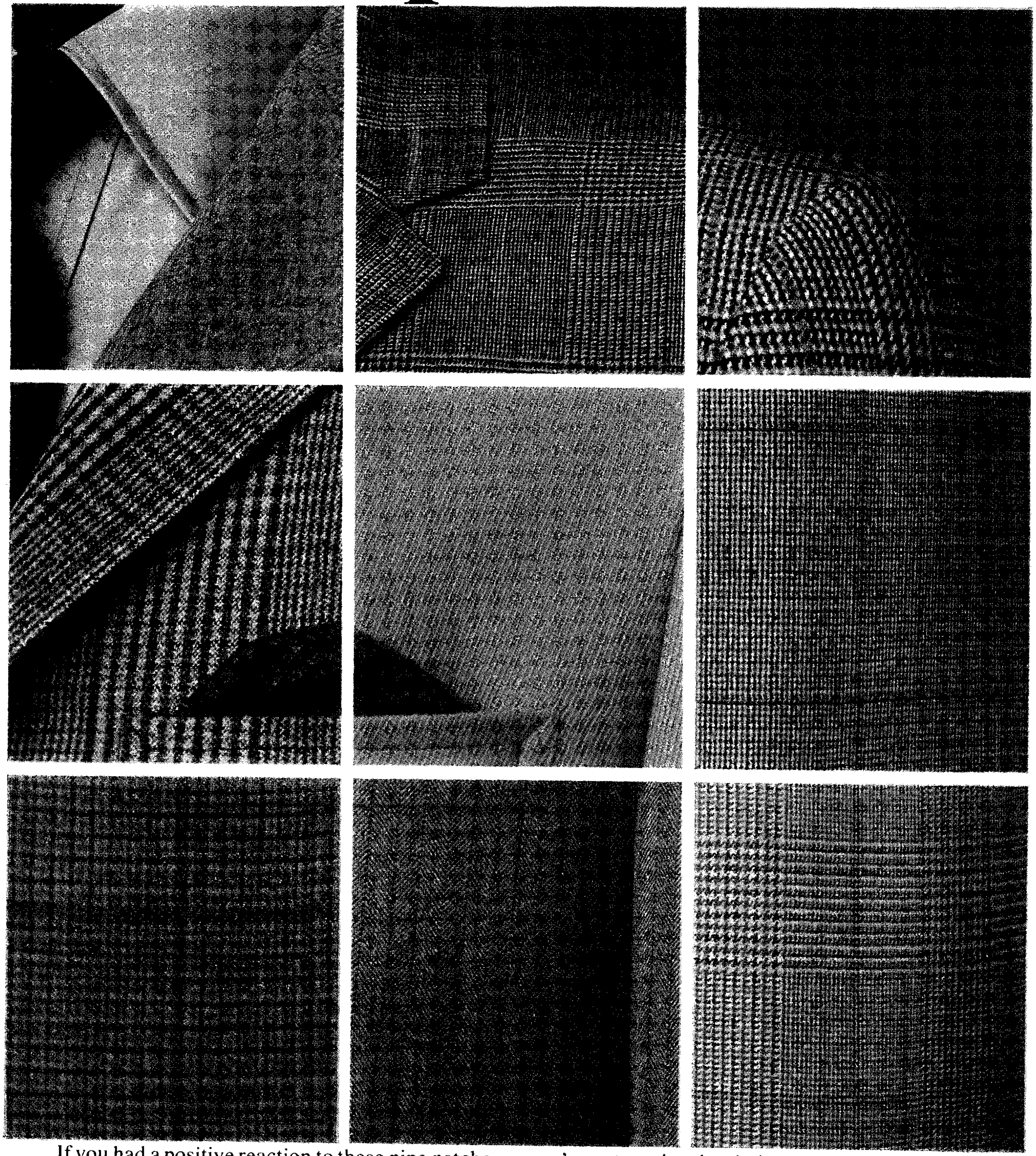

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"Call Moran," Captain Marr said. An officer tried to call Moran on the radio, but there was no answer.

"The stern's coming in toward the dock," Captain Marr said.

Captain Miller ordered, "Starboard one-quarter."

It was seven-forty-five. The ship was stopped in the center of the river, off the lower edge of her pier. To keep her from swinging out of position, Captain Miller ordered slow astern on the two outer propellers and engines, and slow forward on the two inner propellers and engines—balancing the power. One of the most difficult jobs in ship-handling is keeping a ship stationary. Her rudder has no effect when she is stopped, and any wind or current will start to swing her off to one side. In very little time, the engines will no longer be able to counteract such a swing, and they must therefore be used to keep one from starting. Fortunately, neither wind nor current was strong while the Elizabeth was waiting for her tugs. Captain Miller seemed no more ruffled by the delay than he had been at the approach of the ferryboat. Captain Marr walked rapidly back and forth from one wing of the bridge to the other, looking up and down the river for tugs. Each time he passed the radiotelephone, the officer there reported that he couldn't reach Moran. The tug dispatcher's orders were still being received. The Queen Elizabeth was in the center of the river and still pointing straight upstream, but she was beginning to drift backward.

"Half astern, starboard outer," Captain Miller said. Except for the occasional static of the radiotelephone, the wheelhouse seemed quieter than ever.

"This is worse than usual, Captain Miller, isn't it?" Captain Marr asked. "They have so many tugs in Vietnam these days they're often short in the harbor."

Captain Miller said, "Stop starboard inner." It was seven minutes since the Queen Elizabeth had come to a stop. In a moment, Captain Miller said, "Stop port outer," and then, "Stop starboard outer." Only the port inner engine was still turning then, at slow ahead. The ship had drifted down past several piers, and now the France was abeam again. Finally, Captain Miller said, "Midships." The quartermaster repeated, "Midships." The ship having been lined up to his satisfaction, Captain Miller let her lie there. The tides and currents are complex in the Hudson, the current at the surface in the center

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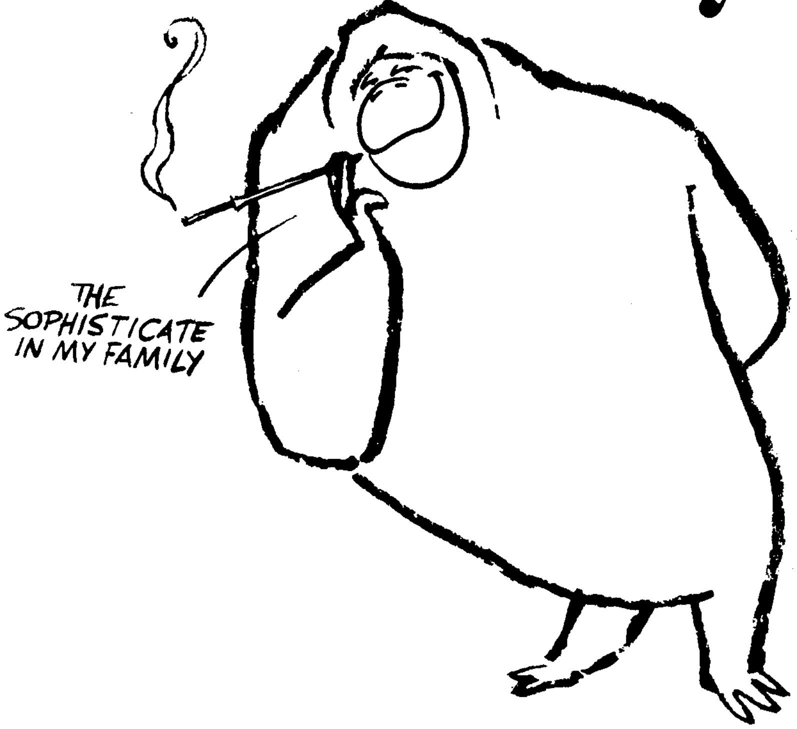
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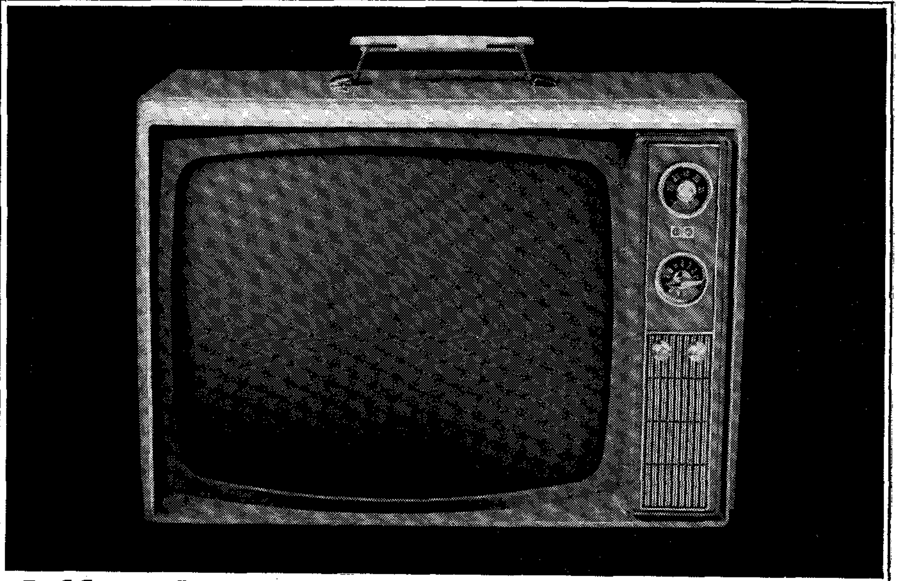

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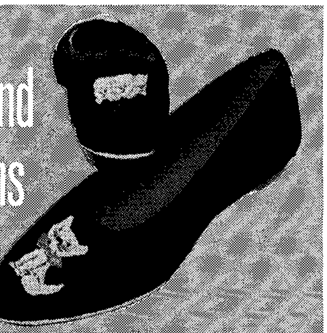

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of the river being different from the current fifteen feet below the surface or from that at the shore, and a vessel the size of the Queen Elizabeth is affected by all of them at once in different parts of her hull. At the moment, her stern was coming around to port, toward the Jersey shore, just as it would during a docking.

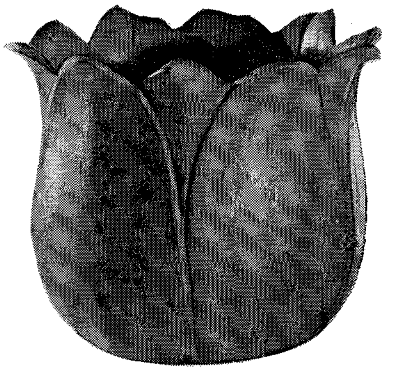
Captain Marr had taken the radiotelephone into his own hands. "Hello, Seventeen," he said, giving the tug dispatchers in Moran's offices, at 17 Battery Place, their customary title. "Hello, Seventeen. Queen Elizabeth calling." There was no answer.

Three tugs, none of them from the Moran Company, had been standing by for several minutes. Now a tug called the Marie Moran came plowing up at full speed from downriver, raising sheets of water before her. Just behind her were two other tugs—the Kathleen Tracy and the Thomas Moran. The Marie came in fast off the starboard side of the Elizabeth, and as her bow touched, a wooden painter's ladder was put up to a port in the liner's side. Before the tug had come fully alongside, a man in a business suit was on the ladder, and in a moment a voice announced over an intercom on the bridge, "Docking pilot on board, sir." The Thomas Moran and two tugs moved toward the stern, taking a position on the starboard quarter. The Marie Moran and the remaining tugs came up to the starboard bow. Captain Marr walked out on the starboard wing of the bridge and watched the tugs, the water, and the shore.

In a minute, the docking pilot, a man in his fifties and with a thin face and alert eyes, arrived on the bridge.

"Good morning, pilot," Captain Marr said, coming toward the wheelhouse to meet him.

The pilot kept walking toward the end of the bridge, pulling a walkie-talkie from his coat pocket and extending its aerial as he did so. "Morning, Captain," he said over his shoulder. "I was in the middle of another docking as you went by. The Groote Beer. We tried to get you on the radio, but we couldn't." The docking pilot, Captain Carl William Morch, looked over the side and, having taken in the positions of the ship and the tugs, began giving rapid orders for both the ship and the tugs, using the walkie-talkie to communicate with the tugs. "Slow ahead two engines; midships. . . . Marie, bow boats, ahead one bell. . . . Stop all. . . . Thomas, quarter boats, hooked up. . . . Two starboard engines dead slow astern. . . . Marie, bow boats, one



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bell." A muted horn answered him from the Marie Moran—three short blasts and a long one. Captain Morch's initial orders took a little more than a minute to give. The ship began to swing diagonally across the river now, and in toward her pier. Captain Miller strolled out of the wheelhouse and exchanged nods with Captain Morch. Captain Morch continued his stream of orders. "Port engines slow ahead. Marie, hook 'er up," he said, using a traditional tug term for full power.

"Here's another illusion," Captain Marr said to me, pointing forward to where the bow seemed to be almost rubbing the roof of the pier. He turned to an officer. "Ask the chief officer how far the bow is off the dock."

I could hear a shout, forward: "How far is the bow off the dock?"

In a minute, the answer was shouted back: "Two hundred feet."

"Stop all," Captain Morch said. "Quarter boats half ahead." There was a shrill toot.

Twenty minutes later—at eight-thirty, precisely on schedule—the ship was made fast fore and aft at her pier.

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

•

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I never waste cherry juice. I either put it in the whipped cream once in a while or mix the cherry juice with the applesauce when beating it. This makes it pink and gives it an entirely different taste. What more can we have for so little?
so little? T. L. W.

—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

No second thoughts, now!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the White Plains Reporter Dispatch*]

MIAMI, FLA. (AP) — A newsman driving through Miami's Golden Glades interchange, notorious as a confusing maze, asked a parked State Trooper if many people got lost in the cloverleaf. "Neighbor, I sure don't know," the trooper replied.

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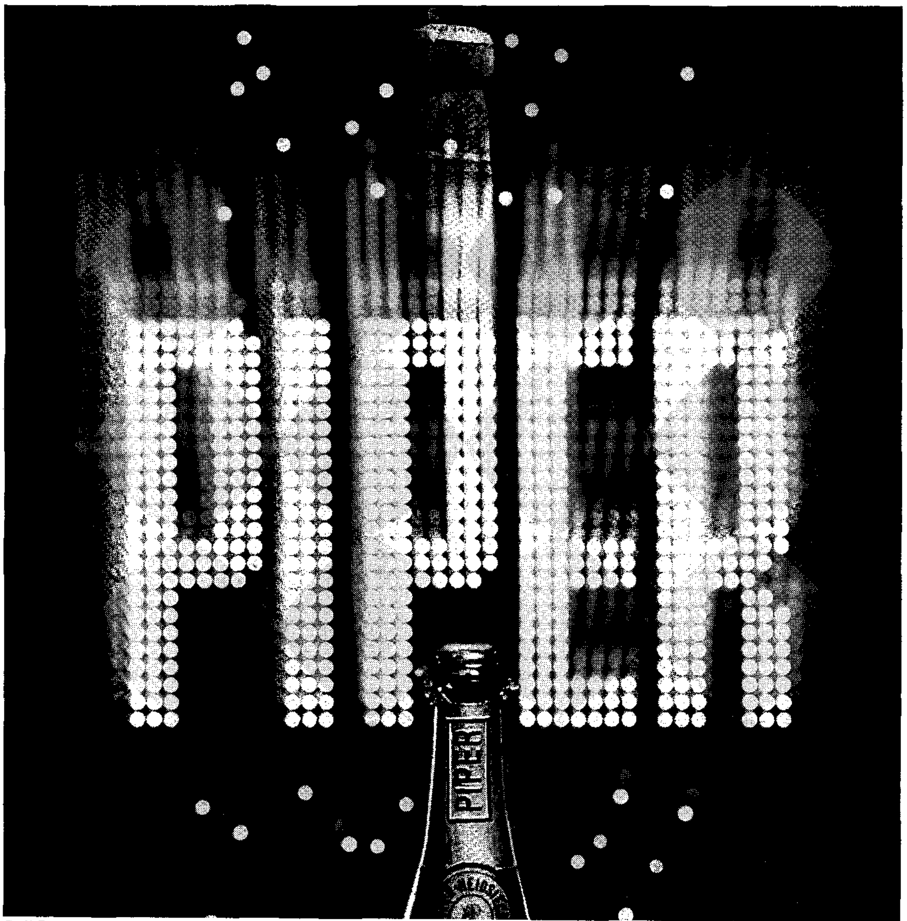

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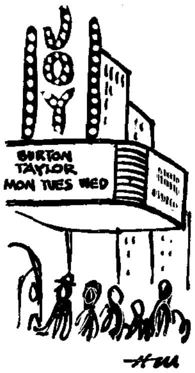
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Other Third



ONE-third of the day for work, one-third off, one-third for sleep. Nearly every film covers time off, and Andy Warhol exhausted the topic of sleep singlehanded, but what about work? Why is it that the English-speaking cinema never trusts the interest of the sight of someone working, apart from pictures about Broadway stardom overnight or the composing of the "Messiah" in one high-strung weekend? The only jobs that the American and English cinemas are really keen on are safe-breaking, spying, and soldiering, but these are specialized callings, though they are open to loopy or vicious popularizing in fiction. About any other kind of work, we have precious little. Considering that the spectacle of somebody else at work can hold you rapt in real life for hours, this seems uninquiring. A man mending a telephone cable in the pavement attracts a crowd. I have just wasted twenty minutes watching five people operating Xerox machinery in an office building on the other side of the street. Here and in England, canny building contractors know that the sight of foundations being laid is irresistible to anyone over the age of two and a half, and they provide peepholes at varying heights in the fences around construction sites. The English-language cinema is the only one not to see what it is missing. Practically every Satyajit Ray film, by its very nature, includes something about working. The Italians and the French have made limitless films about kinds of jobs—about doctoring, for instance, and about being at school. Chabrol's "Les Bonnes Femmes" defined very exactly what it is to be a dishy girl bored stiff with selling electrical equipment. A cinema like ours, which subsists on sex and pious social lessons, without a sense of politics, or of the gap left by collapsed religion, or of the mixture of tediousness, aplomb, and abstract endeavor that makes up most people's experience of work, or of the admiration for talent-stretching and go-getting that now stands proxy for other and more ancient aspirations in our benighted countries—a cinema like this lives on short commons.

And why don't we make films anymore about being out of work, or about the displaced from another part of the country, or from another land altogether? Films like Olmi's "Il Posto" and "I Fidanzati," or Visconti's "Rocco and His Brothers"? There is reason enough, dear knows. You have to exile yourself only ten yards from the element of New York that celebrates itself as hectic to see the alienated one that has nothing in the world to do. The dulled hopes of so many immigrants smite your heart. They elected to come to America, the country that has always been imagined before being inhabited, and the unique expectation fiercens their disappointment. Their language is suddenly no use to them. They are in the situation of children, and sometimes of cattle. The men's faces begin to have the unfocussed, defensive look that I can just remember from the Depression in the North of England. The commonplace about New York is that it is the city where you never stop running, but the other half of the truth is that a lot of people have nothing whatever to move for, and these are the ones whose pictures print themselves in your head as New Yorkers. The down-and-outs on the Bowery. Poles and Puerto Ricans sitting apart on benches, motionless for an hour. A ninety-two-year-old Chinese man in an old people's home, no longer even hungry, not able to understand our script, refusing pot roast, reading a Chinese menu over and over again as if it were a newspaper, and then turning his face to the wall. A woman on a bus who rode fifty blocks with me when I was delivering a letter, walked without an errand along the same crosstown street that I took, and then came back on the same bus route, talking to herself—in Bulgarian, I think. In search of anything to do, anyone to speak to. A few days ago, I asked a young man who was sitting on a chair in the heat outside his run-down apartment house to tell me where the subway was; I had heard him speaking English an hour before, but now he stayed in some coma of absence that made him look seventy years old, and said, in Russian, "I don't remember."

This is the mental territory of Christian de Chalonge's "Voyage of Silence," which is a fictionalized documentary in the tradition of Visconti's

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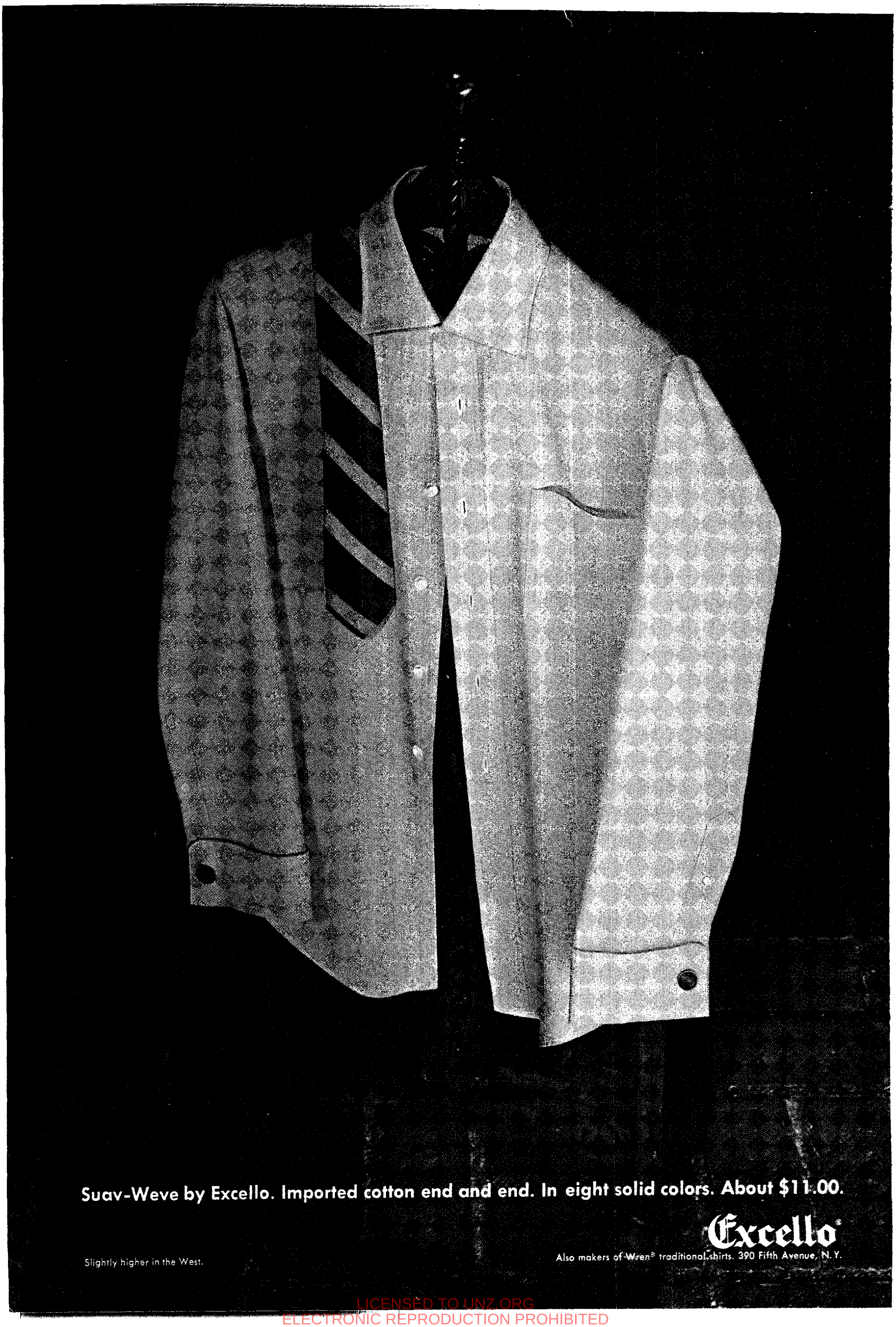

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"La Terra Trema." Every year, hundreds of thousands of Portuguese enter France to look for work. To do this is illegal unless one already has a promise in writing of a job, and few of them have. So the desperate, gulled men, carrying cheap suitcases fastened with string, and sometimes faced with hiding in an airless truck, their heads packed as close as oranges in a crate, pay high prices for rigged passports and other paraphernalia entitling them to a risk that it is shameful they should have to take. The central character of the film, Antonio, is a youngish member of a truckload. His trade is carpentry, and his French is very bad. Like the others on the run, need makes him everyone's prey. He is ditched and betrayed half a dozen times. In Paris, an address that seemed talismanic turns out to be a hotel with no one there that he knows. Nothing works out as he expected. Neither his training nor his resolve is called into use. He tries to learn the Métro system, at least. "Papers" become essential. "*Vos papiers.*" What papers? They will swallow more money, and he's earning nothing. The manager of a *pension* behaves unconscionably to him, and a personnel manager hiring deliverymen tells him that customers can't stand foreigners. A fellow-countryman called Carlos, now fallen on his feet and grown fat with it, originally promised Antonio a steady job, but when Carlos turns up again in France he is another man. He reckons what the exile already owes. One thousand francs for the trip, four hundred francs for papers, seven hundred for a job. What's to be done? "Watch the ads," a night watchman has advised. The other Portuguese whom he sees have nothing to suggest. They live in a crowded shack, play the accordion, eat, shave, read magazines off garbage dumps, and stare life out. How to proceed? Carlos suggests work in an infamous construction gang as a laborer—thirteen or fourteen hours a day, on unskilled pay. "I'm a carpenter," says Antonio. Carlos snorts. "A carpenter without papers! Nothing!" The sombre, true film ends with shots of the faces of more immigrants, thin, wary, getting the last out of cigarette butts, waiting.

"Voyage of Silence" (they might have found a less clumping translation for "Le Voyage du Silence") isn't a masterwork, by any means, but it is observant, concentrated, and gentle. Why does it seem quite impossible that the film could have been made in England or America, when England has

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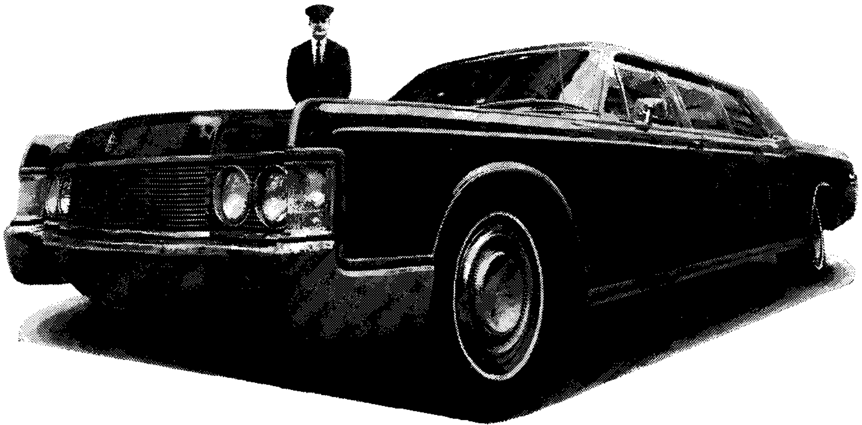

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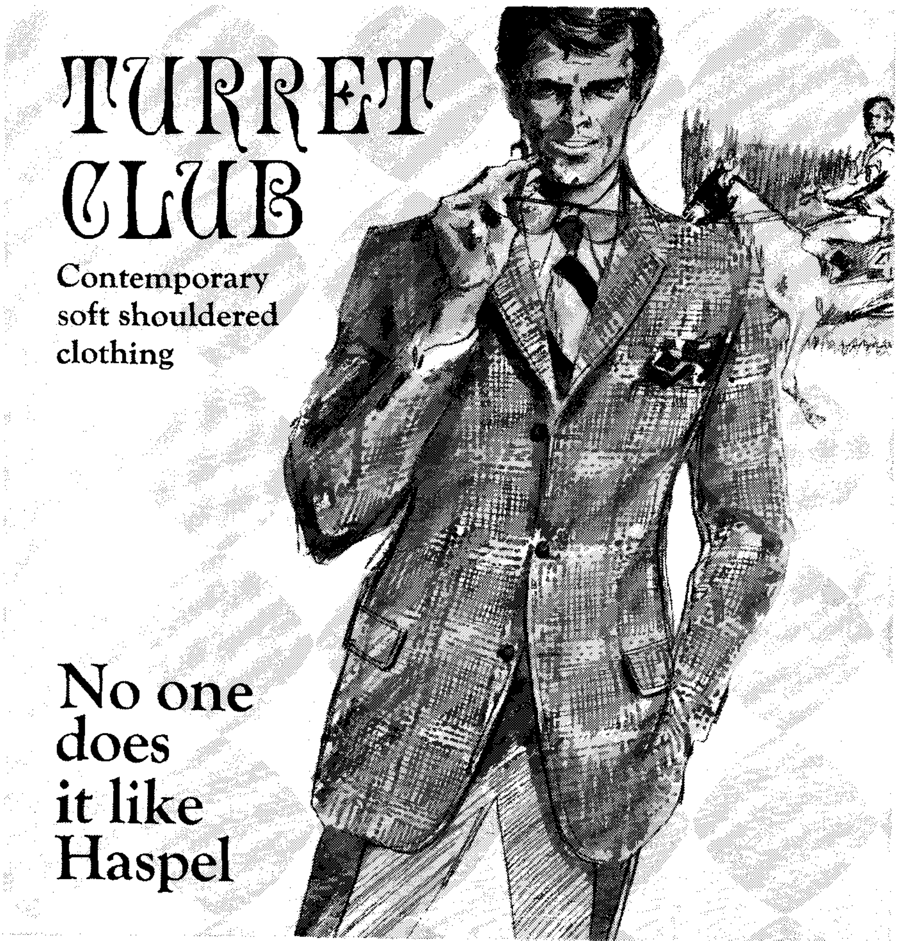

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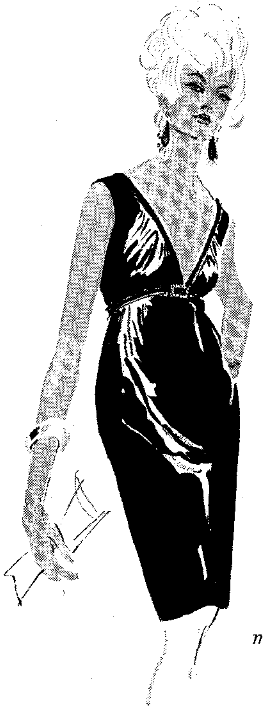

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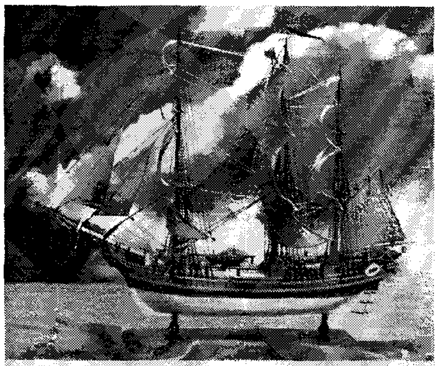

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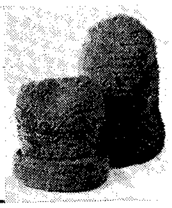

had an immigrant population that was ill used long before the Rachmanism of the fifties, and when America absorbs more foreigners every year than any other culture in history? Before the Second World War, Hollywood directors made many fine pictures about work and unemployment (Ford, in "The Grapes of Wrath," for one, and Lewis Milestone). But on the evidence of films made now you would think that the labor of this country was limited to flicking switches on executive intercom systems and dealing with the hardship of being famous. Now and then, there is a film about a girl on a fashion magazine, but even that meagre nod to reality never gets at the truth—at the office squalor behind the classy reception desk, the models too underfed to speak, the frumpy, nervous, forgotten women writing fashion captions about important pockets. And then there are the mock-biographical films about the careers of great artists. Art doesn't seem like work to many people, so the artists have to be shown sweating—van Gogh getting as damp as a race horse while he paints sunflowers, or something. I once saw a film about Beethoven in which the landlord came knocking at the door for the rent: di-di-di-dah. Beethoven got up in a pet, and then suddenly *thought of the Fifth Symphony and* sat down again to get it finished in a single night. Another movie showed Schubert sent quite bonkers by the effort of art. Mrs. Schubert, his stepmother, came round to Beethoven and said, "Ludwig, I'm worried about Franz. He can't finish his symphony."

AND then there is that self-important category of Hollywood work films about show biz. The latest is "The Legend of Lylah Clare," directed by Robert Aldrich, who made "The Dirty Dozen." "Lylah Clare" bears the print of the same fist. The ads say that the picture is Camp, which isn't apt, but I suppose ads have to do what they can. For the moment, it seems possible to pass off as Camp *any* bad picture about show biz (or about apes). "Lylah Clare," which is about Hollywood, isn't Camp—it's plain, unalloyed bad. Since the badness isn't sullied by a trace of style, you can't honestly say even that any relishing of its particular badness is a Camp reaction. The film is too strained for that; badness needs a certain dash to call out the true Camp taste, and "Lylah Clare" has none of the rich, freewheeling awfulness of "Youngblood Hawke" or "The Oscar." As with all pictures that Holly-

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wood has ever made about itself, the major thought of this one is that success is tough. The idea is laid lovingly on your pillow, as if the film were a spaniel bringing you a present of some gnawed, month-old bone for your eyes to light upon as you wake. (Was it success that made life hard for King Lear? If he had been a run-of-the-mill commoner, would everything have been different?) The conclusion of Hollywood's self-analyses is always that Hollywood destroys, although this statement is also regularly thundered by people who never actually get the hell out of Hollywood; the movie industry traditionally seems to enjoy whipping itself and showing the lash marks, maybe in some craven hope of winning sympathy for people whom the rest of the world justly takes to be cushily placed. "Lylah Clare" lams into Hollywood for its falsity. False values, false lovers, false eyelashes, everything false, false, false. You know where you are from the dialogue. Somebody actually *says*, "Wrong, wrong." Unlike the actuality of show biz, which is amoral, as if one were in a world of the colorblind, the movie versions of show-biz people have morality washing around their back teeth, especially the ordinary, unimportant little guys—the real, *warm*, HUMAN people, like the script girl and the electricians, who speak delphically. (This is another fiction. No real Hollywood star or producer or director on any downward path of the spirit pays the faintest heed to the opinions of anyone who doesn't make *Daily Variety*.)

"Lylah Clare" is dyed-in-the-wool Hollywood. Phenomenally, it makes the great Peter Finch give a halting performance. He plays a beastly director who is out of touch with reality because of living in Hollywood. The character is seen first in back view in a truthfully observed Beverly Hills-Jacobean room, sneering at his agent, who is a rabbity man but quite nice compared to the others in the picture. "Think of all the people you've had ten per cent of. Almost enough to make you a complete person," says the director. The dialogue is often like this—unctuously sophisticated, possessing the form of wit but not the content—and it is delivered to us very, very slowly, as if we were Icelandic girls learning to be shorthand typists through dictation courses on the B.B.C.

Lylah Clare herself was a big star, now dead. She was killed in dark circumstances that involved the beastly director. The woman, who looks combative but dumb, is reanimated in flash-

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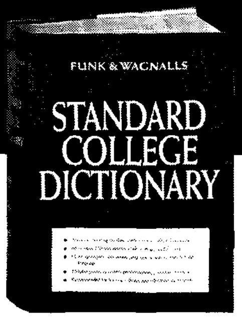

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back by Kim Novak. Her voice is somewhere between Garbo's and Dietrich's. Kim Novak also turns up in another form—as an unknown actress who tempts the beastly director into making a biographical film about Lylah Clare, because she looks so amazingly like her (though it isn't that amazing, really, when you consider that they are both Kim Novak). From the way the unknown girl is played, I think she is supposed to summon up some of the poignancy that belonged to Marilyn Monroe. There are signals of likeness. It does seem mildly hateful of the film to draw on such undeserved resources of feeling in the public for real and quite other people. The spectacle of the degradation of Rossella Falk is also rather hard to stand. I have seen her onstage in Italy, and she is truly a wonderful actress (as she showed in "8½"). In "Lylah Clare," she struggles with the part of a catty lesbian who has some breathtakingly ridiculous lines. I suppose Aldrich may mean his picture to say that decent people are diminished by Hollywood against their will, and turned into smart alecks or freaks on exhibition, but there is an obvious muttered retort in any alien mouth: Why not leave? The only piece of fiction I know of that forestalls the question is Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust." As the place is shown in its films—even in "Sunset Boulevard"—Hollywood never seems so impossibly confusing or painful for the sane to escape from. It emerges as mostly foolish, and with exits marked all over. One of the many reasons for the impression of silliness in these movies is that they hold such a weirdly wrong idea of what their own work is like. From the way Aldrich directs the scenes of filming-within-the-film, you would never guess that he was a practicing director; the sequences are more like the imaginings of someone on a fan magazine. Of conceiving a real film, "Lylah Clare" knows nothing. "8½" seemed to know everything.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

When the moon, voluptuously full, glisters at me through the palms, and a light cloud formation gambols about it, I consider that I'm looking at a $2,500 sky. I inveterately price skies.

Having just rained, the sky orange in sunset over the hills of Panama, values $1,500, but if there are palms silhouetting before the glow . . . easily $2,500.—*Robinson at the Ninth Parallel, in the Panama (C. Z.) Star & Herald.*

Have you got a nice rainbow at about three-five, very clean?

BOOKS

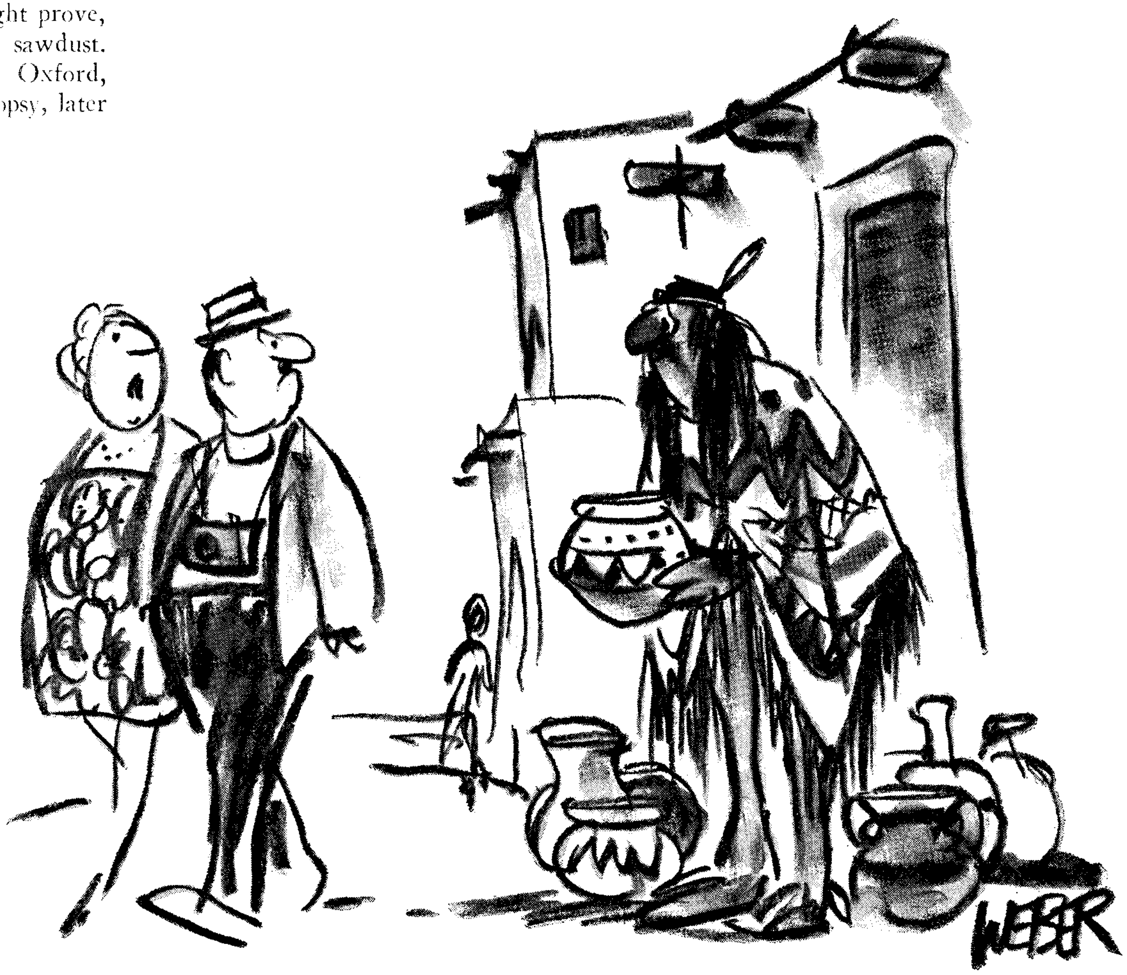
Circling Topsy

WHAT is there about William Morris that causes people who write about him to keep their distance, or a wary trifle more than their distance? Why on earth should anyone wish to remain aloof from this happy and virtuous man, who in his time embraced—hugged, affectionately pummelled—so many? It is odd; indeed, it is the very opposite of what you would expect, and I wonder if it isn't perhaps Morris's conspicuous lovableness that leads his biographers, no matter how unlike each other in temperament they may be, to manifest toward him a common and (given their profession) an unnatural and irritating diffidence. They dote on him as a dear, roaring, hot-tempered Teddy bear of a man but are leery of examining him at close range; holding his work to the light, they leave him in the dim middle distance, dyeing cloths and setting type and making up poems aloud as easy as breathing. It is as if they feared that the insides of their Teddy bear might prove, on dissection, to be mostly sawdust.

As an undergraduate at Oxford, Morris bore the nickname Topsy, later shortened to Top. Topsy Morris? Yes, but Topsy Tennyson? Topsy Browning? The odds are that a man known—and consenting to be known—as Topsy is almost certainly too boyish and adorable for his own good, especially for his good as an artist, poet, and thinker. Morris had love in his heart and genius in his hands, but his mind was a jumble, and the more one studies it the less worthwhile it seems to try to put it in order—a glorious attic to rummage in and pillage but, like most attics, not holding as much as its darkling untidiness hints. Morris was above all a designer and, within the métier, an incomparable maker of patterns; this is a fascinating talent, if not one of the highest, and it had the advantage for Morris, a notoriously impatient man, of requiring little in the way of prolonged intellectual discipline. Though he could think from A to B to C and sometimes, with the rambunctious ebullience of a recent convert, as far as D, I doubt if ever in his sixty-two years he drove a hard thought straight from A to E. (In this respect, he differed sharply from a young friend of his middle years, Bernard Shaw, who could drive a thought from A to Z and back again, whistling an air from Donizetti the while.) It was typical of Morris that he sought to be simultaneously an inhabitant of Chaucer's world and Marx's and that, as a generous and sincere champion of the laboring man, he spent so large a fraction of his time and energy on objects purchasable only by the rich. It was also typical that, while he often ought to have collided with himself and gone sprawling, he remained erect and joyously on the march.

Philip Henderson has written a long, conscientious, and, alas, tactful book called “William Morris: His Life, Work, and Friends” (McGraw-Hill). The portmanteau title promises portmanteau riches, and it is true that everything the author tells us is something we wish to hear; this is far from saying that he tells us enough. Some of the things withheld may be unknowable; nevertheless, they are worth speculating on, and our speculation can always be prudently tethered to facts, which in Morris's case are abundant. Again and again Mr. Henderson reaches a point where, at a critical moment in his subject's life, we expect him to break off from the amassing of a mere chronological record and call attention to the meaning of that moment. Not a bit of it; the author slips smoothly and as if unaware past yawning chasms, and it is not until we have finished the last page of his book that we are in a position to measure the number of shadows that have lain across it unremarked.

Take, for example, the death of Morris's father. One need not agree with Freud that the death of the father is the most important event in a man's life (I cannot resist noting that Freud, who lost his father at forty, was seventy-four before he discovered at firsthand what it was to lose a mother),



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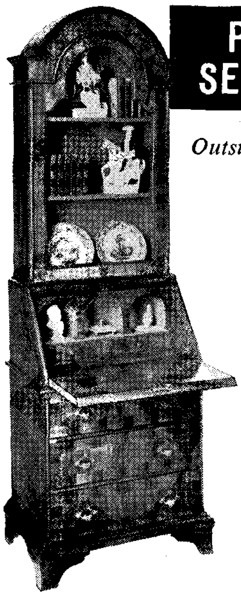
but it is surely an event that a biographer must give considerable weight to, all the more so if it occurs at the extreme of the subject's adolescence. Morris was thirteen when his father died, and Mr. Henderson devotes but a single sentence to the event—a sentence, it will be observed, that is largely devoted to another topic altogether: "In the autumn of 1847, when he was thirteen, his father died, and next year he went to Marlborough, one of the new public schools founded for the sons of the middle classes." Farewell, dear father, worshipful genetrix, beloved first rival; ta-ta. Or take the death of Morris's mother, which is exceptionally interesting because, like the death of Freud's mother, it happened so late in the life of her famous son. Mrs. Morris died in 1894, in her ninetieth year, a scant two years before Morris himself was to die, but (if I may trust in this instance an index that I have found to be untrustworthy in others) Mr. Henderson makes no reference to her later than about 1857, when Morris was in his early twenties. Now, it is a theory of mine that most famous men have enjoyed far closer relationships with their mothers than with their fathers, and that in nearly every case these mothers have been formidable figures in their own right. Whether my theory is true or false, the mystery of Mr. Henderson's omissions remains. Was Mrs. Morris a fierce dragon, like Napoleon's mother and F. D. R.'s? Or a beautiful dragon, like Churchill's? Or a gentle one, like Lincoln's? Were Morris and she fond of each other? Did they pay visits back and forth as they grew old together? Did they correspond? What was she *like*? No word from Mr. Henderson.

I was about to propose that we glance also at the death of Morris's wife (which achieves an air of mystery by dint of never being mentioned in the book at all, though we are told that she survived him), but perhaps we have had enough of deaths and should turn to the question of love, which Mr. Henderson comes to grips with in an equally gingerly fashion. Morris, who in early life is described as awkward with women and drawn "emotionally rather toward his own sex," fell in love while at Oxford with the daughter of a groom, and, a few years later, with great difficulty, persuaded her to marry him. How astonishing this is and how little Mr. Henderson makes of it! There can have been very few wealthy young gentlemen at Oxford ready to commit such a social *gaffe*, and there can have been few grooms' daughters reluctant



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to advance themselves so spectacularly. Jane Burden was an exceptional beauty, and it is understandable that Morris should have been smitten by her, but to propose marriage was something else again. His friend Swinburne wrote that he considered Morris insane. What did Morris's eight brothers and sisters think of it? What did Mother think? Silence. But it is in respect to the celebrated affair between Rossetti and Jane Burden Morris that Mr. Henderson chooses to display his greatest tact. Morris behaved so nobly throughout the affair that it makes us suspect, in our no doubt disagreeably oversubtle twentieth-century way, that nobility had nothing to do with it. Morris loved Rossetti and he loved Jane and he loved the two daughters he had had by her, and the need to keep these separate bonds of love unbroken may have obliged him to consent to their all living on together at Kelmscott House, in a *ménage à cinq* that must have produced a veritable cat's cradle of unuttered contrarieties. Later, when Rossetti moved out, Morris may have let Jane go off on prolonged visits to him for reasons that, if we knew them, would not diminish our estimate of his manliness, as our reading of the chatty, uxorious letters he addressed to her c/o Rossetti is apt to do; in our ignorance, we are able to say only that he makes a curious Mark to their Tristram and Iseult.

It is plain that something was radically wrong with the Morrises' marriage and had been wrong from the start. The outward and visible sign of their misalliance is the extraordinary fact that Morris bored Jane. *He*, the lively, multifarious genius, bored *her*, the silent, passive, medieval presence! One guesses that he came to bore her in large part because he had failed her sexually. One guesses, further, that the failure was characteristic, for, despite his hot blood and fantastic energy, Morris appears to have been sexually retrogressive, not to say infantile. Jane was the only woman with whom he attempted to maintain a sexual relation, and though he loved Georgiana Burne-Jones and made her the chief recipient of his confidences, he took pains to keep their connection platonic—an arrangement that may have pleased him better than it did her. Like Shaw and Freud, both of whom willingly forswore all sexual activity in their early prime, Morris appears to have practiced an effortless connubial celibacy.

So, with our "may"s and "appear"s, we circle Morris and fail to approach him, glancing in continual bewilder-

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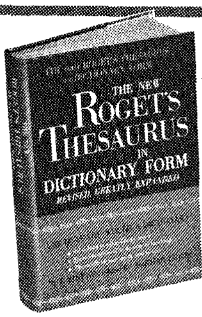
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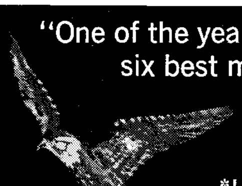

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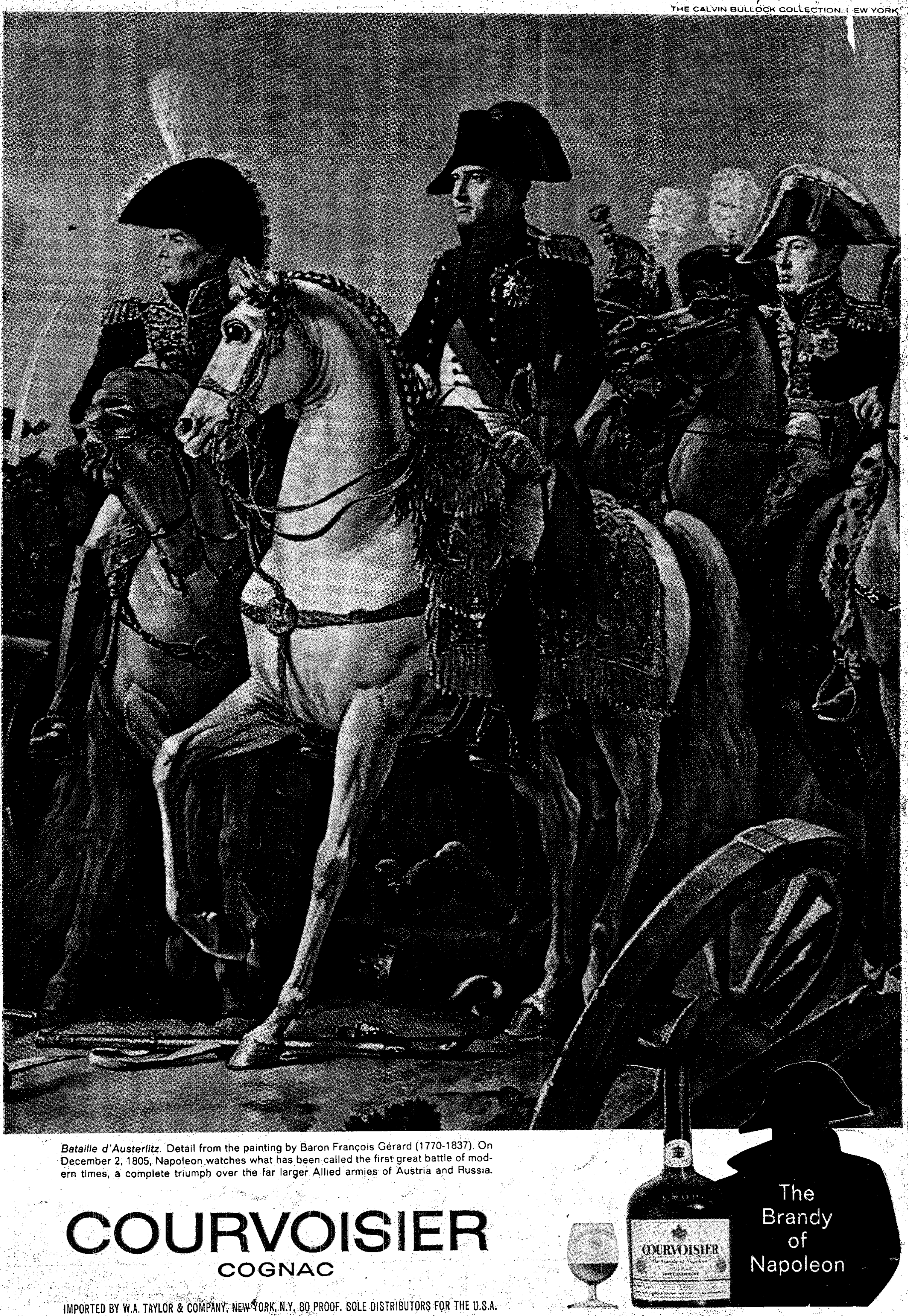

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